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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

OCT 23 1947

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



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Tex

CHARLES N. WATKINS

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1946-1947

FIRST MET TEX WHEN I TRANSFERRED TO THE MILITARY Police. He was in charge of the Military Police at the small air field where we were stationed in South Carolina. While I knew him, he was a private first class. Before that, however, he had held higher ranks, from corporal to staff sergeant. At more or less regular intervals, he had been court-martialed and "broken" to private; then he would work his way back to his former rating — just how, no one knew.

He stood about five feet and ten inches tall and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. He would have been rather handsome except that his face was always flushed, and he was invariably in need of a barber. As a rule, his hat hung over one eye and rested on one ear. Certainly he was not a model soldier in appearance.

Because of Tex's disposition and my small size, I feared him. He and I would often be on the same shift at night, cooped up in the little eight-by-eight gate shack at the entrance to the air field. As he was usually in an alcoholic stupor, it was no pleasure to work with him. When drunk, he became aggressive and pugilistic. I remember one night especially: Tex staggered into the shack at midnight, smelling of whiskey; his face was more flushed than usual, and I knew that I would be lucky to get away from him without trouble of some sort.

Grabbing me by my tie, he pulled me close and yelled in my face, "Hey, you from Texas?"

"Yes." I am not from Texas, but it seemed easier to agree.

"Ain't it one hell of a good state?"

"Yes."

"Well, dammit, don't you know nothin' but 'yes'?"

And so the conversation went, until I finally escaped by reminding him repeatedly that I had to make a tour of the field to inspect the buildings.

Tex was a bully, but he loved a fight and could, as he often said himself, "whip any man I ever seed." He possessed incredible courage, and he had no fear of physical odds however great. One night, the telephone in the gate shack rang; I answered it. It was the station master at the depot in town. He was greatly excited, but managed, between gasps, to tell me that there was a riot in progress at the station. A shipment of soldiers, he said, had been waiting to change trains and were now fighting with civilians, chasing them around the waiting room, and causing much damage in general. All this

I relayed to Tex, who had been lying on the bench with his revolver in hand waiting for a mouse to reappear from behind some boxes in the corner. Jumping up, he grabbed a sub-machine gun, a carbine, and a club from our weapon box, and ran for the jeep. "Shouldn't I get some of the boys to go with you?" I shouted after him. "You'll get killed down there alone!" "I'll take care of 'em," he snarled.

I watched him drive toward town; the fabric top of the jeep was flopping in the breeze, and the red tail-light moved rapidly out of my sight. During the next half hour, I reached for the telephone several times to call the Officer of the Day to ask him to send more men to the station to help Tex; but for some reason, I did not lift the receiver from the phone. Then I heard the jeep returning. Opening the gate house door, I stepped outside as Tex skidded to a stop a few inches in front of me. His shirt was in tatters, and blood streamed from his nose, but he was happy, for his crimson face was split in half by a wide Texas grin. In the back of the jeep lay two soldiers, both of them unconscious. "Got everything quiet," he said. "I'll take these damn fools over to the dispensary. Well, stop yer gawking, Bo."

In spite of, or rather because of, his roughness, Tex had a certain amount of charm about him, for he attracted many women. These women, however, were usually lewd and promiscuous, and, nine times out of ten, fat, forty, and already married. One night he came to work with his face cut into ribbons. He was in an ugly mood, and I dared not ask him immediately about his butchered face, but by careful, cautious questions and some false sympathy, I learned the cause of his wounds. It seems that he had been in a woman's bedroom when her husband came home. Rather than be caught and turned over to the police, the intoxicated Tex had jumped through the window, glass and all, to safety. Said he, concerning the incident, "That gal better not cross my path again. I ain't got no use for a woman that double-crosses me." He never showed remorse for his own sins. It never entered his mind that *he* might be wrong.

But, in contrast to his immorality and roughness was his love of animals. He loved dogs especially and would often spend hours playing with one. There was one dog in particular of which he was very fond; he stayed in the gate house most of the time. Tex would bring choice morsels of food from the mess hall and pilfer bottles of milk from the commissary for him. If Tex went anywhere in the jeep, the dog had to go along riding on the seat beside him. Early one morning, Tex's dog "meandered" across the state highway and a car struck him, breaking his back. Tex, hearing the dog's agonized yelp, left the gate shack running. Gathering the dog up in his arms, he cursed the hit-and-run driver with curses that made my blood run cold. The dog was slowly dying, and I finally convinced Tex that he must be shot. He shot

the dog with his service revolver and then buried him at the side of the road. Coming back to the gate shack, he cried silently for a long time.

Yes, Tex was vulgar and rough-mannered, he had no sense of morals, he was inclined to drink more than was good for him, and he was surly and argumentative; his only commendable feature was his love for animals. I often wonder what his childhood was, who his parents were, and in what kind of environment he had been reared. Life must not have been too kind to him.

Fat, Dumb, and Happy

JOHN F. MAY

Rhetoric 1, Theme 7, 1946-1947

FAT, DUMB, AND HAPPY — THAT'S WHAT I HAD BEEN. As I dragged along toward the "Old Man's" office, I realized that my career as a fighter pilot was about to come to an abrupt close — and after only one mission! The events of the last few hours kept marching through my mind like the members of a chain gang, each man representing a glaring mistake. In one mission I had probably done every wrong thing known to the history of aviation.

Not more than four hours before, I had been king of the universe. Only those who have strapped a Mustang to their backs and have felt sixteen hundred horsepower pulling them through the sky can imagine what it feels like to fly high altitude escort.

You survey the world from a goldfish bowl — the other members of your formation, with their yellow and black checkered noses, and the never-ending stream of bombers droning on and on. Four or five miles below you patches of white clouds reflect the sunshine in the clear air like a sparkling Monday wash. You stroke the pistol-like trigger on the control stick. Under one finger you have all the fire power of a complete infantry battalion. Here is the feeling of tremendous strength and power that has been the Waterloo of many green pilots.

I laughed when I thought of the C. O.'s parting words. He had put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Now be careful on this first hop. Don't do anything fancy. Just get there and get back. If you get through this one, the rest of your tour will be a breeze. Above all, don't lose your flight leader."

My train of thoughts was interrupted by a crackling voice on the radio. Captain "Whip" Tanner, my flight leader, snapped, "Bogies at six o'clock high." Unidentified aircraft approaching! I snapped on the master switches for the gun-sight and the machine guns. "Here we go," I thought. "Those two long years of training are going to pay off at last."

The next thing I knew, there were two bomb-shaped objects heading right for my ship. "Whip" had dropped his external gas tanks right in front of me. I pulled back violently on the stick to get over them and spasmodically squeezed the trigger at the same time. I sprayed that area of German sky full of fifty-calibre slugs. I looked up quickly, fully expecting to see "Whip's" ship going down in smoke. He looked O. K., however, and was diving straight down, so I dropped my tanks, peeled off, and followed him. The major's words kept going through my head, "Above all, don't lose your flight leader." We were diving now. The airspeed was dangerously close to the speed of sound. "What's he trying to do," I wondered, "pull off our wings?" Suddenly I realized that my engine was silent! After pulling out of the dive, I checked the instruments. Everything seemed perfect, and yet the engine refused to run. No place to land, nothing but forest. I reached for the lever that would jettison the canopy so that I could bail out. Just then I noticed that the gas tank selector valve, which was right above this lever, was still turned to external tanks. I had dropped my combat tanks and had forgotten to change over to the internal tanks. The engine caught immediately, and I started home. I couldn't find any ships in the sky. Among other things, I had committed the unpardonable sin of losing my flight leader. If it is possible for a Mustang to fly back to England with its tail between its legs, then mine did.

"Well, it's over now," I thought, as I reluctantly approached the orderly's desk. "I'll probably be counting chocolate bars in a P. X. for the rest of the war." The sergeant said with a grin, "Go right in; they're waiting for you." Just then the door burst open and out poured a swarm of people including "Whip," my C. O., and some Public Relations men. While someone flashed pictures, I was congratulated by all, slapped on the back, and offered a shot of brandy. "You're the first man in our outfit to shoot down an enemy plane on a first mission," the Major roared. "Whip" said, "You got him before I even got my gun switch on." "What plane?" I asked. They all laughed. I was never able to convince the squadron that I hadn't seen a thing when I was spraying my guns all over Germany. There must be some great power who looks out for fat, dumb, and happy pilots.

Definition: Clouds

Whether it is cloudy or not may sometimes be determined by the presence of clouds, of which there are two basic types — white and black. The black clouds are merely smoke; we shall not discuss them. Logically enough, the white clouds are classified according to their function. Rain clouds may be identified by the rain descending from them, and storm clouds by their stormy appearance. Disregard all other types of clouds, as they are merely for looks. — LES HOUSER

So Help Me, God

JIM KOELLER

Freeport High School Extension, Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947

“I SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me, God.” If you’ve ever listened to “Famous Jury Trials” you are probably aware that the above quotation is a court oath required of all witnesses before they testify.

The average American court witness is indeed a pathetic figure. No one rises higher in the annals of foolishness than he in any legal proceeding. Many witnesses are unaware of their rights, which are, by the way, very few. And because of their ignorance of their privileges and their duties, they shine as America’s top fools.

Perhaps some day you will be called to court as a witness. Although it may be against your will, do not disregard your subpoena, for by so doing you may be punished for contempt of court.

Before you go to court, however, it would be well for you to remember the following rules: You may speak only when spoken to. You must never volunteer any information. If you persist in talking out of turn or in arguing with the judge, you will be fined for contempt of court. Let your motto be: “Remember John L. Lewis.” Unless you have a bulging billfold, convince yourself that the judge is all-wise.

Keep in mind that you took a vow to tell the truth. If you are being paid to testify, admit it. It’s not against the law. And if asked if you talked with anyone about the case, admit it. Failure to do so spells humiliation and defeat at the hands of the opposing lawyer.

It is also wise to remember there is no law in the statutes that requires you to answer yes or no to a question posed by an attorney. So beware and be wary of any question that a lawyer wants answered in the pure affirmative or negative. A classic example of this type of question is — “Have you stopped beating your wife? Answer yes or no.” You may appeal to the judge if you think any question is unfair.

Always keep in mind that you are only a witness. Give yourself credit for less legal knowledge than you really have. Don’t be a know-it-all. Let the counsel for your side take care of all the legal angles. And always give your lawyer time to object before you answer a question.

If you are unacquainted with the ways of laws and lawyers, you may as well reconcile yourself to the fact that you will be befuddled and confused many times while you are in court. But still there is no reason for making yourself Public Fool No. 1. If you allow yourself to remain calm and un-

affected, you are bound to do credit to yourself and to your side of the case, and you can be sure that you will not be an object of pity or ridicule.

Oh yes, one more thing. Don't try to verbally outsmart any of the lawyers. For they are very experienced in twisting both words and thoughts. Perhaps this little conversation between a lawyer and a witness in an accident case will make you aware of that fact:

Lawyer: "You were drinking that night, weren't you?"

Witness: "Yes, a few highballs."

Lawyer: "You drink a great deal, don't you?"

Witness: "That's my business."

Lawyer: "Have you any other business?"

Fascism

JOHN W. KUNTZ

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1946-1947

FASCISM MAY BE INTERPRETED IN TWO WAYS: FIRST, as a single form of government found formerly in Italy, and now only in Spain, and second, as any totalitarian form of government. I use the latter interpretation, on the basis that all totalitarian states are much the same, from the administrative standpoint.

There are a number of things that, when tied together, tend to bring about Fascism. It is extremely doubtful that any single factor could elevate a tyrant to power, and practically all Fascist states have a majority of these elements in common.

The initial factor is a sense of national shame. In 1918, two nations, at least, could look backward and see nothing. Germany had known nothing but warlike aggression for half a century. Russia was barely emerging from the feudalistic rule of the Czars, with no cultural or economic advancements since the days of Peter the Great. And even Italy, which rose from the war victorious, could see little improvement over the period prior to 1871, when Garibaldi united the country.

All three of these countries were weakened by the war. Germany was, of course, the heavy loser, not only economically but morally. Her leaders were in disgrace; her young men were gone; and she owed millions in reparations. Russia was faced with much the same situation, aggravated by the bloody revolution of 1917, and the changes in all social, economic, and political ideas.

These two elements, in turn, caused a rebirth of strong national feeling, or intense patriotism. The people looked forward to taking their place among

the greater nations again. As a result, we find a continuous shifting of governments, a trial-and-error method of selecting the type of administration that would best lead them to international prominence. Russia adopted and discarded several closely related types before choosing the strongly communistic form that we know today. Germany also wavered before setting on what we knew as the Third Reich.

These governments developed into definite totalitarian states. In Italy, Benito Mussolini took over the reins of government practically by force, while in Germany, Adolph Hitler combined force and promises so effectively that he was elevated to the Chancellorship by the people's vote. In Russia, as always, the masses of people had very little power. A comparatively small group of men cracked the whip and were constantly vying for the supreme power. The faction led by Josef Stalin was finally successful, whereupon the most important opponent, Leon Trotzky, was banished. It is interesting to note that Stalin represented a national form of communism, while Trotzky advocated international communism.

At first these three men, Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin, were hailed as benefactors. As late as 1932, people in America were hoping "that Roosevelt would do as much for the United States as Mussolini has done for Italy." Hitler, though making his intentions known earlier, had built Germany from a defeated, ill-governed country to a major power, capable of dealing on equal terms with any country in the world. And in Russia, through a series of five- and ten-year plans, Stalin was welding together a nation that, while still far behind the rest of the world in many ways, could command respect and even fear from the other peoples of the earth.

Then came the territorial demands. Germany demanded more land, and got it from a world that had been disarming for twenty years. Italy fought for land, in Ethiopia and Albania, and proved to a still hopeful world that the League of Nations, created as an instrument of peace, was nothing but an empty shell of words. Russia, at this time, was saying nothing, but striving desperately to prepare for the holocaust that it must have known was coming.

At this time, the people of the Fascist states were too subjugated to do much about the monsters they had created. With the possible exception of Russia, these citizens had had, at one time, the power to rid themselves of their rulers; but they were so intent on building up their country that they were blind to the direction in which they were going. Now it was too late. Their only course was to follow their respective leaders and to hope they knew what they were doing.

Fascism never is born full-grown. It is a direct outgrowth of the longing of a people for a stronger government and a better country, and ultimately leads to the loss of all government, and a deeper sense of shame than that which first starts the people on their road to self-destruction.

Catalyst Cataclysmic— Sarajevo 1914

ROBERT M. ALBERT

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1946-1947

BY THE SPRING OF 1914 A SERIES OF DIPLOMATIC ALLIANCES and international intrigues had focused the attention of European politics on the unstable mass in the Balkan crucible. This was not a new experiment; exploitation of the Balkans for the defense of the "great powers" had been obvious since the emergence of national states in Europe. Now only one factor — a quick blast to separate the elements into warring factions — was lacking in the mixture. When Franz Ferdinand of Austria was murdered at Sarajevo, Bosnia, the catalyst was in the caldron, and within six weeks Europe was at war. In the light of present developments it is most important that we understand this Balkan nationalistic feeling that culminated in Sarajevo.

The eternal enigma of the crime was, and is, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Even Austrians were uncertain about the purpose and influence of this man; some believed him to be a militarist while others considered him a pacifist. He was equally praised and censured for his plan to unite the Slavic peoples of the Dual Monarchy and to place them on an equal basis with the German and Magyar elements of the population in a system to be known as "Trialism." Whatever value "Trialism" might have had to the Serbs and Bosnians, it was never tried.¹ "Serbia did not want good terms from Austria. Her policy was directed towards the destruction of Austria and to paving the way to it by sowing unrest."² Within the Dual Monarchy, the nationalist movement did not really spring from the spirit of the population, but the nationality question was the thorn in the flesh of the young Austrian, especially if he lived in one or another of the frontier zones. Among all nationalities it was diminutive groups of "intellectuals" who first stirred up the fires.³ Thus we see a murder plotted by a group of Bosnian students who had been expelled from Austrian schools. These students came to be known as *émigrés* when they arrived in Belgrade to plan any number of assassinations to vindicate their personal failures, to avenge Bosnia's oppression by Austria, and to create further unrest against Austria in Slavic countries dominated by the Hapsburgs.⁴

¹ S. B. Fay, *The Origins of the World War* (New York, 1929), Vol. 2, pp. 1-2.

² M. E. Durham, *The Sarajevo Crime* (London, 1925), p. 26.

³ Kurt Schuschnigg, *My Austria* (New York, 1938), pp. 15-16.

⁴ Fay, *op. cit.*, pp. 129-135.

During the Easter season of 1914, the Zagreb newspaper, *Srbobran*, announced that Franz Ferdinand would inspect the Austrian Army in maneuvers in Bosnia. The plotters had previously planned to kill the military governor of Bosnia, General Potiorek, but with publication of the Archduke's projected tour, the three assassins, Princip, Chabrinovitch, and Grabezh, gave priority to previous plans to kill the Austrian Heir.⁵

With the aid of the "Black Hand," a terrorist organization which stood for a "Greater Serbia," and the Freemasons, the three assassins proceeded to Sarajevo some three weeks before the Archduke arrived in the Bosnian capital. When they arrived, a fourth conspirator, Danilo Ilitch, removed the poison and arms that he had cached under his sofa, and they prepared for the royal visit.⁶

Sarajevo is an ancient city of winding streets and alleys, but near the Miljachka River there is a broad street lined with buildings on one side and a low wall near the river. On this avenue, the Appel Quay, which was the principal route of the Archduke, Ilitch had stationed his youthful murderers on Sunday, June 28, 1914. Chabrinovitch was near the Cumurja Bridge with two assistants. Princip was farther up the Quay on the river side. Grabezh was looking for a good place near the Town Hall where he would not be interfered with by police or bystanders.⁷

The Archduke and his party arrived at approximately ten a.m.; after a brief inspection of local troops, they proceeded to the Town Hall. An amazing number of local citizenry, notably unhampered by police lines, had assembled to see them pass. In the party were the Archduke, his wife the Duchess of Hohenburg, General Potiorek, and a number of army officers. The Mayor and the Chief of Police led the way to the public welcome.⁸

As the royal suite approached the Cumurja Bridge, Chabrinovitch ignited his bomb and hurled it at the Archduke's car. The chauffeur saw this action and so speeded the car that the missile landed on the folded top of the open vehicle. Witnesses cannot agree as to whether the bomb bounced off the car or was thrown by the Archduke. In any event, the bomb detonated behind the royal car and injured an attendant army officer, Lt. Colonel Merizzi. The Archduke inspected the damage and ordered continuance of the march. "Come on. The fellow is insane. Gentlemen, let us proceed with our program."⁹

After hearing the Mayor's address of welcome, the Archduke expressed the desire to be driven to the hospital to see the injured officer. It was decided that the party should follow a direct route down the Appel Quay instead of the planned tour of the city. In the meantime, Princip, having observed the

⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 111-112. ⁶ Durham, *op. cit.*, pp. 75-80. ⁷ Fay, *op. cit.*, pp. 121-122.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 124. ⁹ *Ibid.*

failure of the bomb, had crossed the street to await the return of the inspection party.

On reaching Franz Josef Street, the Mayor's car turned as originally planned. General Potiorek halted the drivers and explained the change of route. This was the fatal corner. Princip, who had chosen Franz Josef Street as a vantage point, now stepped forth and fired point-blank into the Archduke's car. The first shot pierced the Archduke's neck, and the second, aimed at General Potiorek, killed the Duchess.¹⁰ Even had the royal personages escaped Princip's attack, they would have found it next to impossible to leave Sarajevo alive. Ilitch's reserve assassins lurked in all the various places that the distinguished guests were to have visited.¹¹

War had become inevitable. Austria sent an ultimatum demanding Serbian apology and reaffirmation of neighborly conduct. Serbia's reply was unsatisfactory, and the World War precipitated.¹²

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 126. ¹¹ *Literary Digest*, 49 (July 11, 1914), 46.

¹² William Archer, *The Thirteen Days* (Oxford, 1915), pp. 13-25.

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Jewels in a Hurricane

There were bright, shiny pieces of jewelry in the window of my uncle's store. There were watches and rings and pins—and they were very pretty. Inside the store there was purple paint on the walls and men in front of the walls who sold my uncle's jewelry, which was in cases in front of the men. In front of the cases was the place where people stood to give the men in front of the walls money for my uncle's jewelry. My uncle made lots of money from the people who bought his watches and rings and pins and—he made lots of money for many years. Then the big wind, the Mars from the south, came, bringing water with it. The windows of the store caved in. The purple walls were ruined, the cases were destroyed, and the jewelry was lost. The people in front of the cases and the men in front of the walls escaped, but this wind and water and fury lost my uncle's money for him. It was that day that the greatest thing in his life happened. He found salvation in that he had his life still to live, that it was not washed away with his jewelry.—ARTHUR H. STROMBERG

A Farewell to Arms

By Ernest Hemingway

WILLIAM H. HITT

Rhetoric I, Book Review 2, 1946-1947

THE PUBLICATION OF *A FAREWELL TO ARMS* EIGHTEEN years ago evoked a storm of literary controversy which has not yet died. New appraisals of Hemingway's work are appearing continually. In view of this, it may seem presumptuous to offer a new analysis. Yet, after rereading *A Farewell to Arms* and reading some of the critical commentaries on it, I believe what I have to say will be at least partly original.

Ernest Hemingway has been the object of a stream of adjectives, not a few of them invectives. If one were to heed critics like Ford Madox Ford or Bernard DeVoto, he would have to accept Hemingway as either an angel or a devil. DeVoto can scarcely find any good in *A Farewell to Arms*, and Ford can find no evil. Critics generally have either praised Hemingway for his objectivity and realism or condemned him for his fatalistic view of life and his preoccupation with death. On two points the critics have concurred — the brilliance of Hemingway's style and the narrowness of his subject matter.

A Farewell to Arms is concerned with the lives of two people fighting in Italy during World War I. Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley are caught in the maddening stream of a world gone berserk, a stream from which there is no visible escape, except death. They try to escape, and for a time it seems they have succeeded but the stream still flows around them and they have nothing to hold on to except one another. And then — crowning touch! — Catherine dies in childbirth. The one thing of value to them, their love, indirectly causes her death. "Broken is the golden bowl. . . ." The reader feels that Frederic Henry is dead also, and that the whole world is dead.

When critics attack *A Farewell to Arms*, they point to the atmosphere of death that pervades it, to the portrayal of life as futile, to the sensuality and lack of spiritual values; and they say that it is wrong, that life is not like that. They are repulsed by what is clearly a negative picture of life. This, right now, does not seem to me a valid criticism. Perhaps I, too, when I reach the winter of my age, will be horrified at the thought of death, but now it holds no particular revulsion for me. I am more inclined to be interested. The only validity of this criticism is the obvious fact that in showing us death Hemingway has limited himself. He cannot show us life in a death scene. Whether his opinion of death is right or wrong is for the philosopher

or the scientist to tell us. Until they do tell us, we will have to use the old-fashioned criterion of judging for ourselves.

Moreover, it is not entirely correct to say the book deals solely with the negatives of life. Frederic Henry shows boundless courage and resolution. It is a strength of character that is in all of Hemingway's writings. It has been labeled various things—I call it strength of character; Clifton Fadiman calls it "small-boy Spartanism." That seems to be an unwarranted jest. Frederic Henry's uncomplaining, fearless acceptance of his lot is an intrinsic part of the book. It is remembered with pleasure.

The telling of the story is the supreme thing. If I were to describe this, I would have to copy here the whole novel. It is written in matchless prose, new, terse, and beautiful—aptly called "sure-footed, athletic." While reading it, one feels in touch with a well-disciplined mind. The lucidity, conciseness, and original juxtaposition of words produce a powerful effect. Furthermore, the style and theme are ideally matched. For the things he wanted to say, Hemingway created the perfect method of expression.

The one thing that places *A Farewell to Arms* in a unique class, however, is Hemingway's creative ability. A vast majority of contemporary novels are the product of talent; *A Farewell to Arms* is the product of genius. Vitality and power are never created by accident, nor can they ever be imitated. *A Farewell to Arms* will perhaps never have universal appeal. It will always be a picture of the futility and despair of war; but it will also always be a masterful work of art.

First Flight

ROBIN GOOD

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, Summer, 1947

IT WAS A HOT MIDSUMMER DAY IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. The parched earth of the field was baked and cracked in the heat, and the sparse grass was brittle and grey with dust. Without the relief of the subtlest suggestion of a breeze, the sun seemed to beat down with a vengeance upon my uncle and me. We had just agreed that only mad dogs, Englishmen, and prospective pilots would wait half an hour in such heat. The explanation for our mild insanity was simple: I, who had never been within spitting distance of a plane, was about to take my first flying lesson. On this, my red-letter day, I was suffering from butterflies in the tummy, impatient anticipation, and slight nervous prostration all rolled into one.

Just before I began to tear out my hair by the fistfuls and hysterically

scream "The Wild Blue Yonder," a quiet voice at my elbow spoke: "Hello, Miss Good. I'm your flight instructor, Ray Clark. If you're ready, we'll begin the ground instructions."

I turned to face a slight, sun-burned young man. "He looks just like Sinatra!" I thought, and my bobby-soxer heart leaped in my breast. Really, this was too much for a fifteen-year-old to bear in one day! I followed him to the hangar in quiet ecstasy. Without the slightest warning that he was about to do something remarkable, "Frankie" seized the tail of a little yellow Piper Cub and pulled it out into the sunlight. My adoration was complete. I would have crash-dived my plane if he had shown me how.

"And now, Miss Good, if you'll come around to the left side of the plane, I'll show you the controls."

I went blindly. Leaning on the side opening which had been let down, I peered into the six-by-five-by-four, glassed-in cockpit and tried to look intelligent as he pointed out the knobs, levers, dials, and sticks. He had the nicest smile!

"You notice the tandem seating arrangement. I shall be in the front seat during all lessons. This is because you will eventually have to make your solo flight from the rear seat, and the position should be entirely familiar to you."

And the bluest eyes!

"At the front of the cockpit are the gauges, much like those on the dashboard of a car. Later you will learn to watch their readings but for the present I'll merely explain their uses."

He pointed to the dials. Left-handed. No wedding ring! There was still hope, anyway!

"This dial is an altimeter. It will tell you how far you are flying above the point of take-off, although not how far you are above the ground over which you are passing."

He glanced at me to see if I had understood the delicate distinction. I gave him what I hoped was a brilliant smile.

"This next dial is the air speed indicator. You will have to watch this carefully on stalls, spins, glides, and landings. On these maneuvers a slow air speed is necessary; but at any other time it is dangerous, as the plane may easily stall and go into a spin."

Having lost track of the thought a few sentences back on the word "spins," I stared fixedly at the locks of curling brown hair which had escaped a pushed-back cap and fallen on his forehead.

"Terrific!" I thought. "Just like Frankie!"

"This dial is called a tachometer. It is an indicator of the revolutions per minute of the engine. You will have to keep an eye on it when changing the power of the engine while in flight. These two gauges are for the temperature and oil pressure, respectively. This instrument above the board you

have probably already recognized as a compass." (I hadn't noticed.) "This last, funny-looking gadget on the board is called a ball bank indicator. It looks like a carpenter's level and works on much the same basis. If you make a banked turn correctly, the ball in the liquid will remain in the center; if not, the ball will slide to one side or the other. That's all there is to the control board. These instruments are all probably very confusing to you at the moment, but you'll soon learn to know them."

I seized this moment to give him my "I'm-a-lost-little-girl" look, and was rewarded with a gor-r-rgeous grin.

"Before you become too discouraged, we'll proceed to the manipulating instruments. The rod which sticks up from the floor in front of the seat is called the 'stick.' To tip the plane to the right or left, you move the stick to the respective side. This regulates the ailerons (those moveable strips on the back of the wings), moving one up and the other down. If you want the plane to go up or down, you move the stick backward or forward, respectively. This time it moves the elevators (the two flat pieces on either side of the tail)."

I decided that he would probably sound like Frankie when he sang. Such a *lovely* speaking voice!

"On each side of the forward seat, on the floor, is a pedal. These you naturally manipulate with your feet: one foot forward, the other back. They wiggle the rudder, or fin, on the tail."

I looked. The tail wiggled.

"With the rudder you turn the plane to the right or left. The next thing is this lever in a slot on the left wall of the cockpit. It is the throttle, used to regulate the speed. To get more power you push the lever forward. This small black knob is a very important little number called the ignition switch. It must be on all the way before the engine can be started. That seems to be about all. No, I almost forgot the 'trimmer.' It's this crank low on the left wall. You use it to 'trim ship,' or evenly distribute the weight of the plane. Any questions?"

I had plenty; but I thought I could ask him about his age, hometown, and (I hated the thought) fiancées at a more appropriate time.

"Suppose we go up for a little ride, then. I'll show you how the instruments work in the air."

I tried to get into the plane gracefully, but I just *couldn't*. I didn't mind a bit, though, because like a knight errant he responded to my plight and helped me in. Not only that—he fastened my safety belt!

"That's right: left hand on the throttle, right on the stick, and feet on the rudders. Ready? Contact!"

Flying was going to be fun!

Beyond the Blue Horizon

DOROTHY SHERRARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947

FOR MANY YEARS, THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA HAVE been at loose ends during most of the summer. When the school doors are thrown wide in June, thousands of students are left without constructive interests, wholesome recreation, or opportunities for summer learning. In countless ways the American Youth Hostel movement is attempting to fill up this summer gap, and at the same time to develop better qualities in the young people. Hosteling has been defined thus: "A 'back to nature' recreation movement of middle class intellectual youth of high school and college age."¹ The traits that the hostel association is attempting to promote sound impressive: independence, self-reliance, cooperation, and knowledge of the history, beauty, industry, and resources of our country.² To the boys and girls themselves, the reasons for hosteling are more simple. They say, "It's sociable." They like hosteling because it gives them a chance to meet people, and "to learn other customs and languages."³

The youth hostel movement itself began in Europe in 1910. A German schoolteacher, Robert Schirrmann, was in the habit of taking his pupils for long hikes in connection with the nature, sociology, and geography classes. Always, however, they faced the same difficulty: arranging for a place to stay all night. Seeing that other teachers were having the same difficulty, Richard Schirrmann opened the attic of his schoolhouse to overnight hikers. Soon the humble stopping place became so popular that he converted an ancient family castle into a permanent hostel, and thus the movement was born. The European hostellers, or *Wandervoegel*⁴ as they are called, soon hiked over all of Europe, and in their wake left a chain of four thousand, two hundred hostel links in nineteen European countries.⁵ The most prominent hosteling countries before the war were Czechoslovakia, Holland, Denmark, the Scandinavian countries, France, Belgium, and of course Germany.⁶

The movement spread rapidly to Great Britain, and the islands became threaded with cyclist paths from northernmost Scotland to the London

¹ John and Mavis Biesanz, "Social Distance in the Youth Hostel Movement," *Sociology and Social Research*, 25 (January, 1941), 237.

² G. D. Shultz, "A-Hosteling We Go!" *Better Homes and Gardens*, 18 (June, 1940), 88.

³ Biesanz, *op. cit.*, p. 240.

⁴ *Wandervoegel*—birds of passage. G. G. Telfer, "Youth Follows New Trails," *Parents Magazine*, 10 (July, 1935), 65.

⁵ "Hosteling Boom," *Newsweek*, 14 (November 6, 1939), 33.

⁶ T. D. Young, "To See What's Over the Hill," *Rotarian*, 48 (April, 1936), 11-12.

plain; from the Dover Straits through all of Ireland. The Andrew Carnegie Foundation gave the English much assistance in getting started with a donation of one hundred thousand dollars. Scotland likewise received aid with a sum of ten thousand dollars.⁷

The movement was first introduced into America by Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Smith, a young couple attending school in Philadelphia. Smith and his wife Isabel were commissioned in 1933 by Columbia University to lead a group of high school pupils through Europe. The trip was a success; and from seeing the great service that the hostels in Europe were doing, the Smiths began to consider the idea for America. That same winter the Smiths were invited to attend the second International Conference of Youth Hostels, and at that meeting they were appointed to initiate the movement in the United States. In 1934 the Smiths again conducted thirty-five wide-eyed American youngsters on an international tour. These hostellers joined Danish, Scottish, German, Swiss, Norwegian, and Swedish young people on the road, and lived, worked, and played with them on hostel trails. In October of that same year at the Third International Youth Hostel Conference in London, the United States officially joined as the eighteenth member of the group.⁸

The first American youth hostel, The Richard Schirrmann International Youth Hostel, was built in Northfield, Massachusetts, by Monroe and Isabel Smith. It opened at Christmas time, 1934, when two hundred and fifty boys and girls spent the holidays tobogganing, skating, skiing, and snowshoeing. In the next two months four hundred guests passed through; by spring, a chain of twenty-five hostels had extended out through the White Mountains and back through the Green Mountains. The youth hostel movement was well on the way to success.⁹

In order to get a clear picture of the American Youth Hostel movement, it would perhaps be best to plan an imaginary tour. The first step to take is to contact the national headquarters at Northfield, Massachusetts. The office, managed by the Smiths, is staffed by twenty-nine young people, most of whom are planning to make a career of social service.¹⁰ From this office, a prospective traveler will get his American Youth Hostel pass, costing one dollar and fifty cents for young people and two dollars and fifty cents for adults. With this pass comes the AYH handbook, the *Knapsack*, with complete traveling instructions and equipment requirements. Also included in this manual is a complete list of tours.¹¹ A hosteler has the whole of the Americas at his feet: the beautiful Rhododendron Valley of West Virginia, the North Carolina Smoky Mountains, the entire Lake Michigan region, the

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 47. ⁸ G. G. Telfer, *op. cit.*, pp. 25-63, *passim*. ⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ D. H. John, "Hosteling with Young America," *Christian Science Monitor* (June 1, 1940), 4. ¹¹ Dickey Meyer, "Youth Hostels, U. S. A.," *Seventeen* (May, 1947), 96.

Ozarks of Missouri, the Puget Sound region, the Berkshires, the kettle moraine of Wisconsin, Niagara, Colorado. One can shut his eyes and choose Chile, Alaska, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Bolivia, the Gaspé.¹² What better way could there be to further Pan-American relations than by threading the countries together with miles of hostel trails?

The trails have all been personally inspected, most of those in the United States by Margaret Brewster. "Mitzi" has toured Canada, the West, and New England for the American Youth Hostels Incorporated, and has inspected all the paths, trails, and hostels. She intends to make hosteling her life work, and has begun by serving as inspector. Her job is to see that the trails are good, that the hostels are adequate and well spaced, and that new trails are being added to the present itinerary.¹³

The only law for hosteling is this: "Travel under your own steam."¹⁴ By disobeying this rule, a traveler defeats the purpose of hosteling and spoils the enjoyment for himself and others. In all phases of hosteling this idea is emphasized: have fun yourself and make it fun for others. An example of this is the unwritten code which says that a hostel must be left neater than it is found.

The hostels or overnight hotels are generally alike. They are all governed in the same way: they are in charge of a house-mother, and she and the group leaders hold the responsibility for government and discipline. The rules are few and simple. Usually there is no smoking allowed, both because of danger of fire and resulting "wind shortage." Drinking is definitely banned; lights must be out by ten p.m.; campers are expected to be on the road by nine in the morning. Each person is expected to help care for the hostel and aid in the preparation of meals. In return, the hostels provide shelters about fifteen miles apart all along the trails. The homes usually consist of sleeping quarters for boys and girls, separate sanitary facilities, recreation rooms, kitchens, and dining rooms.¹⁵ Operated on a strictly local basis, each is sponsored by a committee of ministers, teachers, professional men, and representatives of local civic organizations in the community. This committee selects the hostel parents.¹⁶

For the travelers, the procedure of entry into a hostel is simple. Usually the hostel parents are notified in advance, either by postal card or by a telephone call from a noon stop-over. When the guests arrive, they register, pay their twenty-five or thirty-cent fuel fee, and surrender their passes. The sponsor keeps these passes until the next morning when the travelers start out again. In this way any hosteler may be suspended from membership because of ill-conduct merely by the retention of the pass in the morning.

¹² John, *loc. cit.*

¹³ "American Scene: Merrily We Roll," *American Magazine*, 129 (April, 1940), 121.

¹⁴ "Hosteling Boom," *loc. cit.* ¹⁵ Telfer, *op. cit.*, p. 24. ¹⁶ John, *loc. cit.*

There is no better insurance for good behavior than the threat of suspension. Another routine of checking-in at the hostels is very much appreciated by the parents at home. When each traveler arrives, he is given an "arrival card," describing the location and surroundings. The hosteler needs only to fill in the date, the address, and his name, and the card will be sent to his home. This simple procedure undoubtedly saves countless nights of worry for the stay-at-home parents, and relieves the hosteler of an unwelcome duty.¹⁷

The hostels, in providing for the *Wandervoegel*, furnish, besides the shelter, beds and heavy blankets, heavy cooking utensils, and recreational facilities. Thus the camper has only to "tote" his sheet sleeping-bag, his mess kit, soap and towels, a change in socks and underwear, a raincoat, a first-aid kit, and perhaps a few personal items. If the hosteler goes by bicycle, either rented from the association or his own, he usually will carry a tool kit. In any case, the load is light, and the hosteler are unburdened as they make their journeys across the country.¹⁸

Statistics vary grossly concerning the number and ages of hosteler to date. The most reliable source, *Parents Magazine*, places the yearly travelers for 1944 at fifteen thousand, staying as eleven million guests in five thousand hostels in twenty-five countries. The ages vary from four to ninety-four.¹⁹ Despite this number, one hostel parent spoke for many when he said: "I have never met a discourteous or dishonest hosteler. Careless, yes, sometimes, because youth is often that, but no more."²⁰ This statement is a superlative compliment to the American Youth Hostel Association and to the people who have organized it.

The hostels are located in widely different surroundings. The one near Northfield utilizes barns, houses, a schoolhouse, and a garage, and has a capacity of one hundred. Other hostels are located in almost every conceivable building. The college retreat at Mt. Holyoke is one; the University of Illinois football stadium was another in peacetime. Thousands of civic organizations have donated their summer homes, and many schools throw open their gymnasiums during holidays. The majority of homes, however, are simple farm houses of middle-class people. The couples who manage them delight in their young guests far more than they consider the meager monetary return. And, logically, the campers appreciate these friendly, democratic people who open their doors and hearts every evening.²¹

¹⁷ Telfer, *op. cit.*, p. 64.

¹⁸ "Youth Hostels Shelter Young Travelers," *Hygeia*, 13 (October, 1935), 952.

¹⁹ L. N. Day and L. Kistler, "Vacation the Hostel Way," *Parents Magazine*, 20 (May, 1945), 62.

²⁰ G. Sevrinhaus, "Something New in Family Vacations," *Parents Magazine*, 15 (July, 1940), 44. ²¹ John, *loc. cit.*

The importance of youth hostel movements can perhaps be measured by examples of war activities. In the United States, hostellers took to the farms by the thousands. Becoming summer migrant workers, these teen-age travelers moved up and down both coasts doing seasonal farm work. In Britain, the hostellers also went to the fields, and aided in other ways, becoming air-raid wardens, plane spotters, coastal patrollers, and emergency first-aid workers. The Nazis realized they were bucking a powerful enemy when they came in contact with the International Youth Hostel. "After a day away from home . . . German Nazis . . . danced with German Jewesses in the central London hostel in 1939. A few days later a German boy talked with Jewish refugees."²² This was a distinct menace to the Nazi Youth Movement, which ultimately solved the problem in its own way by taking over the hostels. During the war, all continental hostels were subjected to Nazi regime and were used by the Hitler Youth. Members of the Nazi party became house parents, and troops of uniformed, singing, swastika-waving boys and girls invaded the hostel trails.

Other groups have similarly adopted the hostels for their own purposes, recognizing their prestige. The Catholic church has founded its own hostels for Catholic youth. Some Scottish and Irish associations are utilizing the idea to further nationalism. Several English hostels are reputedly advancing the idea of continuing to stereotype English youth.²³ But all these groups are fortunately in the minority, and the importance of furthering international fellowship is triumphing in spite of impediments.

The future of the hostels is bright. More and more people are beginning to realize the larger values of this organization.²⁴ The international trend is being realized in current overseas movements. Eight sixty-eight-day projects are being planned for this summer (1947). A hundred young people are leaving the United States to begin rebuilding the hostels in Holland, Luxembourg, and the French Alps.²⁵ This movement, along with proposed tours of all parts of the world, will do much to further international good will.

Other important future plans are being formulated. A reconverted troop ship is being fitted to travel between England, France, and America. The *Youth Argosy*²⁶ will shuttle across the Atlantic, costing the hostel members the unbelievable sum of twenty-five dollars.²⁷ In the United States, plans are being made to follow old historical trails across the continent: Daniel Boone's trail, the pioneer trails of the North, the Santa Fé trail, the Gold Rush trail,

²² Biesanz, *op. cit.*, p. 239.

²³ J. Biesanz, "Youth Hostels," *Sociology and Social Research*, 26 (May, 1924), 445-6. "The purpose has been said to be to nurture love of nature. The by-product is increased international understanding. "It may come about that in the long run, the by-product will be the most important product." Young, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

²⁴ Meyer, *op. cit.*, p. 192.

²⁵ Named after the famous adventure ship in Homer's *Iliad*. ²⁷ Day, *loc. cit.*

the New England settlement trail. River trips up and down the Connecticut are being planned, as well as other sea adventures.²⁸ Perhaps the most auspicious large-scale plans involved are the cross-continental tours. Two specially built trains will leave the opposite sides of the continent, from San Francisco and Montreal, and will slowly cross the United States, stopping often for side trips. Hostelers can use the railroad cars for home base, and see both northern and southern America in one summer.²⁹

With such influential and hearty backers as John L. Winant, the American Council of Educators, the YMCA and the YWCA, the World Alliance of Friendship through Churches, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Cambridge University, and other famous colleges;³⁰ with the enthusiastic interest and dreams of the thousands of hostelers, would-be hostelers, and hostel alumni; and with inspirational leaders like Isabel and Monroe Smith, the American Youth Hostels cannot help but grow, inspire, and continue to teach the ideals which they set up.

Franklin D. Roosevelt said, "I was brought up on this sort of thing and realize the need for hosteling. . . . This was the best education I ever had — far better than schools."³¹

²⁸ Telfer, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

²⁹ R. Cassidy, "Youth Journeys and Social Sciences," *Recreation*, 32 (April, 1938), 44.

³⁰ Telfer, *loc. cit.* ³¹ As quoted in "Hosteling Boom," *loc. cit.*

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The American Picture of Turkey

When you are in a foreign country, you are always subject to questions about your own. These questions arise whenever you meet someone; next to the weather they are the favorite topic of conversation. I have been in the United States for one year, and during this time I have heard nearly unbelievable questions about Turkey. I don't know whether I taught my questioners anything, but I can say that I learned many things from them: I learned what the American picture of Turkey is.

This picture is composed of Arabian styled houses, sultans, harems, camels, pyramids, red fezzes, veils, and various other oriental curiosities. If you talk to an American about modern houses, men and women dressed in European style, monogamous marriage, trains and buses, presidents and parties, he is disappointed; he doesn't want to believe you. Cigarette packages still have pictures of camels and deserts associated with Turkish tobacco, though there is not any desert in Turkey; and the encyclopedias still print very old pictures dating before the first World War. The American people should realize that the only "camels" in Turkey are put out by the Reynolds Tobacco Company. Young people dance the tango, the swing, and the rhumba, and when one of Lana Turner's or Hedy Lamarr's pictures is in town — wow! — NEVZAT GOMEZ

What It Means to See

Have you ever been blind all your life and then been given the power of sight? I have. I know what it means to see.

I had lived all my life on a hill overlooking a town in Alaska. I had heard and mastered all the sounds and drawn my own pictures, but I'll never forget the day when they took the bandages off my eyes.

It was late summer and the air was cool and sweet. My mind was a blank, empty space. Then, slowly and growing brighter, a brilliant color appeared. Then another, and another. Things began to take shape. I had heard all about these things, but they seemed strange and beautiful. I could not tell the names of the colors, but at the time I didn't care.

Then everything became clear and sharp. Monstrous, forbidding, ice-capped mountains loomed up around me. Their great rolling sides were darkened with trees. In contrast to this, the brilliant sky, and from it the sun, shone so brightly, I had to turn my eyes.

As I did so, I saw something awesome and wondrous, the waterfall. The water seemed to leap from the mountain high up and drop like a shining ribbon for a hundred or more feet. Then it disappeared in a gleaming mist. In that mist was a rainbow, and the feeling I experienced then I shall never know again.

It seemed as though this day, so clear and fresh, was God's gift to me.

— D. ERICKSON, Navy Pier

Opening Night

PETER FLEISCHMANN

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1946-1947

THE THEATER WAS EMPTY AND QUIET. THE LIGHTS were already on. Here and there an usher moved around, distributing stacks of programs, so that they would be handy once the crowd came. Although the stage and the orchestra pit were almost deserted, the entire hall seemed to be getting ready for something big. Street noises, the honking of cars, the clappity-clap of shoes as people hurried past the theater in the dusk, and the ringing of trolley cars were but slight disturbances to the atmosphere here inside.

As time passed by, people started arriving. Ushers showed them to their seats, some in the orchestra, a few in the balconies and boxes. They sat down and talked quietly, leafing through their programs, some of them turning around when someone new entered the auditorium. More and more people came. Men wore tails, and their ladies were attired in glittering evening gowns. Their names, if compiled, would read like the combination of the Hollywood telephone directory, the New York Social Register, and Who's Who.

By now the theater resembled the inside of a beehive. People hustled up and down the aisles or stood around in groups talking, some excitedly and some quietly. Ushers mingled with the crowd, either showing newcomers to their seats or offering refreshments for sale. Here and there a flash-bulb went off, as press-photographers recorded this night of nights for posterity.

In the meantime the stage and the orchestra pit had assumed signs of life. Noises came from backstage, and the curtain swayed gently as people pushed against it. In the pit violins were being tuned, clarinets ran through scales, the brass section hurriedly rehearsed a passage from the score, and the roar of tympani was quite distinguishable from the tune of the harp.

Still more people entered the hall, and as the crowd increased, so did the excitement. Suddenly a ripple of applause ran through the audience as a tall, thin gentleman entered one of the boxes — a well-known composer.

Quickly the commotion in the pit died down. House lights dimmed, footlights grew bright, and a few late comers scrambled for their seats. The audience settled back in their seats expectantly. A gray-haired, distinguished-looking man, the conductor, took his position at the head of the orchestra to the accompaniment of applause. He looked around, raised his baton — and the musical ensemble responded with one of the loveliest melodies ever written.

A Night in Kam's

SIGRID IBEN

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1946-1947

CAN I EVER FORGET THE SATURDAY NIGHT ON WHICH I was introduced to Kam's! I was plastic clay all eager for impressions, but do not think that I was unprepared! I had heard the "Student Prince," had read of young Shelley and all the wicked gaiety of college life. Armed with knowledge and conscious virtue, I sailed into the iniquitous den on the arm of the worldly Mack. Den it was. Picture it — the dim, dark recesses plastered with beer labels; the animated shadows bearing beer bottles in uplifted hands; the ancient rites consisting of weird knocks on the table, sudden jabs, and grotesque contortions ending in deafening shouts of "Cardinal Puff!"; the smoke rings, spirals, and puffs mating in the upper atmosphere; the cries of "chugalug!" and the hoarse and illustrated renditions of "This Is Table Number One" and "Allouette."

Behold the crowds as we make our way through to the farthest booth held down by Mack's fraternity brothers and countless bottles of beer — was there ever such worldly wisdom on youthful countenances — such enviable sophistication, such wit, and such knowing winks, such esoteric laughter? I know superiority when I see it; I was properly awed. I remember once at the age of three when I found a penny and told the young gentleman of five next door that I was going to Schreibers Hardware Store and buy an ice cream cone with it. His scorn was tremendous! I felt the same crest-fallen humility now, intensified by the realization that after fifteen years I had not gained in self-possession.

But here was our destination; here was the youth intrusted with the awful dignity of making the men of Omicron Omega Phi the hardest-drinking, wittiest, most daring, most woman-killing, and least grade-conscious fraternity on campus. They were qualified.

Once I was comfortably ensconced between Mack and a beanpole called Boo who made horrible grimaces every few minutes to indicate the need for more beer, I began to feel as though I might some day learn the mysteries and belong. After all, I was one woman among four men — hardly a bad beginning. I made certain observations: Mack was evidently a prodigy; all evening he orated with commendable fixity of purpose and appropriate gestures. When he got tired of one subject, he switched to another; he hardly stopped for beer — not to mention potato chips or rebuttals. I marvelled and passed on. Directly opposite me was a very gratifying young man: every time I smiled he complimented my intelligence; truly, in the

words of the sage, inner worth is apparent on the surface. Next to him sat a young man, known as Art, with a newly-mown cranium over which a bright and inebriated youth, supported by the Lord knows what, now and again passed his fingers, smiling blissfully the while, no doubt under the illusion that it was his favorite terrier. Its only effect on Art was to lull him more deeply into the trance which I later discovered was his habitual state.

But now came my downfall. Someone offered me a cigarette — I didn't smoke! Someone rammed a beer down my throat — I didn't drink! Mack stopped orating, Boo stopped grimacing, Ed just stopped, and Art woke up! Mack dragged me out, home, and deposited me on my doorstep. That night I went to bed with the horrible realization that I would never become a college woman.

Poi

LEROY F. MUMFORD

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1946-1947

EVERY TRUE HAWAIIAN IS A LOVER OF POI; HIS LIFE is not complete without it. Poi, a food originating in the Hawaiian Islands, constitutes the major portion of the diet of the native population. Poi is a fermented paste made from the roots of the taro plant, which are all gathered by hand, then pounded into a thick, sticky, whitish, dough-like substance.

Poi, in this first stage, has a flat taste, but this is the only stage at which it is edible by individuals who are new to the "Crossroads of the Pacific." It will never meet the approval of the native in this condition. The paste must first be placed in the sun to ferment.

The fermentation process changes the color of the paste to a shade of light tan. It also changes the taste considerably. To the uneducated tongue, poi is a unique experience, one that really defies description. Suffice it to say, it is now sour, bitter, and the last thing in the world one wants to eat. Nevertheless, it is the *pièce de résistance* for the true Hawaiian.

Poi has the same place in Hawaii that the Irish potato has in the United States. It is eaten in nearly every manner and form imaginable. It is served hot, cold, and lukewarm. It can be baked, boiled, or stewed. It can be part of the appetizer, entree, or dessert. If the Hawaiian hostess wants complete success she serves poi at every meal. Her reputation as a connoisseur of fine food soon becomes established.

The Hawaiian thrives on poi, but it becomes a real treat for him when it is mixed with raw fish. To any stranger this mixture looks weird. One

taste will usually bear out this impression. A native Hawaiian finds it very difficult to believe that everyone doesn't immediately like his "staff of life."

There are various ways in which poi is classified. One method is by the color. The common variety is tan in color, but one will also find pink, red, and light blue poi. The colored poi is really considered to be a delicacy to get excited over; and for this reason, it brings a much better price on the market. The color is the result of the selection of particular types of taro roots. These special varieties are rather limited, so that explains the esteem in which they are held. Pink poi is the least plentiful of all and it is the variety one will find served at all government dinners. It can be added that the color has little effect on the taste for the inexperienced poi-eater.

Poi is eaten with the fingers, and only with the fingers. The natives insist this is the only way in which one can secure the full flavor of the dish. This method of eating leads into another classification, determined by the consistency: one-finger poi, two-finger poi, and three-finger poi. The one-finger poi is the thickest, permitting an ample amount to be conveyed to the mouth on one finger. Two-finger poi is the most popular of all the varieties. The three-finger poi is very thin, and the least popular, best suited for babies and the aged.

Eating poi with the fingers is really an art, an art difficult to master. The index and second fingers are the ones most commonly used. One must hold these fingers rigidly together and lower them slowly into the dish of poi. He must move his fingers in a clockwise motion continually, withdraw them suddenly, and then transport the accumulated material to the mouth. It is considered very good manners to emit audible sounds while in the process of removing the sticky paste from the fingers.

Poi has been known on the islands since the beginning of their history, and from all indications this fermented product of the taro root will continue to be a vital item in the life and economy of the Hawaiians.

Holiday in England

Waterloo station on an English holiday is like a mass meeting of homeless people. I say homeless because they seem to have most of their belongings with them. Bicycles, lunch baskets, blankets, and pillows clutter the platforms and the entire station floor. Hackney coaches looking like moving vans keep driving up and unloading more people and bicycles. For each track there are at least three queues which resemble endless caravans. Children gnawing biscuits and hollering at every Yank the constant phrase, "Any gum chum"; babies screaming deafeningly; women with cigarettes hanging from their lips, knitting socks and sweaters for their sons overseas; men flipping snuff into their noses and discussing the V-bombs; and bobbies, like Roman soldiers with their speared helmets, trying desperately to maintain order make up a confusion that a jammed Yankee Stadium couldn't equal. — A. P. KASPROVICH, Community High School, Granite City

One More Load

CHARLES N. WATKINS

Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1946-1947

“CHARLES! GET UP! HAVE TO GET AROUND EARLY THIS morning.” Dad is calling from the foot of the stairs. I pull my nose out of the pillow. The air is cool and dawn is breaking. The sparrows in the old maple tree outside my window make small “chirrupy” sounds. I put on my faded work clothes, which are slightly damp from the night air. Downstairs, Dad is standing by the old kitchen stove, drinking a cup of cold, muddy, black coffee of last night’s brewing and smoking his first cigarette of the morning. He does not seem to notice me, but as he clumps outside brief orders trail behind, seemingly interspersed with strands of blue-gray cigarette smoke, “Better brush and harness the team.”

Outside, the sun is tinting several small, fleecy clouds with colors varying from rose to orange. The grass is glistening with myriads of dew-drop diamonds. “Another day without rain,” I murmur disgustedly. “Anyway, it’s excellent weather for threshing.” I whistle to the horses in the south lot and grudgingly, obediently, they move through the gate and into their stalls in the barn. After tying them, I brush and curry their massive, sleek sides to a dull mahogany finish. From across the barn comes the rhythmical music of milk striking the pail, as Dad begins milking. A pigeon coos mournfully in the lofty haymow. The fragrance of sweet hay, the smell of sweaty leather, and the acrid ammonia odor of horse manure mingle, awakening my senses as I harness the team.

When the chores are done, we rush to the house and eat our breakfast on the run; there are light, fluffy pancakes and sizzling, brown sausage, breakfast food and milk, and Mother’s stout, nighttrust-removing coffee. We leave the table to go, but Mother asks, “Are your clothes clean? Come back here and put on clean overalls. I can’t have the neighbors see you looking like that!” Grumbling that it doesn’t matter how clean I am when I’m going to thresh, I change overalls and sprint to the barn. Dad has the team hitched to the hayrack wagon, and as I climb aboard he clucks to Dick and Doc. They lean into the traces half-heartedly, but with persuasion from the ends of the reins slapped across their broad rumps and my father’s unemotional swearing, they trot out of the yard to the road.

White is the first man to thresh this year; it is approximately two miles to his farm. Dad drives along the side of the road, as the team is not shod, and gravel roads damage unshod hoofs. The wheels sink in a soft carpet of grass, and but for the creaking of a rear wheel and the jingle of the trace chains, there is little to disturb the silence as we move slowly through the

bright, sunny morning. Intuition tells me that Dad is thinking of that complaining axle. It will have to be greased tomorrow morning. We look at the corn as we pass by; the leaves are motionless in the still, already warm air. It will be another hot day. The weeds seem to be thriving despite the lack of moisture; wild parsnips rear their ugly, yellow heads defiantly. I watch a spotted snake glide effortlessly from the hedge fence into the corn. The wheels suddenly clatter, we cross the road, and turn up the lane to White's.

Several wagons and teams are in the yard, and in a lot beside the barn is a threshing machine being shoved into position by a giant tractor, much as a circus elephant moves a heavy wagon. We pull into the welcome shade of an elm and exchange greetings with the neighbors. There is talk of the weather and the corn and the condition of the grain. White, a lean, taciturn man, strides across the barnyard and motions us to the field.

I drive out to the field, weaving between the long, irregular rows of golden shocks. Stopping the team at the end of the row, I tie the reins to the ladder at the front of the rack. Dad is on the ground by now, pitchfork in hand, waiting until I have grasped my own pitchfork. He removes the flattened, concave-shaped cap bundle from the shock and tosses it on the wagon. Pitching bundles correctly is an art acquired by few men, but Dad is an expert. Each golden bundle is tossed on the wagon, with the grain toward me and the butt of the bundle from me. This facilitates loading. Loading is also a skill, for each bundle is placed precisely, so that a large load may be hauled. Only my "geddup" and "whoa," as we move from shock to shock, and the rustle of the dry straw break the silence, as I build my first load. Occasionally, from the far side of the wide field, some faint bursts of profanity, as Magnusson affectionately curses his little mules for their indolence. My load becomes higher and higher, a solid block of gold. No longer can I see my dad, but I catch glimpses of gleaming pitchfork tines at the edge of the load, as the bundles soar upward. "You've got enough," he decides. "Better unload."

Sticking my fork in the center of the load, I untie the reins and shout at the team below. Dick and Doc seesaw in the traces a second or two, waging a war of nerves between them, each attempting to force the other to start the load. A sharp word and the traces grow taut; the wagon lurches across the rough stubble. I am the pilot of a great golden ship on a yellow and green sea. I thrill to the morning, clear and hot. Oh, wonderful Life! To be young with clear mind and keen eyes — to be strong with the strength of untamed youth — to taste salty sweat on my lips — to feel the perspiration-soaked shirt clinging to my back — what more could I ask! I whistle a song, tuneless and meaningless, but expressing my emotions.

At the barn the machine is set, and the heavy belt stretches between it and the tractor, which is idling as though it were conserving its energy for the work ahead. The grain wagon is beneath the grain spout, waiting ex-

level, and other significant factors. As the National Opinion Research Center states it, "7 per cent of the adults in the United States live in New England, therefore 7 per cent of the sample is drawn from the New England states. And 17 per cent of the adults in New England live in rural areas, therefore 17 per cent of the New England interviews are obtained from such districts."³

Such a sample may be relatively small and yet, if representative, accurate within the limits of mathematical probability. The results of sampling are expressed only in terms of probability—the larger the sample, the closer together the probability limits. For example, a sample of 3,000 will be accurate within a range of 3½ per cent either way; a sample of 10,000 within little more than one per cent.⁴

The chief difficulty inherent in this technique is the dual problem of the meaning and wording of questions. Since the same word may mean different things to different people, exact communication of the same meaning to everybody is difficult. For example, an experiment in wording was made on representative groups to test the extent to which a word with a stereotyped meaning would affect the results. The question was worded as follows:

- a. Should we not allow speeches against democracy?
- b. Should we forbid speeches against democracy?

Question *a* received a 62 per cent affirmative answer, while question *b* received only a 46 per cent approval. The word "forbid" with its connotations of a threat to civil liberties had a stereotyped meaning that altered significantly the results of the poll.⁵

Dozens of such experiments could be quoted, but the example cited gives some idea of the nature of the problem. The following enumeration of a few of the difficulties in the achievement of clarity of meaning gives an inkling of the complexity: obscure meanings, vague terminology, stereotypes, technical or unfamiliar words, issues too broad to present clear-cut alternatives, issues involving social values which compel rationalization, and multiple choices which channel opinion into too many or too few lines.⁶

The problem of wording is somewhat different. The extent to which the wording affects the answer depends almost entirely on the respondent's mental background on the subject. If the people being polled have reliable standards of judgment, approximately the same answer is obtained regardless of the wording. But if they lack standards of judgment, they are highly suggestible and react to changes in phraseology.⁷

³ *Interviewing for NORC*, National Opinion Research Center (Denver, 1945), p. 4.

⁴ S. S. Wilks, "Representative Sampling and Poll Reliability," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 261-69.

⁵ Donald Rugg, "Experiments in Wording Questions: II," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 5 (1941), 91-93.

⁶ Hadley Cantril, *Gauging Public Opinion* (Princeton, 1944), pp. 3-4.

⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 48-49.

A striking example of the effects of wording was obtained in experiment by the National Opinion Research Center in the fall of 1942. The question was worded as follows:

- a. Do you think we ought to start thinking now about the kind of peace we want after the war?
- b. Which of these seems better to you — for us to win the war first and then think about the peace, or to start thinking now about the kind of peace we want after the war?

The *a* question polled an 81 per cent affirmative, while the *b* question drew only 55 per cent. The second question, by implying that serious attention to the peace might hurt the war effort, altered the results considerably. Questions like these make the problem of interpretation rather difficult. They would seem to indicate differences in intensity of opinion, and yet they may merely represent differences in the reaction to implicit and explicit alternatives.⁸

From the material presented so far, it might be gathered that the polls were addicted to the use of material of an equivocal nature and that the results of their work are highly questionable. Such an assumption would of course be entirely unwarranted. The fact of the matter is that the polls are very careful that their work be unbiased. For example, all questionnaires are pretested on sample groups to determine the effectiveness of the phrasing and to avoid issues unknown to the man on the street. Roper describes one poll of his that went through fifteen changes before its final use.⁹

If the poll-makers are engaged in such determined efforts to improve their work, why be concerned with interpreting their results? Why not accept their statistics at face value? It is at this point we run into real trouble. We are asked, "Is the public qualified to express opinions that will have such an obvious influence? Is the mass capable of judging for its own good?" Some go even further, and claim to see in the polls a dangerous tendency toward a "pure" democracy that will destroy our system of representative government and lead to mass rule and chaos.¹⁰ Others believe that the majority of the people will make fewer mistakes in governing themselves than any smaller group would, and that the polls by articulating the *vox populi* will lead to a more perfect form of government.¹¹

Which point of view (if either) are we to accept? Gallup, in defense of the latter view, says, "The serious observer . . . will be profoundly im-

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 37.

⁹ Elmo Roper, "Wording Questions for the Polls," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 129-30.

¹⁰ See Robert Lynd, "Democracy in Reverse," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 219; O. R. McGuire, "The U. S. Constitution and Ten Shekels of Silver," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 239-40; Walter M. Pierce, "Climbing on the Band Wagon," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 279-80.

¹¹ See Harold Gosnell, "The Polls and Other Mechanisms of Democracy," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 228; Eugene Meyer, "A Newspaper Publisher Looks at the Polls," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 264-65.

pressed with the grasp of broad principles which voters of all types possess. . . .¹² This, however, does not refute the opposing argument that the pressure of the polls will hinder the work of able experts who run the government. On reflection, it would seem that both are speaking half truths and that the real answer lies in a synthesis of the two conflicting viewpoints. Starting with the first, we agree that no one will deny that the average citizen has neither the education nor the time (to say nothing of the inclination) to obtain an understanding of the complex, technical details of the machinery of government. The polls themselves have shown that the majority of the people admit they do not know the function of reciprocal trade agreements, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and other relatively complex phases of our government. But this lack of knowledge of public affairs is not as anti-democratic as it may seem at first glance. As Katz observed, "The man on the street may be able to give meaningful answers to important questions if they are . . . in terms of his own thinking rather than in terms of the mental world of the politician and journalist."¹³ In other words, the polls cannot give a valid interpretation of public opinion if the public is polled on technical details of government. They can and do tell us what the majority wants, and how it likes the ways things are run. They can help determine the direction of policy but not details of policy.¹⁴

What all of this boils down to is that we are obliged to interpret the findings of public opinion polls for ourselves. In the light of what we have previously considered, we may formulate two criteria for use in evaluating them: 1. Is the question appropriate with respect to the limitations on subject matter and wording? 2. Is the question impartial, or is it stated in such a way as to imply a correct answer, or to appeal to a prejudice?

¹² Gallup and Rae, *op. cit.*, p. 287.

¹³ Daniel Katz, "Three Criteria," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 284-85.

¹⁴ Gallup and Rae, *op. cit.*, p. 288.

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Your Mood and Ours

You people are really different from us Orientals. I don't mean the difference in appearance, which is a minor one. Neither do I want to suggest the difference in our living conditions. To me the greatest difference lies in our inside worlds.

The inside world of an Oriental can be imagined as a deep well. It is dark. It is mysterious. Were somebody to try to investigate its content, he would find priceless gems or poisonous snakes. Probably that is because the Oriental has a very susceptible imagination. The exaggeration of images makes him mystical. The result is that the Oriental lives in another world. He is always sad and unsatisfied. He enjoys unbelievable stories and minor tunes which compose his melancholic music. In other words he enjoys suffering.

On the other hand an American dreams less and lives more. The "dark well" which we use for the Oriental can be replaced by a sunny and fertile cornfield for the American. He is superficial but sure. All he has to do is to cultivate it and get the expected crops. He has positive ideas, definite beliefs. He has a way of expressing facts in simple words, likes short cuts, and worries little about any subject. He has only one world to live in; he sees everything as it is and he is happy that way. His music is gay, his literature is more realistic, and he is more sincere. To my admiration he enjoys and appreciates being himself.

This is an analysis of their characters as far as I can see. Now, which way leads to true happiness? We can't tell, because happiness is relative to individuals as well as to conditions. One is happy crying, another laughing. — HALUK AKOL

I Remember

I remember a medium-sized white bungalow about one-quarter of a mile from the broad, white, sandy beach. I remember that the white-topped waves which came bouncing in on the surf matched the white on that wonderful little house and that the blue of the ocean matched the blue on the shutters. I remember all the other little houses in that quiet village which were so alive in the summer and so dead in the winter. I remember the good times my brother and I used to have with the other children in the village during the carefree days of carefree summers. And I remember the wind, the destructive monster from the south that came howling up off the ocean one sunny September day carrying water with it. The water and the wind ripped the roofs off the houses and tore the walls down and left nothing but memories. — ARTHUR H. STROMBERG

One of a Kind

GENE REILEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, Summer, 1947

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, COME RAIN OR COME SHINE, THE fish markets are always open in Browning, Illinois: Breeden's, Bryant's, and Dozier's, all striving desperately to please the public and surpass each other in business. Each has a picked group of fishermen who sell their catch to the Republican, the Democrat, or the highest bidder. Each is a battered old store, splattered with fish scales and mud, and all three claim the community's asset, Happy Sherrill.

Happy is an easygoing old boy who always seems to have a good word and a bit of advice for every fisherman, child, or customer. He works a little now and then, but no more than sheer existence requires, and all will admit that he can skin a cat or scale a carp in record time. He goes where he pleases, does what he pleases, and says what he pleases. He has a memory like an elephant, and combines it with a bit of imagination to produce stories that every boy and man between the ages of three and sixty has heard at least fifty times.

The first time I ever saw Happy, he was perched atop an old lard can in Breeden's market relating a tale of how the originator of Breeden's market got the nickname of "Bojo." In Browning, "bojo" is the correct word now used to describe a temper tantrum, and Happy's story of how Frank Breeden picked up a catfish and bit its head off, after the fish had first bitten him, is now a part of the village history.

Most of Happy's personal belongings accompany him wherever he goes. He couldn't be recognized without his battered old felt hat, a dirty blue gingham shirt, an old pair of Pay-Day overalls with a dozen patches and suspenders that button on in the back, and an ancient pair of hip boots with twice as many patches as on the overalls. Usually unshaven and with an immense chew of Red Man tobacco in his mouth, he can be found anytime, from daybreak until the mosquitoes drive him home in the evening, in one of the three fish markets. Happy's dog "Sideswiper," who used to be called "Nig" until he got hit by a car, follows his master wherever he goes but pays little attention to what Happy has to say. Some folks say Sideswiper understands Happy better than most men do.

The rest of Happy's personal belongings can be found in his one-room shack, which he built way back when Browning had five grocery stores, two hotels, a theater, and a respect for high water. The shack has only two residents — Happy and Sideswiper. There are a cot, a table, an old fish crate

used as a chair, an oil stove, a few cooking utensils, some dirty dishes, some souvenirs of four wars, and Happy's greatest personal possession, a collection of old law books.

Some people in the town call Happy "Judge," and everyone has a high respect for his knowledge of the laws of this state. For years he has played the roles of Justice of the Peace, President of the Town Board, and active member of the School Board of District Seventy-Five.

Without him Browning would lose much of its local color. Happy Sherrill has become an integral part of the fish market and town life, and somehow has won the admiration and respect of most of Browning's citizens.

Rain

RALPH BROWN

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1946-1947

RAIN: MOISTURE CONDENSED AND THEN RELEASED from the sky" — that's all it amounts to as far as the dictionary is concerned. But to each individual it has its own personal meaning.

It makes a bookmaker worry about how a wet track will affect the odds he has given. It annoys a housewife because she has to postpone her washing. It makes a farmer wonder if it will nourish his crops or wash them away into soggy ruin, and him with them. That's not rain to him; it's life or death. To a child it is the reason he has to stay indoors, as he plaintively importunes the power which condemned him to this fate with an almost pagan chant: "Rain, Rain, go away, come again. . . ."

For the comfortable householder it is an indication of security, an emphasis on how his well-ordered life protects him from elemental forces which would otherwise intrude. To the bum wandering aimlessly along it is an added discomfiture; now he has to find a flop somewhere on the inside; a friendly park bench, an inviting field are now sodden enemies in a drenched alliance with the all-pervading, saturating rain.

To the average observer it is pregnant skies growing darker and finally giving a violent birth illuminated by lightning and accompanied by thunder as an orchestral background. And then it is just a fresh smell in the air.

Hot and Cold

The difference between hot and cold weather is easy to understand. All weather above 72.63° Fahrenheit is hot, and all that below that point is cold. I might also add that as hot air rises and cold air travels downward, one may keep warm on a cold day by holding an umbrella over one's head. — LES Houser

Keep That Last Team!

LAWRENCE ZUCKERMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947

FARMERS, BEWARE! YOU HAVE HEARD MANY REASONS, all presented by tractor salesmen, for disposing of that last team of horses. Don't!

The operator of a family-sized farm will find that replacing his last team (which cost about \$100) with a tractor (which will cost \$1200) is not a panacea for reducing his labor and increasing his profits.

It is true that a tractor does not have to be fed on the days that it is not used, but does a horse ever pick up a flat or run out of gas on the far back forty? And is a tractor capable of producing a baby tractor which will grow into a replacement for it? The answer to both of these questions is obviously no, as are the answers to the following: Can a tractor use fuel which is produced on the farm? Or does the fuel burned in the tractor produce manure?

While the tractor salesman will attempt to impress you, the prospective customer, with the many uses for the eight-horsepower pull generated at the draw-bar, he will undoubtedly neglect to mention the numerous small farm jobs for which two horsepower are more than sufficient.

Even though the tractor is many times more powerful than the team which it replaces, this increase in available power is greatly offset by the inability of a man working alongside to guide the tractor by simply shouting "Giddup" or "Whoa." An additional man is needed to drive the tractor in many operations which would otherwise be one-man jobs.

The supersalesman who approaches you will not be content with selling only a \$1200 tractor, but will rightly insist that to farm properly with your new tractor you must purchase a complete line of tractor machinery for \$2000.

For those of you who continue to gaze longingly at the brilliantly colored pictures in the salesman's portfolio, I want to cite two more examples of the superiority of the horse.

Think back over the many times that your team was borrowed by a neighbor, in the winter, to haul feed to cattle which he was unable to reach with his tractor because of the snow, or in the spring, to separate the mighty gasburner from its nemesis, mud, which rendered it powerless to move.

While you are reminiscing, go a little farther back. Do the salesman's wonderful claims for his machine make any mention of its ability to find its way home late at night, over darkened roads, with a sleigh, or hayrack, filled with teen-agers too busy to guide it?

Farmers

WILLIAM H. KELLOGG

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1946-1947

THE PEOPLE WHO RAISE THE CROPS AND ANIMALS that provide our food are often thought of as just farmers by those of us who have not lived among them. Our rural neighbors, however, differ from each other like any other class of people. By their attitude toward their occupation and the quality of farming they do, they fall into three general groups: the periodic farmer, a sunny-day man whose ambition is to make a living by doing no more work than is necessary; the gentleman farmer, a sophisticated man who toys with some hobby while hired men do most of his work; and the scientific farmer, a prosperous man who strives to use his time as efficiently as possible.

The periodic farmer is a man of little education. His way of farming requires little knowledge. He depends mainly on cash crops and hogs for his income, since they require a minimum of care. Because he is allergic to chores, he keeps only one or two cows to supply his own milk. His pigs are kept in the same convenient, unsanitary lot their ancestors occupied. They get a straight corn diet, with never quite enough to satisfy their appetites. His plan of crop rotation includes only corn and soy beans. He plants straight rows regardless of the contour of his fields. The fields are constantly exposed to erosion, and their fertility is rapidly depleted through his lack of rotation and replacement of necessary minerals. The buildings and fences on his farm are quite neglected and therefore dilapidated. His car also receives only the attention necessary to keep it running. He can see no use in keeping records; to him, they would be a waste of time which he could better spend loafing. His periodic farming occupies him only a few days at a time and rarely at all in winter.

The gentleman farmer differs from the shiftless farmer in that he possesses a shiny, well-kept car and a high school education. However, he seems to know very little about his vocation. He may be making a living or relying on an inheritance. At any rate, he does very little work himself. He depends on his employees to get things done. His main interest is his hobby, which may be a herd of purebred animals, his machinery, or anything connected with his farm. The trouble with the gentleman farmer is that he farms out of proportion. His hobby, whatever it may be, receives more attention and more financial care than is practical. If, for example, his main interest is a certain breed of cattle, he buys the best stock available and spends extravagantly for its care and management. Meanwhile, all the other parts of his farm go unheeded. His land and crops receive only a minimum of care.

Also he keeps records only on his hobby. In his artificial superiority, he is eager to show off his herd to anyone who may be interested, convincing himself, if no one else, that he is a genius of agriculture.

The scientific farmer is a man who is well educated in every aspect of agriculture. Often he possesses a college education. He is a wise farmer and a business-like man as well. Every operation he puts into practice on his farm is profitable, and he keeps records to prove that. Usually he depends on his livestock for his main income. He keeps the number of his animals balanced to the capacity of his land. He raises his pigs in a clean pasture where swine have not been for at least three years. He raises purebred stock because he knows that they can be kept in prime condition with less feed than scrub animals. His rolling fields are cultivated on the contour to prevent the rapid escape of water and the loss of soil. By the use of legumes in his crop rotation plan and the application of mineral fertilizers to his soil, he keeps his fields capable of producing high crop yields. His homestead is neat and attractive, and although his automobile may not be a late model, he keeps it, like everything else, in perfect condition. For everything that the scientific farmer does, he has behind it a scientific reason.

The group that a farmer falls into could reasonably be determined by his ambition and intelligence. The periodic farmer of course lacks both of these and is therefore least successful in his work. The gentleman farmer, though intelligent, lacks the ambition which makes the scientific farmer a success.

Thanks!

JOHN WEITER

Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1946-1947

A FEW MONTHS AGO A CRUDE, VULGAR MOB OF RUTHLESS killers, posing as sane and law-abiding citizens of a small southern town, abducted two negro men and their wives. Fired with a blood-lust, the "righteous townsfolk" beat the negroes mercilessly, strung their victims from a tree, then fired blasts from a shotgun into the limp, swaying forms. Justice was done!

Some time later the "strange fruit" borne by the tree was plucked and carried away in silence. One of the still forms had been a soldier who had just returned home from duty. He had been accused of a crime unknown to half his judges and executioners. Because of this crime, four people were horribly mutilated and slaughtered -- four innocent people, for the veteran had been wrongfully accused. What gratitude for a job well done was this soldier shown on his homecoming!

A more recent case, that of the twenty-one cab drivers who lynched a negro because of his supposed part in the murder of a fellow cab driver, reeks with an equally strong stench. Brought to trial for their crime, the twenty-one confessed killers were soon freed. The judge sitting on the case turned his back upon the jury in disgust and contempt. In freeing the prisoners, the jurors convicted themselves of bigotry, prejudice, hate, and total disregard for the freedom so many millions fought for so recently. In convicting themselves, they also convicted every American in the eyes of the other nations of the world. They branded every American with an indelible mark of shame. By setting free the "mad dogs" who tore the victim apart with such abandon, the jury deliberately thwarted justice, and showed the world the total disregard for the difference between right and wrong we can achieve in America.

The hate towards the negro which seethes not only among the illiterates of the South, but also among many of the supposedly well-educated and intelligent men throughout the country, has become our great national disgrace. America is on trial before all the nations of the world in her attempt to achieve and hold the position as leader of the world. Democracy, which provides equal rights to all men, regardless of race, creed, and color, as practiced in America is becoming a great farce. The peace that must be molded now to protect the world is as important as the great war fought to bring about that peace. America has earned the right to take a leading position in forming a world peace by her leading position in the war—earned this right with the bodies of thousands of her men. And now a handful of men is taking this right away. For what value will the counsel of the Americans hold in world affairs when the Americans cannot well manage their own affairs? Who will listen to the American appeals for freedom for all men, when all men within American borders are not free? Who will heed the American call for justice when justice is so totally disregarded? What fatal damage to so many deserving is being done by so few undeserving!

The judge who turned his back upon the jury neglected to give the usual thanks of the court to the people of the jury. Let us, then, give thanks to those who thought it best to free twenty-one murderers to show the North it cannot "meddle" in the South's business. Let us also give thanks to the mob who killed the four innocent people, but who showed the "nigger" his place in society. Let us give thanks to all those who preach their doctrine of hate against other men, and who thereby mock the soldier dead, who shame the founders of the great Democracy of the United States, who tie the hands of the law, and who want to extinguish Liberty. They are doing a great and thorough job. They are putting the negro in his place, and at the same time putting America in her place—low man on the totem pole, at the bottom of the heap.

Rhet as Writ

My wife and I are planning a vacation trip this summer. We plan to be away for two months during the month of August.

• • • •

Marriage, which no family should be without, has been disregarded as a happy institution.

• • • •

It was often said that "A great commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a man."

• • • •

The prices landlords charge for what they call rooms: That is what I call looking a man square in the face and having your throat cut before your very eyes.

• • • •

It is the fortunate housewife who is able to phone her grocer, repeat to him her specific desires, and later unpack them in her own kitchen.

• • • •

Queen Victoria wore the Kohinoor as a necklace and Queen Alexandria in a crown.

• • • •

Who's Who: This book is an English publication containing short biographical sketches of dead personalities.

• • • •

The exercise of the legs should be especially tuff, for without legs a man could not expect to be a good football player.

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Spelling Reform — 1947

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| Military and Navel Magazine | soil conversation |
| the Untied States | an impassible face |
| Bolder Dam | personnel appearance |
| formals and genes | a small poodle of water |
| satisfactory martial relations | foot rationing |
| a happy carfree life | |

Honorable Mention

Carolyn Clark — *Black Boy* by Richard Wright
A. C. Fiedler — *Bomber Escort*
Lois Mae Gee — *Should They Be Called His?*
Shirley Granzow — *The Story of Rhapsody in Blue*
Jack Greyer — *Byrd's Antarctic Expedition*
E. A. Hogan — *Distraction*
William Hornbaker — *The Art of Delacroix*
Doris Klion — *The Mystery of the Smile*
Marion J. Kopetz — *Brief Refuge*
Lois Miller — *Diamond Lore*
Robert Norman — *The Importance of the Marianas*
Joseph E. O'Mahony — *King Henry VIII and His Effect Upon the Church of England*
Marjorie Peabody — *The Dreyfus Affair*
John Shurtleff — *The Great Crash*
Betty M. Smith — *Early History of Urbana, Illinois*
Noble J. Smith — *Honeybee*
Walter Stemler — *The Old Chicago Fire*
Jeane Swinehamer — *Digging Up the Past*
Marcia Tenczar — *Duet with Nicky* by Alice Berezowsky
B. G. Vest — *The Sinking of the Titanic*
Roy A. Weidemann — *Take Another Drink*
William Winkler — *The Great Labor Schism*
David G. Wright — *Remoteness Becomes Reality*



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

DEC 5
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



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Fancy and the Child

CHARLES N. WATKINS

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

AS A SMALL BOY, I WAS ALWAYS "OUT WOOL-GATHERING." I daydreamed continually, from morning until night. Mother had to speak to me several times to gain my attention so that I would do her errands. When I finally did an errand, it usually required at least an hour; for, as a rule, I was so preoccupied with my own thoughts that I spent most of my time dawdling. I found so much of interest on the way, that often as not I forgot the task to which I had been assigned. Mother always believed there was something wrong with me physically, and so she made frequent trips, with me in tow, to the doctor. I do not think, however, that he gave her much satisfaction. Once the doctor gave the verdict "worms," and I was placed accordingly on a castor oil diet. This treatment enabled me to gain more weight, but I continued to be as unresponsive and inattentive as ever. My teachers had the same difficulty in holding my attention, and for several years, regularly with my report cards, Mother received little notes which invariably read: "Charles has been doing poor work in most of his subjects. He is inattentive and has a 'don't care' attitude. I think he is capable of doing the work if he puts his mind to it."

Mother and Dad scolded long and loud and occasionally emphasized their scolding with a razor strop. Sometimes I was retained by the teacher at recesses for inattention in class. It would have been just as profitable to have chastized a mechanical dummy.

Though Mother's worries were for my physical well-being, the real cause for my unconcern and absent-mindedness was the world in which I dwelt. It was a realm of fiction and unreality in which Robin Hood and Little John dwelt in our orchard and King Arthur and his knights held court in our horse barn. It was a land of romance in which gallant men had nothing to do but ride about the countryside doing good deeds and avenging wrongs. This make-believe land was a bright and happy or a weird and melancholy place, depending upon my mood, where there was always excitement.

This dream world, where I spent so much time mentally, was partially the result of a vivid imagination and the absorption of fascinating literature. Mother taught me to read at an early age, because she wanted me to do well in my school work; and, too, she had been a school teacher before marriage and enjoyed teaching. As a result, I was always much more advanced in reading than the other pupils in my class. I was also encouraged to read as my parents enjoyed good books. The bookshelves in the parlor were well

stocked with many of the old classics and a variety of modern novels. The only requisite for taking a book from the shelf was that it be replaced. When I was ten years old, I had read every book in the family library plus all the other books which I could obtain from other sources; but, because of immaturity and the added habit of rapid scanning, I often misunderstood the material which I read.

For example, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, by Washington Irving, was not humorous. The "Headless Horseman" was real to me, and I did not comprehend that his "head," which rode on the saddle before him, was only a pumpkin. Furthermore, I did not know that the Headless Horseman was Beau Brummel. Believing as I did in goblins and ghosts, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* was a source of terror for many years. My mind's eye saw the Headless Horseman overtaking Ichabod at the bridge which spanned the creek flowing through our farm. When bringing the cows across the bridge at dusk, I always rushed over the bridge as fast as possible, for I had no desire to meet the Headless Horseman.

Another story which confused and frightened me was *Alice in Wonderland*. My mind was unable to keep pace with the course of events carrying Alice through the strange land. I always partially doubted that a person could eat or drink any substance or liquid which would alter his size. Even so, I was tempted many times to taste the contents of unlabeled discarded bottles to see if I would become larger or smaller. It is probably just as well that I did not yield to such temptations.

Of all the literature which I read in my boyhood, none was so delightful or so romantic as the tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. I virtually "lived" King Arthur, and many of the games which my brothers and I played had their origin in the King Arthur stories. My two younger brothers and I became knights. Our "shining armor" consisted of old barrel-heads for shields, wooden swords made from lath, and cornstalks or horseweed stalks for spears. There was many a hard and long battle fought—and many a black eye and cut lip. What wonderful times we had! My over-imaginative brain usually placed the scenes in my reading in familiar surroundings; thus, the horse barn became the castle where King Arthur held court; the adjacent hog house was the stable where the spirited chargers were kept; and the cattle yard was the jousting field where great battles were fought.

Losing interest in knights, I became a "cowboy." This phase began after I had read a cheap novel, *Keith of the Border*, and after I had seen my first movies, which happened to be Western movies. My brothers and I forgot about armor and jousting and became interested in guns and horses and the range. As a cowboy I once attempted to rope a "steer," which happened to be a few-weeks-old calf. Because of my slightly erring aim, the lasso fell about the neck of a year-old heifer. This surprised bossy immediately

galloped off. The free end of the rope was twisted about my arm so that she dragged me behind her through the mud, until the hired man rescued me. We also acquired a pony about this time. The pony helped the cowboy illusion, although it was indeed disconcerting trying to imagine myself a "lone cowboy" with my two younger brothers on behind me, and with the youngest one usually bellowing at the top of his lungs because he was sliding off the rear of the pony. As cowboys, we were such famous men as Wyatt Earp, Buffalo Bill Cody, and Wild Bill Hickock. The great western plain was limited by the east pasture. Dozens of "bad men" were shot daily. The cowboy phase lasted until we became "gangsters."

With a love for the unnatural, the unreal, and the romantic, I dramatized places, people, playthings, and incidents which probably seemed commonplace enough to most people, but which held special meanings for me. One of the places loaded with stimulus for an active imagination was the creek, a lazy stream bordered by cottonwoods and willows which meandered across the farm. It was an ideal setting for the role of Tarzan of the Apes, my favorite comic strip star. Clad in my nothing plus, I wandered aimlessly along the "dark, murky Amazon" killing snakes and chasing dragonflies, the only "enemies" I could find. A tile, which drained the highlands, emptied into the creek. I used to stand under the flow of cool water from the tile and see myself in the spray of one of Africa's many beautiful waterfalls. I tried swinging on the wild grapevines festooning the trees along the banks. When a grapevine broke with me in midair, however, I decided that accomplishment would have to be missing from my portrayal of Tarzan. For a budding Tarzan, a boy never had a better jungle than I had in the creek. But the creek was not the only source of inspiration for wild imaginings. On the north side of the house, in the foundation, was a small hole shaped like a little door. I spent a great deal of time romancing about that defect in the concrete. What kind of little people lived there? What lay beyond that tiny door? Just as incredible were the transformations which changed the gravel pit to the Badlands of South Dakota. This gravel pit was a large hole in the side of a hill from which gravel had been taken at different times for use around the farm. There were wonderful tall banks in which my brothers and I often dug caves for "hideouts," ideal for fugitive "bad men." The mounds of earth which had been thrown up in the search for pure gravel made magnificent breast works and shielded many a "hardened criminal" from the withering fire of the "law." When I was alone in the gravel pit, I often imagined myself a lone traveler, usually mounted on a dying horse and needing food and water. With grim courage and perseverance, I always shot my dying horse and struggled on alone to safety.

Certain people impressed me very much, although I know now that most of those impressions were erroneous. Granddad was the most romantic figure I knew. He was a small man with a silvery thatch of hair and an old-

fashioned moustache. Because of his physical appearance and age, I thought he must have been an Indian fighter. He had a Winchester pump-action caliber .22 rifle, and I was certain that Granddad was the best shot in the country; but this illusion was destroyed one day during butchering time. Whenever we butchered hogs, Granddad had to be present to do the killing. On this particular day, he came out to the farm, bringing with him his Winchester rifle. The hog to be killed was chased out of his pen. He took a long, careful aim and fired. Simultaneously with the shot, the hog dropped, and Granddad clapped his hand to his head. The next instant the hog was on his feet again nonchalantly eating corn, and in the brim of Granddad's hat lay the spent bullet. He had missed the vital spot on the hog's head and the bullet had ricocheted from the hard bone, striking Granddad's hat. Granddad never shot another hog.

While I worshipped Granddad, my cousin caused me much nervousness and unrest. He was a tall, thin boy who worked for my father one winter. He was very quiet, in fact almost sullen. He had an honest to goodness revolver which he carried in his belt or in his pocket a great deal of the time. Every other day or so he held target practice, usually squatting on his heels and firing at tin cans. During these frequent practices, the expressions which played over his face made icy fingers move up and down my spine. The methodical, purposeful way with which he shot the tin cans to pieces was nothing short of murderous. I felt that he could shoot men as easily as he did the tin cans. Upon several occasions I almost confessed this strange premonition to Mother, but I never did for fear she would have laughed. When I grew older, I learned that he had read too many "dime westerns," and that he might have become a criminal but for the fact that he was too lazy. He was a daydreamer in his own right.

The jolliest, nicest man I knew was one of our neighbors. He was fat, always laughing, and the life of the party wherever he went. In later years, I discovered that our neighbor was silly rather than humorous. His jokes were old and his banter trivial. All the women were afraid of him, for he considered himself a ladies' man and was quite a "wolf."

Living on the farm, my brothers and I had a natural interest in farm equipment and farm operations. Therefore, most of our playthings became real machinery in our games. Our coaster wagon was the most loved and most used plaything. It served as our "tractor," and it was used to pull everything. The driver rode in the wagon, while the one who pushed had to simulate the noise of a tractor engine. Naturally, all of us wanted to "drive." This game gave us sore throats and shattered mother's nerves. When threshing was in season on the farm, we "threshed" also. The lawn mower served as a threshing machine; the rake made a realistic blower. Behind the wagon "tractor" we pulled our "threshing machine," going from one "farm" to

another "threshing each other's grain." To thresh the grain I blocked up one wheel of the lawn mower and turned that wheel while another put dry grass into the revolving blades. Thus we threshed.

But of all our toys, Bobby, the doll, was in a class of his own. He was quite large with painted hair and a polka dot dress. Because he was agreeable with any plan, he was included in many games. One winter morning, however, Bobby met his downfall. It was too cold to play out-of-doors, and so we were confined to the living room while Mother went about her housework. In the mischievous manner of all small boys, someone (I am not sure which one of us) busied himself with the mutilation of a book, which had been lying on the table. When Mother discovered the destruction, she immediately called for the culprit. But no one was willing to admit his guilt; therefore, we three boys agreed that Bobby must be at fault. This information was relayed to Mother, who promptly whipped each of us soundly. Before the tears had subsided, we knew that Bobby must be punished for not being courageous enough to confess his crime. Whereupon, we took the offender behind the kitchen stove and smashed his china head with a hammer. And so the wrong was righted.

There were many incidents in my childhood which affected me deeply. Of these, at least two stand out in my memory. One was the story of the "woman in black." I first heard the story on a dark summer night while visiting a Mrs. Dennis with my aunt. The story, as I remember it, was that a woman dressed in black had mysteriously appeared in Rockford, Illinois, and had predicted that the Chicago World's Fair would sink into Lake Michigan. My aunt and Mrs. Dennis obviously believed the story; their voices were hushed and filled with a strange, subdued note of mystery. I was thoroughly frightened. When I visited the World's Fair the next spring, the thought that the very ground upon which I walked might fall away into the lake was always before me.

The most fantastic feat of my imagination was perhaps an illusion concerning my father's snoring. On hot summer nights, I often slept on the floor in front of the parlor door, where there was generally a cool breeze. My mother and dad slept in the room adjacent to the parlor. From the parlor I could hear the creaking of the windmill located in the north pasture some eighty rods away. I suppose that in one of my half-asleep moments my father's snoring attained a whistle-like quality and became confused in my mind with the faraway creaking of the windmill. I was never able to separate the two sounds, and even today, when I hear a windmill squealing for lack of grease, I think of Dad's snoring.

Now that I am considered an adult, my childhood fancies have vanished, somewhat to my regret. As a child grows older, the fascination of stories, places, and playthings is lost. The coaster wagon lost its appeal as a tractor

when we had to haul coal and cobs in it for the kitchen stove. The lawn mower became a dreaded piece of equipment, a machine of the devil's own making. After rereading *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* under a teacher's supervision, I discovered that the story was funny and not frightening. The creek was no longer a jungle paradise but a hot steamy place in summer and a cold wet place in winter. In the summer, I had to cut weeds along its banks, and, in the winter, I sawed wood. In a way, I wish that these childhood fancies and figments of my imagination still were with me. I suspect that a psychologist would classify me as a case of arrested development. But, nevertheless, the world in which I lived as a child was a fair one. There was no drudgery, and no headaches. The only wars fought were exciting. The "dead in battle" were allowed to participate in the next skirmish. In my world of dreams, there were no lusts, no desires for wealth or power, no politics, and no labor troubles. Everything was on the highest plane.

But such a world is, of course, only for children, and small children at that. I must forget that I am a gallant knight in shining armor and take my place among the men of the world and share in their greeds, in their lusts, and in their desires. I must take my place in the world; I must be a success.

Dear Days, Dead

MARTIN F. BRETZ

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

AMONG LARGE, BLACK, NOISY, SMELLY FACTORIES, IN soot-blackened homes, lived the people who, because of the depression, could not afford to move. They worked hard, these people, and tried to make each penny stretch to help carry them over the bad times. We, their children, didn't realize the need for such tight-fistedness. We missed our penny grab-bags of candy, our chewing gum, and nickel picture shows. It was useless to ask "Pop" for "dough." He never had any. And "Ma" wouldn't give any because there was always a need for it somewhere else. It wasn't impossible to earn money; you could sell papers or magazines, but then the "big guys" would take your money from you. You could call on Pop to convoy you, but he wasn't always available, and rather than have you get hurt, he would forbid you to sell anything. One of the gang solved the financial problem: "Let's collect junk and sell it to the junkman. The big guys won't touch us if we all take the stuff to the junkyard and come home together."

So we became connoisseurs of junk and learned to distinguish one type of metal from another. We sold the metals by the pound. Aluminum was the

most expensive at ten cents a pound; steel was the cheapest at three cents per one hundred pounds. Since we lived in an industrial area, our supply of junk was unlimited until the day the factories started to save their scrap.

With our scrap supply gone, we had to resort to vandalism to get metals. The rain gutters on the factories were fastened to the roofs by straps of copper, and for awhile our supply of copper was adequate. It was strenuous work climbing the factory walls; it required the use of long, thin fingers and strong hands to secure a firm hold in the many cracks and holes in the walls. Only those possessing these qualities were delegated to do the climbing. The rest of us remained behind to catch the copper straps, and eventually the rain gutter as its support on the roof was removed. Should a watchman put in an appearance, we would each head in a different direction, and every man would look out for himself. Those of us on the ground were more fortunate than those stranded on the roofs. Once a watchman surprised one of our boys by coming up through the skylight. The boy raced desperately along the flat roof to its edge, and leaped into space. We saw him land on another roof ten feet below the first; then with a clash and clatter of tin covering he fell through the flimsy, old factory roof. A minute later he dashed out of the factory door and scampered down the street while the watchman loudly cursed.

All of the soft metals we accumulated we pounded and smashed with rocks and hammers into as compact a bundle as possible so that we could store them in the small wooden shanty we used as a warehouse. Because of this practice the copper washtub belonging to the mother of one of the boys went the way of all soft metals we got our hands on. It was the biggest smashing job we'd had, and our enjoyment in banging and clanging on the tub was unbounded until its owner put in her appearance. She didn't say a word. It seemed strange to us because she didn't scream and rage at us as all the women of the neighborhood did at one time or another. She just took her son firmly by the arm and forcibly dragged him home. The look in her eyes made us glad to be our mothers' sons and not hers.

As materials became scarcer, our methods of procuring them became more drastic. A few blocks from our shanty warehouse, on the other side of the railroad tracks, there were shabby, empty shanty homes. We didn't know who owned the homes. They never were occupied, but they contained electrical wires of copper; that is, they contained electrical wires until we got to them. With small crowbars and hammers hidden in our clothing to conceal our purpose, we broke into the homes, and amid falling plaster and ripping wall paper removed all of the wiring.

When the city decided to repair the streetcar tracks in our neighborhood, its appropriations for the repairs failed to take into account the materials we confiscated. We would mingle with the group of children who always

managed to show up and get in the way of the workmen whenever some public street repairs were being made. We kept out of the way, but the workmen's materials went with us.

The junkman we dealt with had his office set up in the city junk heaps. It was a new brick warehouse that looked out of place among the rotting garbage, tin cans, and rubble. He was a small, thin, bent man, always shabbily dressed, and in need of a shave and bath. He was quite adept at cheating us when weighing our junk, and every now and then he would simply and forcibly take our junk from us without offering us any remuneration. The boys all disliked him, and in a fit of rage, after he'd taken some of our junk without paying us, we decided to get revenge. That night and several nights after, we went to work on a corner of his warehouse. We removed enough bricks to permit one of the boys to crawl through the hole and pass the stored junk out to us. When we had all we could carry, we piled rubbish and old garbage over the hole and went home. The next day we resold the junk to him. He had so much of it that he wasn't able to recognize the stuff. It seemed just and right to us, not funny. We cheated him out of quite a good deal, but one night, about a month after we'd made the hole, our revenge had to stop. We found the hole repaired and knew that he would inspect his building quite often now.

Our money-making scheme ended when the city built a modern highway through its dumps. The junkman had to leave, and the junk heaps were replaced by lawns and trees.

Keeping Them Contented

GRACE HARTMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947

ASWEET, GRINNING, HAPPY CHILD IS, AS WE ALL KNOW, an irresistible attraction. But there's also another side to the story. I'm not attempting to take the part of the Voice of Experience or an authority on child psychology, but after several years of babysitting, I have gleaned some useful ideas in entertaining a child. First of all, if you are one of those unfortunate individuals who have neither an ounce of patience nor at least a slight love for "little ones," the best advice would be that you resort to some other means of income than staying with children.

Upon arrival at the job, you must often solve two problems — getting acquainted with the child and convincing him that his "mamma" and "daddy" are coming back. I don't suggest the use of the word "soon"; it seems to mean "in a few minutes" to most children. A previous knowledge

of your charge's name, age, and grade in school will be helpful. Remember, children can dream up some very convincing stories. I know! I very gullibly listened to kindergarten tales from a "five year old" who, I later found out, was reaching his fourth birthday. A rule that can usually be applied is to ask the child his age and then subtract about one or two years. (Not that children are liars — they just exaggerate!) One sure way to become a friend of the child is to exclaim over her new shiny patent leather sandals or his new red fire truck. Little need be said about the pessimistic side of meeting the child. If he decides to take a strong dislike to you from the first, I can only express my sympathies and hopes that his parents will come home early. I've had such experiences — even to the extent of an anxious neighbor's investigating the screams of the deserted child.

As to the actual entertaining of the child, I have discovered one particularly effective and profitable way. Invariably, you will have taken something to occupy your time when the child is asleep in bed. Once the child finds this, your evening is all arranged. I found last year that a physics book held great fascination because of the many pictures and diagrams. Also, I entertained by reading out of my German book for a half hour one night. Knitting serves the same purpose. Boxes of letter writing materials are excellent playthings. But you must be careful to hide your fountain pen, because ink on the rug or chair creates an awkward situation when parents return home. Be sure to include several sheets of scratch paper in your writing box. Drawing pictures results in great satisfaction — your "audience" is both attentive and appreciative. (And if you draw anything the way I do, this will be the only time when your artistic endeavors are respected.) Be prepared to sketch a portrait of the child, probably one of her mother and father, and possibly one of Aunt Molly. These pictures should be destroyed after the child is in bed.

In case the child has been taught to perform for visitors, it will be time-consuming to encourage her to dance for you, recite a jingle, show you the "Teddy Bear" stunt, or even sing. An asset is the ability to read the melody of music, so that you can recognizably play the tunes in the *Peter Pan Songbook*. Children always enjoy showing you how they can read or at least pretend to read. Just let them "rattle" on without interruption. Don't even remind them that they're holding the book upside down.

When bed-time is nearing you must begin saying, "This is the last story" about a half hour before you actually plan to stop. The chances are that you'll be either carrying or coaxing a crying child up the stairs to his bedroom. But, remember, if you let him run his own bath water, play with the soap dish in the tub, squirt the toothpaste out of the tube, you will soon have him calmly in bed. Then you listen to his prayers several times, say your prayers for him, give him his favorite stuffed animal to hug, and he soon will be peacefully off to sleep — you hope!

Should Congress Establish a Permanent FEPC?

LEE CADWELL

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947

AS A RESULT OF ACTION TAKEN BY A. PHILLIP RANDOLPH, Negro President of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, President Roosevelt issued Executive Order No. 8802 on June 25, 1941, establishing a wartime Fair Employment Practice Commission. Randolph had organized the "March on Washington," protesting the existing labor conditions in the country, and he had refused to abandon his plan until Roosevelt set up the FEPC.¹ This order provided that "there shall be no discrimination in the employment of any person in defense industries or in the Government by reason of race, creed, color, or national origin"² and covered employers with six or more workers "engaged in interstate or foreign commerce or in operations affecting such commerce," and labor unions.³ The purpose of the order was to place unemployed members of minority groups in defense production where they normally would have been denied employment.

Discriminatory practices in labor unions have long been practiced. Either by actual provisions in their constitutions or by ritual, many American unions have excluded Negroes from membership. The railroad unions have been particularly instrumental in fostering prejudice; skilled craft unions, fearful of losing a larger share of the available jobs and the higher wages, have operated under a discriminatory policy. Although the AF of L started out claiming a policy of racial equality, this policy hindered its development, since smaller unions refused to affiliate under this stipulation. In 1900 a plan for organizing Negroes into local Jim Crow units was devised. This has made it impossible for the Negro workers to hold an equal opportunity for securing work, since they are in competition with the local white units. Principally because it gains its strength by being an open organization, the CIO has adhered to a non-discriminatory policy, although there has been the tendency for whites to regard white priority as the accepted order. Union leaders have had particular difficulty in dealing with the Southerners, who refuse to base promotion on seniority of tenure and ability and who object to Negroes' receiving any better paid jobs.⁴ Oddly enough, the heads of both

¹ "Filibuster Kills FEPC Bill," *Christian Century*, 63 (Feb. 20, 1946), 227.

² Herbert R. Northrup, *Organized Labor and the Negro* (New York, 1944), pp. 241-242.

³ I. F. Stone, "Swastika Over the Senate," *Nation*, 162 (Feb. 9, 1946), 158.

⁴ Northrup, *op. cit.*, pp. 2-9.

the AF of L and the CIO were FEPC members.⁵ Prior to the establishment of the FEPC, government agencies were also guilty of refusing to employ Negroes.⁶

Thus, there was a definite need for the FEPC; but up until May 27, 1943, the organization operated largely in an advisory capacity. At that time another Executive Order, No. 9346, was issued, creating a new commission with more powers, a permanent chairman, and a more vigorous membership. In January Manpower Commissioner Paul McNutt, by indefinitely postponing the hearings on the exposure of the anti-Negro railway coalition, had created a crisis in the career of the FEPC. Since the announcement of the scheduled hearings in October, the Negro press had proclaimed the move as a symbol of progress; Randolph considered this "the showdown test of the FEPC's power to outlaw Jim Crowism."⁷ Although McNutt had promised that other ways would be found to alleviate the railroad situation, the Negroes were bitterly disappointed by the failure of the FEPC in this case. There were other serious consequences: the entire progress made in Roosevelt's administration towards giving the minorities a break in employment was overshadowed, and the Axis powers were given a talking point against America's democratic pretensions. These reasons convinced the President of the need for a more effective FEPC. Francis J. Haas, an experienced labor conciliator, was chosen as the new chairman and the future looked brighter for the committee.⁸ He was "given the real chance to render the national service for which it was designed."⁹

Nevertheless, because the FEPC was based on the President's war powers and not on a statute,¹⁰ its operation and power were doomed to be weak. The actual procedure of settling a complaint consisted of several steps. First, a signed complaint against a specified employer, union, or government agency which stated the discriminatory practice was received by the Commission. A representative of the organization then investigated the complaint and attempted to work out a solution to eliminate the discrimination. If negotiations with the violator failed, the case was referred to the full Commission, which could hold public hearings on it. If discrimination was definitely established, the Commission issued a cease-and-desist order through the Circuit Court of Appeals, outlining the action to be taken by the violator. The only power of enforcement was the penalty imposed by the Circuit Court if the violator disregarded the order.¹¹ Often the procedure was the object of government intrigue and manipulations.¹² By working through the War Manpower Commission, the FEPC was able to deny violators govern-

⁵ *The Negro Worker*, American Management Association (New York, 1942), p. 14.

⁶ Northrup, *op. cit.*, p. 249.

⁷ J. A. Wechsler, "Pigeonhole for Negro Equality," *Nation*, 156 (Jan. 23, 1946), 121-122. ⁸ "Tough Assignment," *Business Week* (May 29, 1943), 100.

⁹ "Father Haas Tackles a Hard Assignment," *Christian Century*, 60 (June 2, 1943), 652.

¹⁰ Northrup, *op. cit.*, pp. 242-243. ¹¹ Stone, *loc. cit.* ¹² Wechsler, *loc. cit.*

ment contracts and assistance in securing employees. If all action failed, the President could use his war powers to enforce compliance with the FEPC directive.¹³

Despite its drawbacks and weaknesses, the FEPC was able to remove discriminatory practices in many places. Ten manufacturing plants in the Chicago-Milwaukee area were exposed in April, 1942, and, though there were not enough agents at the time to police the project, there was no showdown of this early order.¹⁴ At the Savannah Building Trades Council, Negroes were allowed to become a party to the contract with a ship construction company on December 8, 1942.¹⁵ Vultee's California airplane factory was ordered to employ Negroes.¹⁶ On November 19, 1942, the Gulf Shipbuilding Company received an FEPC order to cease discrimination, and, since then, Negroes have been employed in unskilled capacities.¹⁷ Negroes who had refused to join auxiliaries of the Boilermakers were discharged but rehired in July, 1943, as a result of an FEPC directive and a serious need for labor.¹⁸ In a dispute involving a Southern shipbuilding company and a craft union, in which the company claimed it would have hired the Negroes if the union had referred any skilled ones to it and the union claimed that no Negroes had passed the required test, the FEPC intervened and ordered the company to hire employees on the basis of skill and to make known its policy of non-discrimination. Also, it was required to submit monthly reports to the Commission concerning the number and the classification of new employees.¹⁹

The FEPC met with stubborn Southern resistance in many cases. When the Shell Oil Company was ordered to assign Mexicans to its work crews, the white workers struck and planned a walkout after thirty days if the segregation was refused.²⁰ Although Negro plumbers were given the right to join the Plumbers' Union in June, 1942, no Negroes have been admitted.²¹ Eighty Negroes were hurt at the Alabama Shipbuilding Company in a riot of May 25, 1943, when an order from the FEPC was issued to upgrade and train Negroes.²²

Considering the number of cases which were filed with the FEPC and the lack of funds and proper enforcement powers, the Commission's record speaks well for itself. In the 1943-1944 fiscal year, 3,030 of 5,133 cases were closed. From July, 1944, to July, 1945, 1,771 old cases were taken care of while 1,722 new complaints were received. With complaints coming in at the

¹³ "Should Congress Pass a Law Prohibiting Employment Discrimination?" *Congressional Digest*, 24 (June, 1945), 192. ¹⁴ Wechsler, *loc cit.*

¹⁵ Northrup, *op. cit.*, p. 31. ¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 207. ¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 216. ¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 218.

¹⁹ *The Negro Worker*, pp. 16-17.

²⁰ "Segregation Deal," *Business Week* (May 19, 1945), 107-108.

²¹ Northrup, *op. cit.*, p. 23. ²² *Ibid.*, pp. 225-227.

rate of 322 a month, and with 2,054 pending cases, the Commission was faced with an expanding program in 1945.²³

Congress has played a typically political role in FEPC legislation. In June, 1944, \$500,000 was appropriated for the FEPC from the President's emergency war funds after much Southern opposition to the measure. Although both Republicans and Democrats had pledged establishment of the FEPC in their 1944 platform campaigns,²⁴ the FEPC was able to get only \$250,000, less than half of what it had requested, in the 1945 appropriations bill. This bill was so ambiguous that both advocates and opponents claimed it to be in their favor. In one section the funds were to be used "for completely terminating the functions and duties of the FEPC" while in another they were "for continued operation of the FEPC if, and until, it is continued by an act of Congress."²⁵

Before the seventy-eighth Congress dissolved, bills had been introduced in both the House and the Senate for the establishment of a permanent FEPC. These were the first Congressional attempts to formulate a method of eliminating discrimination in employment, but both measures died with the seventy-eighth Congress.²⁶ With the opening of the new Congress, the Norton Bill, H. R. 2232, by Mary T. Norton, a Democrat from New Jersey, and the Chavez Bill, S.101, by Dennis Chavez, a Democrat from New Mexico,²⁷ were reintroduced and the long expected fight began. The Norton Bill was bottled up in the Rules Committee of the House, in spite of President Truman's appeal that the reconversion problem necessitated the immediate passing of it. At this time he said, "Discrimination in the matter of employment . . . is not only un-American in nature but will lead eventually to industrial strife and unrest."²⁸ In the Senate an interesting turn of affairs had occurred. Chavez brought his FEPC bill before the group unexpectedly on January 17, 1946, during the "morning hour" when debate could not be conducted. The next day Senator Overton of Louisiana started a filibuster by criticizing the punctuation of the *Congressional Journal*, while other Southern Senators gathered material for the seventeen-day deadlock.²⁹ Senator George's comment about the bill was, "If this is all that Harry Truman has to offer, God help the Democratic party in 1946 and 1948."³⁰ The sixteen Southerners were effective in their filibuster, more so because of the indifference of many Northern Senators and because of the support

²³ "FEPC Cutback," *Business Week* (July 21, 1945), 99.

²⁴ "FEPC," *Survey*, 81 (August, 1945), 209. ²⁵ "FEPC Cutback," *op. cit.*, p. 98.

²⁶ "Should Congress Pass a Law Prohibiting Employment Discrimination?" *op. cit.*, p. 167. ²⁷ I. F. Stone, "Jim Crow Flies High," *Nation*, 160 (June 23, 1945), 688.

²⁸ "Save the FEPC," *Nation*, 160 (June 16, 1945), 663.

²⁹ "Strictly from Dixie," *Time*, 47 (January 28, 1946), 22.

³⁰ "Birth of a Filibuster," *Newsweek*, 27 (January 28, 1946), 23-24.

of some Midwestern reactionaries.³¹ Not only were the Senators anti-Negro in their comments, but also anti-Jewish, Indian, Mexican, and consequently, anti-American. By talking this bill to death, "America declared her intolerance and hatred of one class against the other."³² The faith of millions of minority members was destroyed; but the Negroes were determined not to give up the first-class citizenship rights they had enjoyed under the FEPC.³³

In contrast to the Chavez Bill, which provides for outlawing discrimination by compulsion, the Taft Bill, S. 459, introduced by Robert Taft of Ohio, creates "an FEPC with power to set up regional commissions throughout the United States" which are authorized "to make investigations of alleged discrimination, to make recommendations, and to 'take every step to secure community interest and cooperation and voluntary compliance by employers and labor unions.'"³⁴ As a substitute for the Norton Bill in the House, the Hoffman Bill, H. R. 2495, makes discrimination illegal but makes no provisions for a committee to eliminate the practices. A person who has been discriminated against in securing or maintaining employment would have recourse in a Federal district court.³⁵

A promising outlook on the employment discrimination problem is the action of several states to secure anti-discrimination legislation. New York was the first state to take any such action. In 1909 the policy of forbidding discrimination "in jury service, in the right to practice law, and in admission to public schools and other places"³⁶ was begun, and through the years other laws have been created furthering this policy. New York claims the distinction of being the only state in the United States with a provision in its constitution prohibiting discrimination. The voters in 1938 adopted this provision: "Equal protection of laws; discrimination in civil rights prohibited."³⁷ The New York law provides for a State Commission Against Discrimination composed of five men who have the power to investigate the complaints received from employees and, if they are justifiable, to eliminate the unlawful employment practice by conferences. In the event that the complaints cannot be adequately settled by conciliation, the Commission holds hearings and issues cease-and-desist orders. Violators of the Commission's commands are punished by fines or imprisonment or both. However, emphasis is placed on education and conciliation rather than on punishment.³⁸

³¹ Stone, "Swastika over the Senate," *loc. cit.*

³² Harrison Smith, "Talked to Death," *Saturday Review of Literature*, 29 (March 9, 1946), 18. ³³ "Filibuster Kills FEPC Bill," *loc. cit.*

³⁴ "Should Congress Pass a Law Prohibiting Employment Discrimination?" *op. cit.*, p. 168. ³⁵ *Ibid.* ³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 165. ³⁷ *Ibid.*

³⁸ R. S. Spitz, "State Legislation in Labor Relations and Discrimination in Employment, 1945," *Monthly Labor Review*, 61 (November, 1945), 990.

Other states have passed non-discrimination measures following the example of New York. New Jersey has a law, similar to that of New York's, which provides for a Division of Discrimination in its State Department of Education to recommend policies and educational programs and also provides for enforcement of its orders by court injunction. A Committee of Labor of Indiana stresses voluntary compliance with its suggestions, with elimination of discriminatory practices and their causes based on educational measures. A Wisconsin Industrial Commission is authorized to publish findings of its complaint cases after studying them, formulating programs, and making recommendations for the elimination of the discrimination.³⁹ As a result of the findings of an investigating committee appointed in the Utah Senate in 1945 to study the need for legislation against discrimination and the form to be passed, an FEPC law has been established in that state.⁴⁰

Within the past few months action here in Illinois has been started on the two bills before the House judiciary committee. On the University of Illinois campus the Inter-Fraternity Council endorsed a petition which was sent to the Illinois Congress in favor of a fair employment practices act.⁴¹ On March 19, proponents of such an act, who represented religious, racial, labor, veteran, and civic groups, testified at the General Assembly in favor of a permanent FEPC in Illinois. The Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil stated that "the 'practicability' of an FEPC has been proved 'beyond a doubt' by the example set by the New York law."⁴² And Henry McGee, President of the Chicago Chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, told the committee that "jobs which traditionally belonged to Negroes are being taken away from them" and also that employers seldom advertise for help without specifying color.⁴³

Just recently Minneapolis, Minnesota, has adopted a city ordinance which prohibits discriminatory practices and establishes a Commission on Job Discrimination. Penalties of \$100 or 90-day imprisonment for violation by employers with more than two employees or by labor unions are imposed by the city attorney after the Commission has recommended the complaints to him. The Commission also conducts studies and gives information on job discrimination.⁴⁴

Although few of the forty-nine bills which were introduced in twenty states during the first four months of 1945 were passed, there is an indication that many people are giving thought to the problem of discrimination. Negroes were the instigators of bills in Kansas, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania,

³⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 990-991.

⁴⁰ "FEPC Vote Portends Trouble to Come," *Christian Century*, 62 (July 25, 1945), 853.

⁴¹ *Daily Illini*, Champaign, Illinois (March, 1947), 1.

⁴² *Champaign-Urbana Courier*, Urbana, Illinois (March 19, 1947), 1.

⁴³ *Loc. cit.* "Municipal FEPC in Minneapolis," *Survey*, 83 (March, 1947), 86.

California, New Jersey, and West Virginia with the endorsement of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish leaders, of state AF of L and CIO unions, and of civic organizations.⁴⁵ Many of these states which have not yet passed legislation are waiting to observe the success of the New York, New Jersey, and Indiana laws before passing similar measures. The outcome of the New York penal law compared to that of the Indiana educational law should exert a great deal of influence on the laws adopted by other states.⁴⁶

Proponents of permanent FEPC legislation proclaim that the "FEPC was the beginning of something vital in our country. It was an open announcement to the world that the United States, which had professed the noblest aims toward the rest of the world, was against racial discrimination at home."⁴⁷ The FEPC is needed to prevent the outbreak of race riots, similar to those which followed the first World War in 1919,⁴⁸ since a million Negro workers have been thrown into the labor market at the end of this war.⁴⁹ Racial tension is growing throughout the country, not only among the Negroes, but also among the Mexicans, the Japanese-Americans, and the Jews, tension which could culminate in "the whirlwind of oppression and revolt unless this bill [Chavez Bill] or another like it is soon passed by our legislatures."⁵⁰ Although the problem of upgrading and extending higher wages to minorities was difficult, even more serious is the problem of downgrading and laying-off members of these groups during the reconversion period. And now there is no FEPC to contend with the problems. "If the Federal government doesn't fill this gap by setting up an all-time FEPC, employers will be left out, since unions are establishing FEPC laws."⁵¹

Dennis Chavez, author of the Senate FEPC bill, offered the thought that opponents have misunderstood the fine work done by the FEPC. In his relations with the Mexicans, he has become aware of the discrimination practiced against them, and he insists "that the FEPC deals in many instances with matters affecting Mexican citizens in such a way that the little money spent by the Commission is of more help to the goodwill effects of this country [Mexico] than all the money we are spending through the Coordinator's office."⁵² Mary Norton, author of the similar bill in the House, believes "that this policy against discrimination so deeply rooted in our institutions must now receive adequate congressional affirmation."⁵³ Negro Representative Dawson from Illinois says, "The FEPC is seeking to lay the

⁴⁵ W. Moslow, "Fair Employment State by State," *Nation*, 160 (April 14, 1945), 410.

⁴⁶ "Should Congress Pass a Law Prohibiting Employment Discrimination?" *op. cit.*, p. 166. ⁴⁷ Smith, *loc. cit.* ⁴⁸ Stone, "Jim Crow Flies High," *op. cit.*, p. 687.

⁴⁹ "FEPC Vote Portends Trouble to Come," *loc. cit.* ⁵⁰ Smith, *loc. cit.*

⁵¹ "Segregation Deal," *op. cit.*, p. 104.

⁵² "Should Congress Pass a Law Prohibiting Employment Discrimination?" *op. cit.*, pp. 170, 172. ⁵³ *Ibid.*, p. 176.

foundation for something that is of vital importance to the ideals of this Nation."⁵⁴ Representative La Follette is practical in his statement: "We are not attempting with this legislation to eliminate prejudice. . . . We are attempting to eliminate the outward effect of prejudice, which is discrimination."⁵⁵ In comparing the FEPC with the Prohibition Amendment, he claims that the failure of that Amendment was due to the attempt to remove the basic human feelings and desires, but the FEPC bill "is not calculated to nor does it attempt to change by legislation basic thinking."⁵⁶ In answer to the argument that the FEPC bill offers no educational value, he believes that "there is educational value inherent in the enforcement provisions of this legislation, that people will come closer together when they know there is behind a Federal agency a power eventually to enforce action, to prohibit discrimination."⁵⁷

The opponents of the FEPC have pointed to the fallacies and ineffectiveness of the bill. During the war the FEPC was unable to completely remove discriminatory practices in the railroads, public utilities, and many other industries, in spite of the desperate need for help and the idleness of thousands of minority members.⁵⁸ The clash over the bill has not been entirely due to its drastic provisions, but to the "underlying philosophy that tolerance and justice for minorities can be forced by law."⁵⁹

Representative Clark Fisher from Texas believes that "the measure would set up a colossal peacetime bureaucracy . . . regimentation far beyond anything ever before proposed in this country" and also remove property rights from employers.⁶⁰ Judge Herbert O'Brien from New York asks, "Is all of this American? Many of us do not believe it is."⁶¹ During the January filibuster, Senator George radically asserted, "We are called upon to go Nazi!" while Senator McClellan said, "This bill is the most vicious and destructive assault on human liberty that has ever been made in America."⁶² However, more sensible arguments were proposed by Senator Robert Taft from Ohio with his introduction of the Taft Bill: "As I see it, the compulsory act, if duplicated in every state as its proponents plan, will finally force every employer to choose his employees approximately in proportion to the division of races and religions in his district, because that will be his best defense to harassing suits."⁶³ His own bill would call for the development of different plans in different cities after a study of existing local conditions and the character of the local industries had shown the best method for eliminating discrimination in those specific places. He offers

⁵⁴ *Ibid.* ⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 178. ⁵⁶ *Ibid.* ⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, *loc. cit.*

⁵⁸ "Should Congress Pass a Law Prohibiting Employment Discrimination?" *op. cit.*, p. 163. ⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 177, 179. ⁶⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 191. ⁶¹ *Smith, loc. cit.*

⁶² "Should Congress Pass a Law Prohibiting Employment Discrimination?" *op. cit.*, p. 171.

another argument: "In my opinion any such compulsory measure will create more bad racial and religious feelings than any other method which can be pursued. I think it will do the colored race much more harm than good." For it he has this solution: "Progress against discrimination must be made gradually and must be made by voluntary cooperation and education with encouragement from a Federal Board . . . and state governments and boards and not by inviting thousands of lawsuits which will get beyond the control even of the FEPC itself."⁶⁴

The acuteness of the present employment discrimination problem necessitates some action, and if the only possible solution now is the establishment of the FEPC, I would advocate it. However, there are obvious weaknesses and fallacies in the FEPC bill, as it stands now, which would call for an improved set-up as the operation of the Commission continued. These changes could be made after the preliminary and most important step of establishing the FEPC has been completed.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*

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My Discovery

HARLAN K. CORRIE

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1946-1947

GOODYEAR DISCOVERED VULCANIZATION BY ACCIDENT—
G allly dropping a bit of rubber onto a hot stove. Isaac Newton visualized the law of gravity by having his head under a falling apple at just the right time. Accidents, to be sure, account for many discoveries or inventions. The secret of making a boat model inside a bottle look antique I discovered by an accidental explosion.

I had just finished thrusting the last piece of the model through the neck of the bottle. The little schooner looked magnificent on her sea of bee's wax. There was something wrong, however. The inside of the bottle was smudged with wax. Before building the boat, I had melted chips of wax inside the bottle to make a flat surface for the model to sit on when the bottle lay on its side. The melting had left smears inside the bottle in several places. I solved the problem of cleaning the glass inside with a long-handled swab of cotton soaked in ether.

Still there was something wrong. The ship model looked too new. It should have cobwebs or something to give it an ancient look. I pondered the situation for several minutes, then gave up. I took up the task of putting finishing touches to the ship's rigging. Some excess thread had to be removed, and so I approached the loose ends through the bottle neck with a burning broom straw. Then the accident happened. Whoof! The ether fumes inside the bottle flashed red and shot out the neck. I was startled and my thumb burned. I fully expected the whole model to be burned completely. When the smoke inside cleared, however, I got a pleasant surprise. Instead of charred masts and smoldering hull, I saw only browned paper sail edges and cracked paint. The model looked like a rare antique. I smiled the smile of a veteran craftsman.

Radio Announcer: Exclamation Point

One kind of radio announcer is like the exclamation point. He is lively. He is the huckster of radio, the man with something to sell. The exclamation point always has his foot in the door, ready, willing, and able to go into his sales-talk on the slightest provocation. He bubbles with vitality. He is the Babbitt, the booster, and the Chamber of Commerce rolled into one. He has a message of vital importance which, true friend that he is, he is obliged to pass on to the listeners. In fact, he passes on his helpful hints as though they were head colds or a mouthful of hot, mashed potatoes. He is the most direct representative of radio's god incarnate, the sponsor.—R. G. STEUERT, Navy Pier

I Learn to Understand Black

VIRGINIA LUDWIG

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947

THE CHIEF NURSE WAS CAREFULLY EXPLAINING TO ME my new assignment. I tried to gather my stunned thoughts and to give my attention to what she was telling me. It appeared that I was to have charge of a ward of eighty Negro men. My experience with Negroes was limited to the few contacts I had had with the one Negro family that lived in my home town. Miss Carmody was still talking in an earnest tone.

"There has been a great deal of trouble on this ward. I believe one of the reasons is that the Southern nurse who has had charge has no sympathy for or interest in Negroes. You are to supervise the ward and see that no more trouble occurs. You are to begin your new assignment today, Miss Ludwig."

As I walked slowly down the hall, I felt miserable about the whole thing. The many stories I had heard about the ward went racing through my mind. Going up the stairs, however, I decided to be philosophical and accept the challenge offered me.

As I entered my new ward the clatter coming from the galley and the general boisterous laughing and talking gave me warning of what was to come. At the door, I stood listening to the men of the galley crew who were causing the commotion. One man after the other fell silent, and they all turned toward the door to look at their new nurse.

"Good morning, boys," I said. "Is this the way you maintain the peace and quiet of a hospital?"

A few of them grinned rather sheepishly, and a few others mumbled, "Good morning."

I continued down the ward, past the quiet rooms where the sickest patients were located, down the large, sunny room to my desk, which was placed in the center. I sat down and looked around — confusion, utter confusion. A large number of convalescing patients already were playing cards in groups about their bunks. Beds were not made, the floor was filthy, and the bed patients looked crumpled, mussed, and discontent. A slow wrath burned in me as I considered the pandemonium and the filth.

The ward medical officer appeared in the midst of the disorder. It was time for sick call. I introduced myself to the doctor, found the corpsman, who was reading a comic book in a secluded corner, and we called the boys to attention. After the doctor introduced me to the patients, I told them that all the up-patients were to report to the desk immediately after sick call.

The day wore on, one of the busiest days of my life. When three o'clock came, there was still much to do. The doctor was working frantically, and I volunteered to remain on duty to help him finish.

Dr. Reeves was a young Southern boy who had just returned from overseas duty with the Marine Corps. He confessed to me that not even overseas had he ever labored under such a heavy work schedule and such confusion. He could not understand the lack of cooperation and the belligerent manner of the boys. I told him I would do my best to help restore peace, order, and cleanliness to the ward.

As the week passed, I talked with each man I knew was capable of work and persuaded him to carry a light detail. Careful never to lose my temper, I made it a point to be pleasantly interested in each man and his problems. At first they did not know what to make of this attitude, and many were skeptical. If it became necessary to discipline anyone, I scolded the wrong-doer as if he were a child. I was firm in matters of discipline, something they seemed to expect of me. I always demanded a little more of them than they anticipated, and they slowly responded.

As the weeks passed, everyone settled down to the new routine. When I reported for duty in the morning, the work was usually well underway. The ward was clean, as a hospital ward should be, by the time Dr. Reeves made sick call. The boys were quiet as they went about their details, and smiles greeted us as we made morning rounds. We had more time to care for the sick boys who needed more attention. Dr. Reeves followed a schedule, too, that coincided with ours, and we were able to accomplish all the work between us.

I was surprised to find that I had become intensely interested in my work and looked forward to each new day of duty. The atmosphere was natural and jovial. The Negro boys seemed to have a great capacity for enjoying life even under trying circumstances. On the whole, they were happy, with no inhibitions in the manifestations of their moods. It was not unusual for one of them to burst into song in a superb voice, or for a group of them to harmonize some very lovely Negro spiritual. One boy used to carry sand in his dungarees, and when some good, rhythmical music was playing on the radio he would scatter the sand on the floor and do an intricate soft-shoe tap dance, to the delight of his fellow patients and me.

One day near Christmas time, I came back from my lunch hour to find a large, powerful Negro boy sitting on the floor in front of the doctor's office. He was sobbing like a child. Before I could reach him to find what the trouble was, a patient asked him what the matter was. He brokenly said that the doctor had refused him Christmas leave. The other boy laughed and called him "psycho." The massive Negro jumped to his feet and pulled out a knife which was concealed in his jacket. I ran up to them and took the

knife away immediately. I scolded them both, as they stood there hanging their heads like naughty children. Calling the master-at-arms I had the entire ward searched for knives; we collected over thirty of these mean-looking weapons. Thus it was I discovered my happy, good-natured boys had fierce tempers.

Brown was a tall, handsome Negro boy. He was more aggressive than the others, with a sharp and ready wit. He was the morale booster on the ward. Life was never dull when Brown was near. His favorite trick was to hop into bed, clothes and all, and pull the covers to his chin when he saw the Red Cross wagon coming with gifts for the bed patients. This always amused everyone, because he could look so sick and pitiful that the Red Cross girls would shower him with little gifts.

Most of the boys enjoyed gambling. This was not against the hospital rules providing they did not show their money while they played. They grew very careless about this rule, however, and I had to warn them that I would take any money I saw when they were playing. One afternoon there was a large pile of bills lying on a bunk in the middle of a group of very absorbed players. I had walked up behind them unnoticed and stood watching them play. Angry with them, I reached over and grabbed a large handful of bills. I can still shut my eyes and see one white arm reaching for the money amidst at least ten black ones. They were very unhappy about my breaking up their game and begged for their money. I knew, however, they had to be taught a lesson; so I asked the owner of the money what state he came from, and we walked down and donated the money to his state in the competitive national tuberculosis drive. After this I had no further trouble with gambling.

Christmas week came, and we had a big party planned. The Red Cross workers came, bringing refreshments, a moveable piano, and their record-making apparatus. Everyone had a gay time with much laughter and music. The boys presented me with a beautiful gift worth a great deal of money, purchased from Ship's Service. I knew they were poor and could not afford such an expensive gift, but when I looked up all I could see was white teeth and grinning black faces. I had never been so touched by a gift before in my life. I had known I liked them; now I knew they liked me, too.

Dr. Reeves announced that I had received my orders for a new station of duty. Several of the boys wanted to know when I was to be discharged from the Navy, and if I would need a cook or a house boy. These offers of service amused me, but I was touched by the loyalty that prompted them. Much to my amazement I found that the patients had drawn up and submitted to the chief nurse's office a petition signed by all eighty of the boys and by Dr. Reeves asking that I be allowed to remain on duty on their ward.

Since the Navy does not work that way, I knew their petition was useless; but it made me proud.

My experience with this group of Negro men taught me much. I gained a valuable insight into their character and habits. I have never had a tour of duty that was as pleasant and as interesting. Like any other human beings, if Negroes are given an opportunity to prove themselves, they will work hard, long, and well. They are happy, light-hearted, loyal, though perhaps too easily led—a weakness undoubtedly forced on them. My chief gain is a broader social outlook and a deep interest in the racial problem they present.

The Last Thought

CHARLES N. WATKINS

Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947

IT HAS BEEN SAID BY MEN WHO HAVE LIVED DANGEROUSLY and have rubbed elbows with death on many occasions that a man's life unreels before his eyes in that last brief second. The fiction writer's hero, when faced with seemingly certain death, thinks of his beloved and is prepared to die with her name on his lips. Other persons say that the last thought is of prayer. Judged by these beliefs, I have not lived a life worth recalling: I either have no loved one or am not romantic enough to think of her, and I must have no religion, for several years ago I came face to face with death and experienced none of these emotions.

It all happened on a cool, starry, beautiful night in the summer of 1941. I had ridden my motorcycle to Sterling, early that evening, to see a pretty girl in whom I was deeply interested. The hours passed swiftly, and when I finally glanced at the clock, I swore softly to myself. "It's two o'clock in the morning," I thought to myself. "I've got to get to work by six." There was a lingering farewell, and I climbed astride the little Indian motorcycle. Moisture from the night air had condensed in the distributor cap, and it was with some difficulty that I coaxed the Indian to life. Racing the engine, I shifted to low gear and rode out of town as rapidly as the speed limit allowed.

Once past the city limit, I turned the throttle open as far as possible and settled myself for the journey home. The hand on the speedometer climbed steadily until it registered seventy miles per hour, which was the Indian's maximum speed. The air was cool and sweet on my face and arms, and plucked at my clothing with invisible fingers. I thought of the meager two hours of sleep I would have before work at six; slightly leaning over the

gasoline tanks, I readjusted the carburetor setting; the motor's demon-like song rose in pitch.

As we thundered over the crest of a small hill, I saw the red lights on the rear of a truck about one-half mile from me. No serious thoughts of caution came to my mind, however, as there was little traffic so early in the morning. With the difference in speed between the motorcycle and the truck, the distance between us narrowed to a matter of yards in a few seconds. Immediately in front of the truck, the road bent in an "S." The curves were short and sharp, and between the ends of the "S" lay a narrow canal bridge, some thirty yards long. It was impossible to see across the bridge and around the far curve because of the trees at the canal's edge, near the bridge.

It is difficult now to understand my thoughtlessness, and it is impossible to excuse it. Nevertheless, I began to pass the truck on the first curve. As the truck and I came upon the bridge, the front fenders of the two vehicles were side by side. Then everything happened at once. The events which took place in the next instant or two seemed to be part of a slow-motion movie, at which I was a disinterested spectator. Bright lights flashed from around the opposite curve; a car made the approach to the bridge, coming head-on at the truck and me. My only conscious thought was, "I can't make it. They'll fish me out of the river in the morning." For some odd reason, I made no attempt to apply the brakes or to cut the throttle; perhaps I was too bewildered. Suddenly, the driver in the car from the opposite direction applied his brakes; his car slid broadside across the concrete, then whipped back into its proper lane once more. Simultaneously with the righting of the coming car and its entrance to the bridge, the cycle and I sliced through the narrow gap between the car's front fender and the truck's heavy bumper, and continued down the road at seventy miles per hour.

A mile or so from the bridge, chills ran over me and cold sweat dribbled down my forehead. My knees banged and clattered on the sides of the gasoline tanks so fiercely that I could no longer control the machine. Stopping the engine, I parked on the shoulder by the side of the road and sat down in the damp grass. An hour elapsed before I gained sufficient composure to ride on.

Now, as I think of the incident, I remember my single thought as I waited for the oncoming car to crash me, "They'll fish me out of the river in the morning." There was no emotion of fear, not because I am brave, for I was thoroughly frightened afterward, but because there was not time to think of fear. I doubt very much whether men think of their dear ones or of their sins or even prayer when there is but a second to live. It seems more probable to me that a man's last thought is apt to be as ridiculous as mine, "They'll fish me out of the river in the morning!"

Black Boy by Richard Wright

LEE CADWELL

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947

RICHARD WRIGHT DID NOT WRITE *BLACK BOY* FOR THE purpose of arousing the pity of the white Americans for the Negroes. One naturally responds to this feeling as he reads of the injustices inflicted upon the Negroes, but he is much more aware of a strong, bitter feeling of anger and disgust for the Southern whites. Wright did not attempt to employ diplomacy in his writings; the brutal truth was far the more effective and impressive method of relating his story. Through the frankness and simplicity with which he attacked this book, he achieves a clearer understanding of the Southern white-Negro situation.

Black Boy is the story of Richard Wright's childhood and youth as a Southern Negro. Not one happy incident slipped into his miserable life to make it more bearable. His father deserted the family when Richard was only four; the children were left in an orphan's home when it became impossible for Mrs. Wright to support them; for a period of years the family's life consisted of a series of moving from one poor home to a poorer one; then Mrs. Wright became partially paralyzed and the family was forced to move into the strict grandmother's home where religion dominated every move. Constant, bitter arguments took place between Richard and his grandmother because he refused to adopt her religion, because he desired formal schooling, and because he was anxious to earn some money. Hunger lived with him throughout his childhood; it was "biting hunger, hunger that made my body aimlessly restless, hunger that left me on edge, that made my temper flare, hunger that made hate leap out of my heart like the dart of a serpent's tongue, hunger that created in me odd cravings." He accepted beatings matter-of-factly—beatings from his mother, grandmother, aunts, uncles, and teachers—beatings that often lashed him into unconsciousness. Early in his life he learned the expected treatment from the whites, but Richard's rebellious nature would not allow him to accept the set standard. "It was perhaps a mere accident that I had never killed," he admitted. Through his reading he became aware of the possibilities of happiness for Negroes in the North, and his main goal in life was "to go North."

Never can I remember experiencing more violent emotions while reading a book than I did while reading *Black Boy*. For those who can take the cold and cruel facts, digest them, and then understand better the Negro situation, Richard Wright has written *Black Boy*. After reading it, one is assured that America has a great deal to accomplish before it truly fulfills the democratic ideals which it claims.

Black Boy by Richard Wright

CAROLYN CLARK

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947

IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL *BLACK BOY*, RICHARD WRIGHT tells the story of his childhood — a thought-provoking tale of misery and hardship, of misunderstanding and heartbreak. The story is biased.

Wright was a sensitive, brilliant Negro boy who was born and raised in the Deep South. He was keenly aware of the inferior position which his race held because of their poverty and ignorance. The reader constantly feels the contrast between the intense, bitter struggle of Wright to overcome his heritage, and the hopeless, defeated acceptance of their miserable lot by the majority of his race. He raises his voice against the contempt and injustice with which the white people deal with the Negro.

In his great concern with the supremacy that the white people feel over the Negro, Wright gives no credit to the whites, and he represents them all as smug, uncouth, and domineering. He claims that the whites feel the Negroes were made by nature to be slaves to the "superior" race. In one of his early attempts to find employment a white woman scoffs at him because he says he wants to be a writer. She says, "Who on earth put that idea into your nigger head?" In this way, the whites offer the Negro no encouragement. It is true that the white people could do a great deal more toward improving racial conditions, but they cannot do it alone. It is up to the Negro to give a little, too, and not constantly to assert himself against the whites. Wright offers no solution to the problem and always represents himself as the underdog. He relates many more instances like the one mentioned, and altogether they form a sweeping condemnation of the white race.

The climax of the book comes when Wright decides to travel to the North, a paradise where he hopes to find happiness and achieve his ambitions. Throughout his childhood he had heard of it as a place where every man had a chance to make something of himself. The book ends with this hope, and we never know whether he attains his goal. The North, fundamentally, is not much different from the South, and so it is unlikely that anyone as embittered as Wright found it to be the heaven of which he had dreamed as a child.

Black Boy is itself a good example of race prejudice — against the white people. Many of Wright's tales seem greatly exaggerated and highly fantastic. The situation presented in the book is so discouraging and disheartening that one wonders, after reading it, whether the problem of race prejudice will ever be solved. Wright's writing is bitter and intense, difficult for a reader to put aside. His style is easy, his opinions clearly and forcefully expressed. Undoubtedly he is one of the ablest of our recent writers.

Early Pipe Organs and Their Development

WILLIAM C. MOORE

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, Summer, 1947

OF ALL THE BRANCHES OF HUMAN INDUSTRY IN THE development of which man has displayed versatility of talent, subtlety of intellect, or depth of spirituality, organ construction stands supreme.¹ The organ existed, history tells us, in the houses of wealthy Romans in 175 B.C.² From its crude, early beginning, it has been developed into the magnificent, awe-inspiring instrument we know today. To appreciate fully the modern instrument one must know its history.

The early Romans used the organ not only to entertain themselves and their guests in their homes, but also to heighten the pleasures of the theatres, circuses, and other amusement centers. The simple instruments the early Romans used had levers to operate the pipes, and utilized water power to operate the bellows which supplied air to the pipes.³ This, the earliest form of pipe organ known, was called "hydraulic." Its invention is ascribed to an Egyptian who lived in the second or third century B. C. The term "hydraulic," however, was a misnomer; water was used merely to give the necessary pressure to the bellows. Air was the "element" that gave, and still gives, the organ the basis for its operation. Because of the injurious effects of the dampness on the material and the mechanism of the early organs, the hydraulic organ passed into disuse during the fourteenth century after other and better means were discovered for supplying a constant pressure of air.⁴

After the well-to-do Romans tired of this instrument, the early Christians adopted the discarded organ for religious services in their places of worship, where it has held its important place ever since. Although it was Pope Vitalian (657-72) who ceremoniously introduced the organ into the church service, organs were not common in churches until the fourteenth century.⁵

These early church organs were fantastic instruments. The keys were from four to six inches broad, and they were struck by hard blows from the "organ-beater's" fist. A finger board with only nine keys was from four to five feet wide!⁶ Also, some of the early organs were made extremely costly by their decoration, jewels and precious metals being used in their

¹ R. I. Geare, "Evolution of the Organ," *Craftsman*, 7 (February, 1905), 549.

² C. W. Grimm, "Ideal Organ," *Etude*, 53 (September, 1935), 544. ³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Geare, *op. cit.*, pp. 549-50. ⁵ Grimm, *loc. cit.* ⁶ Geare, *op. cit.*, pp. 551-52.

enrichment. A convent near Madrid is said to have possessed an organ made entirely of silver.⁷ Evans says of an organ (which still plays) in the chapel of Frederiksborg, the celebrated castle of Danish kings, "The baroque case is of oak, and when the front doors are opened the pipes and screen above them present, with their exhibition of rare wood, overlaid ivory, gilding and other ornamentation, a characteristic picture of the fantasy of the Renaissance period and its delights of wanton luxury."⁸ Nearly all early organ builders were monks with a mechanical turn of mind;⁹ the organs still intact are a living tribute to their ability and artistic talent. But all that glitters is not gold; these organs had their drawbacks, too.

Perhaps the greatest drawback was the inefficient and unreliable air supply. The bellows were operated by several "bellow-boys," who, having a bellow fastened to each foot, pumped air by hanging onto a transverse bar and alternately raising and lowering each foot.¹⁰ We can imagine what urgings these bellow-boys needed from time to time to "do better work."¹¹ Another drawback, the unreliability of the connections between the keyboard and the pipes, led to the important art of registration. Because of these unreliable connections, organ builders began to arrange the sets of pipes so that they could be played by either of two manuals in case one manual broke down. It was soon discovered that by arranging different sets of pipes to the manuals, alternation and combination of tone colors could be accomplished.¹² This knowledge led to the invention of the pedal clavier by a Viennese, Bernhard, in 1418.¹³

Since the art of mechanics was in its infancy, these early organs were quite prone to disintegrate at crucial moments. A classic example of this phenomenon took place several centuries ago in Weingarten, Germany, when a bell clapper fell out of the monastic church tower while the organist was playing the bells and narrowly missed the bishop, who was arriving for a confirmation.¹⁴ Bless Progress!¹⁵

Few of these ancient organs are still in existence. "Religious fanaticism has been the chief cause of the destruction of the ancient organs, as it is

⁷ Arthur George Hill, *The Organ-Cases and Organs of the Middle Ages and Renaissance* (London, 1883-91), I, pp. 8-9.

⁸ C. H. Evans, "Historic Organs of Fredriksborg," *Etude*, 51 (March, 1933), 197.

⁹ William Harrison Barnes, *The Contemporary American Organ* (New York, 1930), p. 15.

¹⁰ Edward J. Hopkins, *The Organ, Its History and Construction* (New York, 1870), p. 34. ¹¹ Barnes, *op. cit.*, p. 21. ¹² Grimm, *loc. cit.* ¹³ Geare, *op. cit.*, p. 559.

¹⁴ James Ingall Wedgwood, *Some Continental Organs and Their Makers* (London, 1910), p. 62.

¹⁵ If any incident of this sort has happened in recent times, the writer will retract this statement.

also responsible for the demolition of countless works of art which originally beautified the churches of Christian Europe."¹⁶ Perhaps the oldest organ in the world has been discovered at Aquincum, a former Roman settlement now a suburb of Budapest. An attached tablet states that the instrument was built in 228 A.D. The organ, consisting of fifty-two pipes, has been renovated and probably plays as well as ever.¹⁷ At the present time, it would be difficult to say how many of the ancient organs are still in existence in Europe. No doubt many were destroyed during the last war; their loss is incalculable.

The pipe organ, as we know it today, has changed little since the advent of electricity. With the invention of the electric fan blower, many churches graduated immediately from the bellows as a means of supplying air pressure.¹⁸ To solve the problem of faulty and unreliable action between the keyboard and the pipes, a Frenchman, Dr. Albert Peschard, invented electro-pneumatic action. This invention has proved to be a boon to organ action; the organist now is assured of positive and instantaneous action to the touch of the keys.¹⁹ Also, the advent of electricity has brought about the creation of the "toy-counter" effect which is so popular with theatre organ lovers. I am sure almost everyone has been entertained by the theatre organist using the bass drum, snare drum, Chinese block and tambourine, triangle, steam-boat whistle, auto horn, sand paper, and airplane effects.²⁰ The harp and chimes have become indispensable to most organs (including church organs) built of late.²¹

It would be a mistake to omit a description of the world's largest organ, for this organ has utilized all the inventions of recent times. Without the invention of the electric fan blower and electro-pneumatic action, an organ of this size would be an impossibility. This complex, colossal instrument, consisting of 32,882 tubes and costing nearly \$400,000, is situated in the Atlantic City municipal auditorium. To provide adequate volume to the auditorium, which seats 41,000 people, it is disposed in eight locations about the concert hall. The organ has two consoles, one at each end of the stage, on rotating platforms. The consoles consist of seven manuals and one pedal keyboard each, and they may be played simultaneously by two organists.²²

Such is the manifestation of today's organ-building genius, a far cry from the early "hydraulic" organ.

¹⁶ Hill, *op. cit.*, p. 1.

¹⁷ "Oldest Organ Discovered at Aquincum," *Etude*, 55 (March, 1937), 208.

¹⁸ Barnes, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

¹⁹ George Laing Miller, *The Recent Revolution in Organ Building* (New York, 1913), p. 37. ²⁰ Barnes, *op. cit.*, p. 136. ²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 133.

²² "World's Largest Organ Has Seven Manuals; Atlantic City's Municipal Auditorium," *Popular Mechanics*, 59 (March, 1933), 429.

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Best Movie of the Year

To Twentieth Century Fox's production of W. Somerset Maugham's novel, *The Razor's Edge*, I present—nothing. I commend the performances of its actors, Power, Tierney, Baxter, Payne, Webb, and Marshall to execution. To the final result of its mood music, shadowy remarks, overplayed and meaningless scenes, I comment, cheap.

Not having read Maugham's novel, I am guessing that Hollywood has very likely changed and excluded many basic ideas. I presume further that some of its stars were not good to it; surely Mr. Maugham was frantic at the horrible representation of a stuffed busybody Herbert Marshall attached to his name.

I will say, however, that *The Razor's Edge* has presented the best re-enactment of a "Rover boy" theme. Mr. Power roves.

Mr. Webb, I'm afraid, is in a rut. Look at his performances in *Laura*, or as Sheridan Whiteside in the stage version of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and now at his part in *The Razor's Edge*—varied, aren't they? Gene Tierney ("The Bone"), still quite hysterical from her performance in *Leave Her to Heaven*, screams her way through the picture as the selfish Isabel. John Payne pouts and has a nervous breakdown, but doesn't get a chance to sing "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" in this one. Anne Baxter, who might have come out tops, spoils it all by being too throaty too often. Herbert Marshall is something I've already commented on.

There is one scene in the picture which I think is worth all the rest, and the only one which means something. To the Austrian actor who plays the part of the coal miner and to that scene in which he appears I give all the awards that the picture has been given. To the rest of the cast I give the razor's edge.

—THOMAS A. VANDERSLICE

Definition: Wind

Wind is merely air that is blowing. About all wind does is to blow dirt in your eyes at the same time that it blows girls' skirts in the air. Cold fronts and warm fronts are solid pieces of blowing air, though it is sometimes doubted that these fronts really exist, as no one has ever seen one. —LES Houser

Soldiers and Horses

LESTER E. JACOBS

Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1946-1947

THOUGH MOST PEOPLE THOUGHT OF THE UNITED States Army of World War II as a completely mechanized force, the powers-that-be did retain certain of their animal units for a long time after hostilities began. In fact, some of these units are still in existence.

It was my privilege, upon first entering the army, to train with one of these animal units, a horse-drawn field artillery battery, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Being a farm boy of some years' experience, I was quite satisfied with my first assignment. The whole experience was a pleasant one, but it was somewhat different from what I had expected.

We new trainees were first introduced to the artillery horse when we were assigned to "stable guard." Like all other military duty, this task was assigned by roster order, and each man took his turn. The tour of duty lasted twenty-four hours. During the daylight hours the stable guard was kept busy cleaning stables, sweeping exercise pens, carrying feed, grooming horses and harness, and performing the many other tasks necessary to proper care of the animals. At night, the duty consisted of patrolling the interior of the stable, each man being assigned two hours of this task at a time. Military guards performing this type of duty are usually armed, and the stable guard was no exception. The pitchfork was the weapon provided, and anyone familiar with this instrument and its operation can have no doubt about the use to which it was put on such occasions.

Having thus acquired a speaking acquaintance with our new friend, the artillery horse, we were next given riding instructions. With the beginning of this phase, we were forced into close association with an item of equipment known as the McClellan split-type saddle. This saddle is a device made of wood, leather, and metal which provides much seating surface where none is needed and a large split down the center where the seat should normally be. Experience proved, however, that this saddle is less an instrument of torture than we had supposed.

In our group of trainees, there were several persons who had had no previous experience with horses. On our first ride, one of these poor souls approached the drill sergeant. "Sergeant, I've never ridden before," he said. "That's O.K.," said the sergeant. "We'll give you a horse that has never been ridden, and you can start together." While this did not ease the man's mind, two hours in the saddle did just that. Though the seat of his discomfort had shifted somewhat, he was now confident of his ability to ride.

During the next several weeks, all the trainees in our group became skilled riders. Just as we were about to enter the next phase of training, word came that our horses were to be replaced by trucks, and we hurried to ready our animals for shipment to the remount station. Finally the day came. We took our mounts to the railroad station. On our return trip, we marched past the new trucks which were being brought in, and we felt a keen disappointment. No headlight winked and no tailgate swished in greeting along the entire line.

A Strip of Gauze, a Dab of Collodion

ALVIN J. BLASCO

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947

THEY ARE KNOWN AS "CAULIFLOWER EARS" TO ALL who know wrestling. They are the mark of the sport many men carry.

The worse the disfigurement of the ears, the longer a man has probably wrestled. Yet, although they are quite common, cauliflower ears have made handsome men ugly only because their trainers have failed to adopt a technique of treatment that could have saved them permanent disfigurement.

No longer will wrestlers be plagued with the possibility of going through life with ugly ears. Out of the little training room in the Old Gym of the University of Illinois has come the cure for the "rassler's ear." Actually it is not a cure, but simply an application of several basic medical facts, which, when applied together, help to prevent permanent disfigurement.

A thin covering of tissue covers the veins in the ear. When it receives a blow of sufficient force, or is placed under strain great enough to break a vein, blood begins to seep into the ear tissue. At the same time the red corpuscles, acting in their capacity as a mending agent, arrive on the scene to begin healing. Accumulation of this fluid forms a puffed pocket around the broken blood vessel. If no immediate treatment is given to the ear following the injury, the solution hardens, scar tissue forms, and the cauliflower ear is born.

To prevent this from occurring, the "cast" technique has been developed by R. E. Klein, trainer of the University of Illinois wrestling team. So immediate has been its success and so widespread its reception that at the recent N.C.A.A. Wrestling Meet every competing coach requested information about this technique and treatment for wrestlers.

Treatment of the injury should begin as soon as possible after it occurs. With a hypodermic needle inserted in the pocket formed by the blood and red corpuscles all excess matter is removed. The success of this technique demands that all of the solution be taken out. Otherwise a certain amount of scar tissue will form.

After the removal of all the solution, strips of gauze coated with collodion are applied to the injured section of the ear. These strips are made to follow the original contours of the ear. As the collodion hardens, it forms a cast which is molded to the ear. This cast prevents another pocket of blood from forming, and maintains the original contour of the ear during the process of healing. After approximately a week the cast may be removed with an alcohol solution.

It is a simple technique. Yet, because it is simple, it has escaped trainers for years. But now that it is in use, wrestlers need no more fear the stamp of their sport, the ugly, puffed mass of flesh and tissue, the cauliflower ear, that was once a lifetime scar.

Potato to Potato Chip

GENE REILEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947

PRACTICALLY EVERYONE HAS EATEN POTATO CHIPS AT one time or another, but few people actually know how they are made.

Although a few small companies still make potato chips by hand, the most successful way of making them is by machine. The best machines are made by the J. D. Ferry Company of Philadelphia and are commonly referred to as "Ferrying Machines."

Potatoes of any size or shape are dumped into the peeling section of the machine, and the process of making potato chips is begun. The peeler will peel a one-hundred-pound bag of potatoes in three and one-half minutes. Only seventy-five per cent of the skin is removed, as much of the food value of a potato is in the skin.

The potatoes pass from the peeler and are thoroughly washed by a continuous stream of water before passing into the slicer, which slices a bag of potatoes in about four minutes. The slices are approximately one thirty-second of an inch thick, and are given a vigorous washing to remove fifty per cent of the unneeded starch content.

From the slicer, the slices move along an uphill conveyor belt where they are given further washings, and where bad or faulty slices are removed by

hand. When the slices reach the crest of the conveyor belt, they are allowed to pause for about two minutes, so that excess water can be drained off.

After the slices have drained, they are automatically dumped, in lots of about fifteen pounds, into a two-hundred-fifty-gallon vat of boiling vegetable oil. This one hundred per cent pure vegetable oil is heated to three hundred fifty degrees Fahrenheit by a blow torch affair which burns fuel oil. The cooking vat is twelve feet long, and the slices are forced along by three giant metal arms, which move in a circular motion and keep the slices immersed in the boiling vegetable oil.

When the slices reach the end of the cooking vat, they are forced onto another uphill conveyor which is approximately four feet long. As they move up this conveyor, all excess vegetable oil drains from them; and as they dry, the slices become crisp, hot potato chips. As the chips reach the crest of the conveyor belt, they are automatically salted before being dumped into metal cans for cooling.

The chips are allowed to cool for forty-five minutes before being weighed and placed, by hand, in waxed cellophane bags. The bags are then boxed and made ready for shipment.

The whole process, from potato to potato chip, takes approximately nine minutes, and often potatoes which were in the ground at four A.M. are put on the market as potato chips at four P.M. of the same day.

Cotton Pic'n

I hadn't been in Oklahoma for more than a day when I came across the term "cotton pic'n." Quite common with the Oklahomans, it is almost unknown north of the Mason Dixon divide. The expression compares with the British "bloomin'," and the American "darn." It's that handy, flexible little adjective that can be applied to almost anything displeasing or unfavorable.

I believe it was on a corner, while waiting for a street car, that I first encountered the term. Turning to the gentleman standing next to me, I asked, "How often do they run?" "Cain't tell," he replied, with a note of anger in his voice. "The cotton pic'n street cars run when eva they cotton pic'n please." I was impressed immediately; as the days passed I heard it used more and more often. During my brief stay down there, I heard children crying over their cotton pic'n toys, waiters complaining about their cotton pic'n tips, and cabbies complaining about the cotton pic'n roads.

Since I became quite familiar with the word, on one occasion I decided to use it on one of the native Oklahomans. I knew it was a term used to express disgust and anger, so I prepared an expression and awaited an opportunity to use it. I discovered too late that the Oklahomans are very temperamental about who use their language. It seems that I didn't say it quite right, and believe me I heard about it! Those cotton pic'n southerners think that you can't use their cotton pic'n terms unless you've got a cotton pic'n southern drawl. So I packed my grip and left that cotton pic'n Oklahoma and decided to forget that cotton pic'n word. — ROBERT WISS

Gentlemen:—

JOHN WEITER

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1946-1947

I STAND BEFORE YOU A CONDEMNED MAN. YOU HAVE branded me a criminal, and, as all criminals must be punished, so must I to pay for my crimes. And now you have graciously consented to allow me to speak on my behalf, to endeavor to sway your impending decision: that I must die a criminal's death.

What would you have me do, my judges, to attempt to stay the executioner's hand, to cheat the hangman's noose? Plead innocence, and throw the blame of my foul deeds, as you have so ably called them, upon the shoulders of another? Acknowledge my guilt, and plead to you for my life, in order that I might obtain whatever mercy you may spare me, as one spares scraps of food for a dog?

No, gentlemen! I shall follow neither of these courses. Nor will I go into a long discourse here to attempt to persuade you that what I am being tried for is no wrong committed by myself as an individual. To plead my innocence is as unnecessary as it is useless, for you know as well as I that I am innocent of any crime. You have tried me not because I was the commander of the army which destroyed a peasant village and its inhabitants, but because I was unfortunate to have fought for the wrong nation, and lost. For this reason do I stand before you today, on trial for my life, instead of reaping the fruits of victory as are your able commanders.

I am a soldier, gentlemen, who loves his country and who would travel to the ends of the earth to fight for her cause. Many years ago I swore allegiance to my country. At the same time I pledged myself to follow to the word all the commands of my superiors. Could it possibly be wrong for me to carry out these commands and perform my duties as a soldier? Yet because I did follow my orders, I am being tried for my life. Had I served under your flag and disobeyed my orders and shirked my duty, I should have been punished, as is only fit, and have been removed from my position of rank in disgrace. In my nation, too, all men were expected to serve faithfully beneath our flag, the colors of which we love as dearly as you love yours. It was as unthinkable for me to shirk my duty while commanding my troops as it is for you now, my judges, as you sit upon the seat of justice before me, to shirk your duty. Is my reward for faithful service to be death, the death, not of a soldier, but of a criminal?

After my army had entered the surrendered town of _____, the peasants killed, or shall I say murdered, the troops by night, sabotaged the

equipment, and relayed vital information concerning the nature and disposition of our troops and equipment to the enemy. I believe, gentlemen, that these activities are easily recognized as those of a spy. I also believe that the punishment for a spy in time of war is death in every nation of the world. Warning proclamations were issued against those who perpetrated these deeds, warning proclamations which threatened death to those caught and which were disregarded. The underground movements continued, and the men of the underground were sheltered by the citizens of the town. When their activities became so great as to hinder our war efforts, my superiors deemed it necessary to order me to destroy the menace, to wipe out the village. As an individual I regarded the deed unpleasant, to say the least. As a soldier I regarded the deed as my duty, and I had no other alternative but to carry out my orders. My duty lay in my loyalty and my obedience to those commands, and, as always, I carried out my commands.

Was it wrong for me, gentlemen, to act as would any good soldier serving under any flag of the world? Can what is clearly seen to have been my obligation be called my crime, a crime for which I am to suffer an ignominious death? If I am condemned for serving my country as a good soldier, let us then condemn all good soldiers in all nations for performing that which up to this time has been mistakenly and gloriously called their duty to their country instead of being rightfully called a crime.

What more can I add, my judges? If you take my life you prove that honor is not honorable, but an abominable thing, for surely there is no honor greater than service to one's country, and one cannot serve his country if he is disloyal to her representatives — his superiors. And I have done no other crime than to serve my country in her greatest time of need, which service you have termed dishonorable.

I shall not plead for my life, sirs, for you cannot kill me. If you place me into the hands of the executioner, when my body grows cold and stiff, and life no longer stirs my limbs, rather than pronounce me dead, say that I live. For I shall live. I shall live in the memories of men for many more years than my aging bones have yet to walk the earth if left to succumb in nature's own time. Is it not true that by my death you wish to remove me from the living? Would you prolong my life then when it is more important to you, if you issue a death proclamation upon me, that I die rather than live?

My life — the decision — is in your hands, O my judges. Ponder deeply before passing judgment. If you condemn me to death, you will take the life of an innocent man, whose words will follow you through the years. If you condemn me to death, you will defeat the very purpose for which you have condemned me — for I shall live.

Creed

WALTER THOMAS BROOKS

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1947-1948

We call this building a church. . . .
with spires pinching clouds above
an expression of humility
with fluted columns supporting nothing
the harbor of honesty
with frigid surfaces reflecting darkness

a church

We say the styles of the past. . . .

Romanesque
Byzantine
Provincial
Gothic
Renaissance
Baroque

are our forms for the future

We suggest that church design never changes. . . .

grotesque pillars of stone
ill-formed wooden benches
multi-crystaled chandeliers
cold marble pulpits and
statues

never changes

We have closed our church doors to the. . . .

sun
moon
star
stream
river
ocean
grass
plant
tree
sky

elements of nature

We believe that God endowed us with senses. . . .

taste

touch

smell

sight

hearing

religion is all of these

But we in our church. . . .

taste only food of thought

touch grotesque pillars of stone

smell stagnant air

feel ill-formed wooden benches

hear echoes on cold marble pulpits and

statues

lose religion

As He moves — so must we — and He has moved

If we pursue a new spirit of usage. . . .

Wood — with stone and brick

organic harmony

Glass expanses — integrating

outdoors and in

sun

moon

star

stream

river

ocean

grass

plant

tree

sky

Altar gardens of vegetation and

plant life

Steel — in thin bands that eliminate

shadow and dimension

If we find deceptive expression in

the vertical line of pride and ego

If we find integrity in

the oblique line of obeisance and

the horizontal line of domesticity

We will find our heritage — the earth —
our sanctuary

spreading like some giant body with
hands extended skyward and
legs entrenched in sin

We will see a structure. . . .

in the armchair of the universe
with nature as a footstool
an expression of humility
a harbor of honesty
a house of light

a church of God

Thoughts After a Hurricane

The wind from the south suddenly left the hills and streams of New England to waste itself upon the barren waters of the cold Atlantic. It left its wake in the remains of many a village and town. It also left the thoughts of men pondering on the worth of their losses. The wind left some who thought not of things it did but of reasons it came. Some thought it was retribution for the manner in which they had lived. They thought it the vengeance of a vengeful force which sought to gather penance from the people who had wronged. But they could not understand that the whole world would have had to suffer, that almost everybody had been intolerant and blissfully unaware of the good they could have done in their half-filled lives. A few, extremely few, thought it proved that nothing is stable, that there is nothing built which can stand the ravages of this tumultuous world. Those who thought of vengeance have gone back to their previous ways of life. It will not be until the next catastrophe strikes that they will think of anything more than themselves. And after that comes they will go back to their intolerances and gullibilities. Those who thought and came to the logical answer will remember it but will reap no benefit from it. Theirs will be a future which holds a lesson remembered — that's all. — ARTHUR H. STROMBERG

Definition: Weather

Weather is stuff that is happening all the time, even at night and on Sundays. Sometimes we are apt to forget about it, but it is still there. Weather is the sum total of the manifestations of the atmosphere that surrounds our planet, and these manifestations are varied and unpredictable in form. Weather is an important commodity and it behooves all of us to make an attempt to understand it. It is one thing to be caught in the rain unexpectedly; it is an entirely different situation to know that it is going to rain and then to get caught in it. Weather-men are misled by their scientific knowledge and equipment; they do not realize the simplicity of atmospheric conditions. Actually, weather is not difficult to understand if you analyze it with an open mind and the help of a very few instruments: your grandmother, a rusty barometer, a broken hygrometer, and your roommate's encyclopedia. — LES Houser

Rhet as Writ

The book is actually two love stories arranged and written in a manner that isn't tiring or boring. It is the courtship of Alf and Emmy, and Keith and Jenny with Pa as a humorous paralyzed character thrown in.

• • • •

The strong points of Mr. Akeley's book were that it was presented in a way that you could learn and still be interesting and thrilling.

• • • •

The boys through this development and taking their place in society will be better able to guide this country toward peace and security and friendliness.

• • • •

To know this man is just like being your own brother.

• • • •

We see that there is an acute need for an international language, that Esperanto, with its simplicity and neutrality, should definitely be promoted toward this end, and that its merits are plenteous while its defects are exiguous.

• • • •

Why should a customer tip a bell boy in a hotel just for carrying the customers gripes to his room and opening the windows?

• • • •

Are we to let a single representative like John L. Lewis take the rains of free people and run them amuck impetuously into strife?

• • • •

I preceeded to room 319 where I experienced the experience I will always remember. I had to fill out that long piece of paper called a stud list.

• • • •

To reiterate what I have said in the preceding paragraphs, I wish to say it again.

Feb 1948
2d call

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Fate and Theodore Sabin

ALAN GOAD

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1947-1948

THE PERIODIC VISITS OF CLARK SIMPSON WERE MUCH alike. He, in a modest way, was something of a wanderer and adventurer, going from one town to another and one job to the next, learning much about the strange ways of men, but collecting few of their possessions. After the greetings of his father, Reverend Herman Simpson, his mother, his brother, and sister were over, invariably his father told him the news of Newton, relating all the little things which had happened since Clark's last visit.

The discussions, usually covering the uninteresting gossip that gives an intimate country newspaper its tone, were always colored with the glimpses of the old Presbyterian minister's view of things in general.

But on this particular return the account had more interest than usual. His father, convinced that Clark didn't wish to talk about himself, had launched into the development of the village comedy since Clark's last appearance. He spoke after a little of a revival which he had been holding.

"I have scored something of a triumph," he was saying, smiling a little, with a trace of cynicism which he infrequently allowed himself. "Fifty have been converted—among these, ten who are under twelve and therefore too young, I fear, to know just what the faith is that they have accepted; but as you know my church still subscribes, in the letter at least, to the doctrine of predestination, and the babes must repent with the full-grown sinner. Among the fifty, however, is Theodore Sabin."

"Theodore Sabin converted?" This astonished the younger Simpson. He recalled the old farmer distinctly, though the personalities of most Newton folk were so dim and unvaried as to be soon forgotten during a residence elsewhere. Sabin was the literal triumph of the hold which the soil and self-interest had on the central Illinois farmer. So completely was Sabin a slave to the soil and a worshipper of the American demigod *Toil*, that he went into the fields seven days a week and worked from three in the morning until eight at night. To work on the Sabbath was a misdemeanor against all that was right in the sanctimonious little community.

By such industry steadfastly adhered to through thirty years, he had become the owner of two hundred acres of cornbelt land, barns, stock, and machinery worth, at a low estimate, \$75,000. This fortune did not alter in any way his mode of living; it merely increased the arduousness of his duties. He was not a man to dream of gathering worldly goods in order to live in sensuous ease. He toiled as unremittingly as in his less prosperous days.

Sabin, with his lank figure and his sharply wrinkled face that had somehow taken on the look of a plowed field, was unattractive in mind and body. One studying Sabin and his wife might compare Sabin with his barn—an enormous, neglected dwelling covered with scaling yellow paint—and his wife with the dilapidated farm house with its pitiful effort at adornment made by scraggly trellised vines.

This was Clark Simpson's memory of Sabin, whom he had known from boyhood. Sabin represented the thing that had driven him from Newton to the world outside which had seemed beautiful in comparison.

The conversion of Theodore Sabin seemed half-miraculous to Clark. What magic words had his father invented to awaken a spark of life and feeling in that long-dead heart? The young man asked further explanation.

"I suppose it wasn't anything I said, much as I would like to add that crown to my theology," Reverend Simpson said. "I must thank Providence—Providence in the form of a foundling child which he took from an asylum, more, I fear, with the idea of getting someone without cost to help him on the farm than from any truly generous impulse. But the boy is the most unregenerate and uncontrollable creation of a divine Providence that I have ever encountered.

"This boy," the Reverend went on, "Russel Welker, is a complete failure as far as any hope for assistance on the farm is concerned, but he does gladly second Sabin's view as to the desecration of the Sabbath. He devotes it to fishing. I was surprised that Sabin kept him at all. The lad has easily earned the reputation of being the worst boy in town."

"They sent him back once," Mrs. Simpson put in. "He has the most uncontrollable temper. He threw a rock and hit Loretta (Sabin's daughter) on the forehead. She had refused him a cookie."

"The boy's attitude is not so surprising, since the whole family constantly assures him that he is a very bad boy," Reverend Simpson continued. "They tell him, 'Russel, we'll have to send you to the reform school if you don't try to be a better boy.' But when they actually did send him away, Mrs. Simpson cried constantly, Loretta refused to come out of the house, and Sabin himself did not go to the fields for a day."

"They brought him back in a week," Mrs. Simpson interjected. "At the orphans' home they were told they would have to adopt him this time, and Sabin consented after Russel promised to be a good boy in the future. But he is just as bad as ever, and yet I don't believe they could get along without him."

"They love him, they hate him, but cannot live without him," Reverend Simpson added smiling. "This foundling somehow has reached an unsuspected vein of sentiment in Sabin."

"But what has this to do with the conversion of Sabin?" Clark asked.

"That is easily explained," his father said. "One night Sabin marched in and stalked straight up to the altar. 'I want to be a better man,' he kept

repeating. It got to be painful to me shortly. He was so deeply in earnest, and yet there was something ridiculous in such a man doing a thing like that. It must have taken a violent upheaval of the soul to bring Sabin to cast aside the almost admirable defiance of a lifetime.

"I had been home for an hour later that night when I heard a knock on the door. I opened it wondering who wanted me at that unearthly hour. It was Sabin.

"'I have come to ask you a question,' he said bluntly. 'Must one believe in predestination?'

"Now that has long been a painful point with me as you know. I believe unquestioningly in the need of religion for all men, but it has always been my habit to allow them to make their own dogma. Things necessary for one man are fatal to another.

"I led him into the parlor. 'Now why do you ask?' I inquired.

"'It's Russel,' he broke out, evidently glad of the chance to talk to someone. 'He has broken into a house and stolen some money. I made him take it back and I have gotten the people to promise not to say anything about it. But I am afraid for him. I fear that he is one of those originally damned.'

"I explained to him that this was not necessarily true. I told him as tactfully as possible that perhaps his own habit of making Russel feel that he was bad might have something to do with it."

"'Then you think that there is hope for him if I do what is right?' he asked.

"'I do unquestionably,' I assured him. But he was hard to satisfy, seeming in mortal fear of the fate of that poor child and blaming his own wicked life for this danger to the boy."

"Russel's Carol's fellow," Clark's younger brother broke in, referring to his little sister.

"He is not," Carol denied, a trifle too vehemently.

"I think Russel does like Carol, though I don't believe Carol cares anything for him," Mrs. Simpson said smiling.

Clark doubted his mother's discernment. Budding maidenhood seems to find something appealing in wickedness, and especially was that true in Newton, where exists a monotonous, dead level of goodness. Even Clark was mildly interested in Russel. At ten he had succeeded in getting himself accepted as thoroughly wicked.

The conversation soon switched to other matters. Night closed over the little village. A chilling north wind was sweeping across the fields, through the stark cornstalks from which the grain had been shucked, and across the grey pasture lands. Gray clouds raced overhead driven by the wind. Sleet began beating on the window.

Suddenly there came a beating at the door, double blows of two fists

hammering frenziedly. Reverend Simpson hurried to the door to see the figure of a small boy. He was crying.

"Is Carol here? I want to see Carol," he sniveled.

"What is it you want?" asked the Reverend.

"I can't tell you. I'll tell Carol," he continued to sob. Nothing further could be gotten out of him. But shortly Clark's sister appeared, her hair braided for the night, a cloak thrown over her nightgown.

"What do you want, Russel?" she asked shamefacedly, not going near.

"He's drowned. He drowned in the slough. I wasn't to blame. He fell off the footlog and I couldn't get him out. Now they will send me to the reform school. Don't let them send me."

After some effort, the information was elicited from the half-hysterical boy that Willie Newman had been drowned in the slough. Mrs. Simpson hurried out to tell Mrs. Newman; Clark and his father went to form a searching party. It was ghastly to think of the small boy lost in the muddy, dismal waters of the slough, which ran a mile from town through the ugly bottom lands.

The body had not been found the next morning though the men searched all night. When daylight came they were relieved by a fresh crew who took drags and went up and down the river a hundred yards from the footlogs, raking among the logs and debris at the bottom of the water. But they found no trace of the body.

It was learned that the two boys had been forbidden in the afternoon to go to the bottoms and chase rabbits. Russel, so Mrs. Newman said, had inveigled Willie into going.

"It all comes of that boy. He's bad, just naturally born bad," Mrs. Newman mourned.

A bleak November day dawned, and the first snow of the year was falling, wet snow that was driven along by the wind. Far down the slough a boat was discovered overturned. Nearby was the drowned corpse of the child, caught in the brushwood.

Russel was taken into a room by the grim-faced Sabin, who had not slept since the search began. Sabin was armed with a strap.

"Now you're going to tell me what happened," he told the boy.

There were many black and blue marks on the boy before he told.

"I wanted to take a boat and go rowing, but Willie didn't want to. I said that he was afraid, and he said that he wasn't. So I broke the lock with a rock and got in and told him to, if he wasn't afraid. He got in and we rowed down stream, and then I rocked the boat to scare Willie. It turned over and I hung on but he couldn't; so he drowned."

Sabin himself gave the evidence on which Russel was sentenced to the county industrial school for boys. He told the story grimly. He was never again seen in church.

Imagination and Lil-Lucy

JEAN THEURER

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

ON THE WAY UPSTAIRS TO LIL-LUCY'S ROOM I THOUGHT that the directions I had been given were unnecessary because I could easily have found it by merely following the sound of the radio. I stopped at the closed door and wondered if my imagination could match Lil-Lucy's. I was sure it could because I rather prided myself on this possession. Just to test it out before meeting my young hostess, I closed my eyes and tried to visualize her. I pictured a round, cuddly, fair-skinned child with big, dreamy blue eyes and loads of blond, curly hair. She would be wearing a fluffy, white organdy pinafore with dainty blue ribbons in her hair and would be sitting on a blue satin chair with one leg tucked under her.

After this, I felt as though I had known Lil-Lucy all my life, and I lifted my hand and knocked gently on the door. There was no answer. I knocked again; still there was no sound other than the tormenting voice of Inner Sanctum. I reasoned that she was too occupied with her program to hear me; so I opened the door very quietly and stepped inside the room. My first glance at her stunned me, and I was frozen to the spot on which I stood. I was vaguely conscious of the fact that the little blonde angel I had just dreamed up was flying away and dissolving into nothingness. With arms folded across her chest, little Lucy stood erect, not more than three feet in front of me.

Lucille Travers was a very severe-looking child with sleek black hair flattened into pigtails, dark eyes, very prominent cheek-bones, and skin of a transparent quality. The agility of her movements made her body seem very loosely put together. In place of the fussy pinafore, she wore a T-shirt and blue jeans. I stood there staring at her. Slowly coming out of my shock, I decided that although Lucy wasn't much to look at right now, there would be a day about eight years from now when she would be something special. I am sure I shivered; it was a great surprise to be greeted by a character like this—so foreign to the little girl I had anticipated. I am not sure she was aware of my presence, for she uttered no sound, registered not a flicker of expression. We both stood motionless for what seemed hours, but was probably a matter of seconds. Lil-Lucy cast a spell over me that was almost hypnotic. I couldn't tear my eyes away from her face. Slowly I became conscious of the music of an Indian war dance floating through the room. Watching Lil-Lucy's face, I could tell from the ever-so-slight twitching of muscles and narrowing of eyes, and from just a suggestion of shoulder movement and body swaying, that she was not in this room at all, but on an Indian reservation with the murderer.

Now the music faded away and dreamily she turned, walked across the room, and squatted Indian fashion on the floor. As I was still standing, I asked Lil-Lucy if I might be seated. There was no response, and I took advantage of the situation, picked myself a good front seat, and relaxed to watch the show.

The following commercial was wasted on Lucy, but I gathered from the announcer that the murderer was a mad pianist who expressed his innermost thoughts and desires in his original music. The scene now shifted to a night club in New York, and the plot was taking shape rapidly. Crime was leaping from every corner, and I felt sure there would have to be a murder quickly. As I watched her face and followed the trend of the music, I felt the slow, even movement of an almost peaceful mind change to madness and race with the accelerated tempo through moods of anger, hate, suspicion, and threat and into a thunderous frenzy of notes which finally exploded into a musical sound which was death.

Lucy flicked off the radio, sprang to her feet, came directly toward me, stared into my face, and asked in a very soft, mysterious voice, "Would you like to go with me into another world?" Not waiting for my answer, she motioned for me to follow her. Quickly she darted up the hall to the attic stairway. I followed closely, thinking, "How queer can an eleven-year-old get?" Reaching the head of the stairs, she pushed heavily on a massive door, which squeaked almost as weirdly as Inner Sanctum's. As we entered the attic, my first thought was that she hadn't exaggerated it a bit; this was another world. I saw things that I never believed existed anywhere other than in the movies.

The attic was a large circular room which looked as though it had been a ballroom during the Civil War period. As Lucy was busily occupied going through a trunk, I hastily tried to take at least one look at everything in the room. This was impossible, but I do remember seeing faded, dusty, Confederate uniforms, stacks of books, crystal candelabra, dress-maker forms, picture frames of all descriptions, and loads of broken furniture. Among the numerous trunks and boxes which I am sure held many lovely party frocks, there were rugs, oil-lamps, milk china, a pile of old hats, and a three-legged needle-point sofa. One section of the wall was almost completely covered with a huge, faded tapestry. A feathered hat, resting inside a battered birdcage, reminded me of the "Bird on Nelly's Hat." With this thought, I started to laugh, but was brought back to Lucy's presence by her remark that it wasn't at all funny. Evidently she had been talking, and I hadn't heard a word she had said. She asked me to come and look at her old trunk. I could tell from her pleased expression that her mind was spinning away into another dream. In a mystical manner she said, "This old chest belonged to my great, great grandfather, who was a pirate and used to run the coast of Maine—and he smuggled this chest into this house ages ago. He wrote a message with blood on a piece of white cloth and left it in here—that's how we knew how it got here and what was in it."

Watching Lil-Lucy's eyes, I was lost in her spell; I went back to those reckless, gay, pirate days. I stood beside the chest, running my hands through the pieces of gold, admiring the priceless jewels, and fingering the beautiful velvet gowns. I slowly became conscious of Lil-Lucy gently pressing my arm and saying, "She was too young to die."

"Who was?" I asked.

"Her," she said, handing me a framed picture, "my great, great, great, great Aunt Kathy." She reached into the trunk and brought out a lovely old dress, whose skirt was made of yards and yards of what was once white satin but was now the color of ivory. There was a deep off-the-shoulder ruffle of filmy lace on the bodice. As I looked at the dress, I thought that the gown had certainly known romance. With the dress thrown over her arm, Lucy reached to the wall over the trunk and brought down a scabbard containing a sword. Keeping the sword in her hand, she gave me the scabbard to hold. Then slowly she went into her trance.

I was so fascinated with her transformation and was concentrating so deeply on the beautiful girl in the picture and on the lovely gown which Lil-Lucy was swishing around her that I lost myself completely. She said, "This was Aunt Kathy's wedding gown. It happened right downstairs in the south parlor. The house was beautiful—with millions of white roses—they were Aunt Kathy's favorite flower—and thousands and thousands of candles were burning—and all the guests were there—and Aunt Kathy and her beloved Charles were standing together at the white rose altar—and the minister was marrying them—and he was just saying, 'If any man knows why these two should not be joined together. . . .' A drunkard, one of Aunt Kathy's rejected lovers, staggered from the group of guests and, swaying forward, pulled out his sword and jabbed it right in the middle of Aunt Kathy's back—and it went right straight through her body and cut her heart in half." With this statement, Lucy charged forward and rammed the sword into the dress-maker form. "As Kathy fell to the floor," continued Lucy, "her beloved Charles grabbed her up in his arms—and as the blood dripped and dripped, she . . ."

A heavy door ground its way slowly open. It was probably the memory of the door of Inner Sanctum in my subconscious mind, strengthened by the fact that I was still in the south parlor with Kathy's dripping blood; it also might have been the startled expression on my face, which I saw reflected in an antique mirror on the wall, that caused my nerves to jam. I screamed and released my hold on the picture frame and the metal scabbard; they fell to the floor with a clang. Lil-Lucy let out a yelp and covered her face with her hands.

We were brought back to the moment by Mrs. Travers' voice calling us for dinner. She ordered Lucy to put the dress away and come downstairs immediately. I still felt a little dizzy from my experience, but Lucy was

normal for the first time since I had seen her. She whisked the gown back into the trunk and scooted past me toward the door saying, "Come on, let's get goin'." When I reached the attic door, I could see Lucy sliding down the bannister. As she bumped the newel post, she gave me a broad smile, waved her hand, and said, "I'll be seein' ya." And with that she was gone.

A God in the House

JOSEPH LEVINSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

I RUSHED BACKSTAGE AS SOON AS THE APPLAUSE BEGAN. I was only eight years old and had trouble forcing my way through the many people standing there; but eight-year-olds have ways and means of pushing through crowds, and I was soon in the arms of my mother. It was hard to tell just who was happier—my mother or I—for the concert was such a success! From the very first note, the new concerto was a thrilling work of art; but, even at the age of eight, I knew that people, usually cruel to composers, were even more cruel to the artists. We were happy, however, for my mother played beautifully (as I knew she would), and, as they walked out, the audience hummed the wonderful theme from the first movement.

Musicians, like all artists, are conscious of the need for celebration. Nobody had to tell me that we would all go home and break out the corned beef, liederkranz cheese, and hot coffee. I knew already that Johanna would have the beer and mugs ready, for Johanna and I always planned the "afterwards party," and no one knew more about such things than the two of us.

Some of my relatives took me home first, and I left the front door open. Everybody knew that the open front door meant success, and they poured in, offering congratulations. Soon my mother and father arrived, followed by musicians, musicians, and more musicians. The wonderful, gay, musical time was beginning!

Nobody quite knew how or when he entered; we all seemed to notice him at once. The party was at its height—the songs were being sung. It was in the midst of a Schubert *Lied* that he came in, and just as suddenly as we saw him, we stopped singing. "Go on, go on!" he said in a rough English. When nobody moved, he began singing, and immediately everyone surrounding him sang too. He was magic—he was a god—so red-faced and smiling, so straight and tall. Tall? He must have been six-feet five. A god? He was a Pied Piper.

He sang and shook hands in a peculiar way when he finished. He sang some more, and toasted my mother in exotic fashion. When he talked, he boomed; when he laughed, he made us laugh.

Then, as usual, the guests asked my mother to play the piano. With a

little persuasion and a shout of "Play the *Love for Three Oranges*" from me, Mother began. This was my favorite "little piece," and I never tired of it. But the music sounded different this time—even more wonderful. I got out of the big corner chair where I was sitting and looked at the piano. Sure enough, my mother was playing. But why was it so vibrant, so unusual? The other piano—of course! I looked at the other piano; HE was there, playing right along with my mother, and getting a kick out of it.

Piece after piece they played. He always laughed; he always knew the piece. He played by himself, and we all were entranced. My poor mother was worn out.

Finally someone said, "Play the concerto."

He looked around. "Which movement?" he asked.

"The first movement," I answered.

"Why the first movement, little one?"

"Because it's the best!" I replied.

He came over and looked at me. He was so big! He picked me up and looked me in the eye. "So you think the first movement is the best, ha?" For a second I was frightened by this powerful individual who was such a god-like person. But his eyes gave him away.

"Well, I think it's the best, too!" he said, and turned toward the guests. "A violinist!" he shouted. "Little fellow is a violinist!"

How did he know I was?

"Come here and shake hands with me," he laughed. What a handshake! I thought I would never play the violin again, he shook so hard. But he played our mutual favorite—the first movement. Oh, how he played the concerto!

Then food. It was immediately evident that this god was really mortal. He ate, quietly but enormously. He consumed nine sandwiches (I counted) and five cups of coffee. He smoked a pipe which looked like a smoke pot, but gave off a wonderful odor. He was not old, not young, but lovable.

When he left, the people left too. Nothing could have replaced him. I never saw him again; probably I never will. But you and I will hear him always. For, you see, he wrote the Third Piano Concerto, which my mother played that evening; he wrote the *Love for Three Oranges*, which was my favorite "little piece." But perhaps children will love him best of all for his *Peter and the Wolf*. You see, his name is Serge Prokovieff.

Mississippi Quonset Hut

The sun beat down from the meridian. The quonset hut felt swollen with heat. The morning breezes had been dead for five hours—the evening breezes were still hours and miles away. There was no work, no talk, and no ambition—nothing had happened for hours. Outside, dried-up earthworms on the rotted boardwalks gave legal proof that there was little chance for survival on such a day as this in southern Mississippi.

—KENNETH WOOD

Of Sticks and Stones

WILLIAM PISTRUI

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1947-1948

MANY YEARS AGO CLARENCE CAVEDWELLER WAS SITTING in his cave, gnawing on the leg of a stag that he had killed several weeks before. But on that day Clarence wasn't slobbering away at his meal with the usual gusto. His eyes showed deep meditation as he slowly tore bits of raw flesh from the large bone that he had gripped firmly in his hand.

For twenty-two years Clarence had lived in that cave and had been tormented by the cold wind whipping in from its mouth—to say nothing of the cold damp floor on which he had to sit. Finally Clarence threw the bone aside, belched loudly, and walked briskly out of his cave. Clarence was going to build a house. With the required amount of tree trunks, mud, straw, and labor, Clarence pieced together a little hut that served much better to keep out the cold wind, and that had a warmer floor. Now, mind you, Clarence was proud of his achievement, and, being no different from the people today, he invited his neighbors over to see what he had made. With a touch of cynicism they drew out of their caves to view the work of Clarence. They nodded in agreement when Clarence said that it would keep out the cold wind. They even placed their hands on the floor when Clarence said that it was not as cold and damp as the cave's. But, even though it had these advantages, the hut had one outstanding fault that made the neighbors refuse to accept it. It didn't look like a cave.

Later, in the year 1946, C. Cavedweller Jones, a direct descendant of Clarence, also decided to build a house. And, being like his ancestor, he too wanted his house to provide him with the maximum comforts and conveniences.

Mr. Jones immediately set out to plan his house. Having already acquired his lot, he started sketching possible positions for his house in relation to the lot. Being a lover of nature, he didn't want his lot cut up into a half-dozen sections by numerous sidewalks and driveways.¹ Like many people, Jones thought it would be nice to have a large front lawn. So, he set his house about two-thirds of the way back on his lot, and he smiled to himself because of his clever foresight. Yes sir, that was going to be a front lawn that would make every neighbor on the street envious. However, the more he looked, the less satisfied he became. The rear of the house was scarcely twenty feet from the alley. In this tiny area he wanted to have his summer terrace and barbecue

¹ Simon Breines, *The Book of Houses* (New York, 1946), p. 59.

pit. He also wanted a small flower garden, but the area that was left him was hardly large enough to hang the family wash. "To hell with the front lawn," said Jones, as he moved his house up toward the front of the lot.²

Now that Mr. Jones was satisfied with his lot arrangement, he began to sketch the interior. His enthusiasm made him somewhat careless, however, and when he finished he found that he had overlooked putting in a door to the bathroom and had completely forgotten about clothes closets. A little discouraged, Mr. Jones started again. This time he didn't do any sketching at all; instead, he began writing down the activities and necessities of every member of the family. Then he cautiously began to rearrange his interior, referring at various intervals to his sheet of activities to see if his plan was providing for them.³ Mr. Jones also had to arrange the rooms to make it convenient for his wife to get from one place to another while she was cleaning.⁴ He had to be careful not to make the outside shape of his house too irregular, for fifty percent of the cost of his house would be spent on the outside walls.⁵ Then, too, Mr. Jones had to pay particular attention to the approximate sizes and shapes of his rooms, to avoid getting his rooms too long and narrow, or too much like a square.⁶ Trying to sketch a floor plan with all these restrictions was indeed no simple task. Mr. Jones' only method was trial and error. After ninety-one trials, ninety errors, and one hundred swear words, he finally completed a plan that lay within the restrictions.

The most difficult part of his planning was now complete. An excited impatience drove Mr. Jones on as he proceeded to complete the details of the interior and put the finishing touches on his work of art.

He looked first at his living room. He knew that it would be the most used room in the house. Therefore, he particularly wanted to make it convenient for every one of its uses.⁷ Once again he looked at his activity sheet. There he saw that the living room would have to provide for his wife's bridge parties and his daughter's entertaining, as well as for his own reading and leisure.⁸ He saw that the first two required a considerable amount of space, and although his living room was twelve by eighteen, he knew that he would still have to find ways to save space. By this time the wheels in Mr. Jones' head were revolving furiously, and as he inhaled deeply from his pipe, he felt that his creative ability was second only to Frank Lloyd Wright's. "I'll install built-in furniture wherever possible," said Mr. Jones.⁹ With the thrill of a child making mud pies, he sketched in several wall sofas with storage space beneath. In a secluded corner he sketched in a set of wall shelves for his books, and within this unit he also put several drawers as well as a recess for

² *Ibid.*, pp. 60-1. ³ *Ibid.*, p. 71.

⁴ Clarence W. Dunham, *Planning Your Home for Better Living* (New York, 1945), p. 42.

⁵ H. V. Walsh, *Let's Plan a Home* (Toledo, 1945), p. 21.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 23. ⁷ Dunham, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

⁸ George Nelson and Henry Wright, *Tomorrow's House* (New York, 1945), pp. 16-8.

⁹ Breines, *op. cit.*, p. 78.

his radio. He then meditated over his plan. It was still rather barren. To correct this, he placed a love-seat facing the fireplace and two soft easy chairs near the wall unit that housed his books and radio.¹⁰ Now the living room could really be lived in. Without moving a single piece of furniture, his wife would have room for four tables of bridge. Daughter could hold her shindigs with very little furniture-moving. All she needed was to have the love-seat turned around to face the center of the room. Mr. Jones frowned slightly when he saw that he could not use the living room while his wife and daughter were holding their activities. But, he just had to be satisfied with hoping to have it for at least three nights a week.

Next Mr. Jones' eyes turned toward the kitchen. He knew that his wife would spend most of her time there; so he tried to make things as convenient as possible for her. Turning once again to his activity sheet, he saw that not only cooking, but light washing, ironing, sewing, and eating would also have to be done in the kitchen.¹¹ That meant that the kitchen had to have plenty of storage space. He smirked again as he erased one of the wall partitions dividing the kitchen from the dining room, and in the place he put a built-in storage cabinet the entire length of the wall.¹² Being satisfied with this, he arranged his sink, work tables, refrigerator, and range in the shape of a "U" so that his wife could stand in one place and touch practically everything she needed while preparing a meal.¹³ This left plenty of room for a breakfast nook. Mr. Jones gloated with pride. But making cabinets out of his dining room partitions decreased the size of his already-too-small dining room. With several more strokes of his eraser, he took out the partition between the dining and living rooms. Now he had a dining and living room combined. Once again Mr. Jones grunted with satisfaction.

Having the living room, the dining room, and kitchen well under hand, Mr. Jones turned his attention toward the bathroom. The area he had provided for it was a good deal larger than the usual five-by-seven bathrooms that barely provided the minimum areas for the fixtures. From the activity sheet Mr. Jones found that the wife and the daughter did quite a bit of their primping in the bathroom. If he mad it large and pleasant enough, perhaps, by the element of suggestion, he could induce them into doing *all* of their primping in the bathroom. So, he sketched in a lavatory with a counter on each side for combs, hair brushes, and bobby-pins. Over this he drew a bold line that was supposed to represent a large mirror.¹⁴ In this unique creation he had overlooked one thing. If his wife and daughter did all their primping in the bathroom, he wouldn't have time to use the shower. However, Mr. Jones' wheels were still working, and he took care of the situation by several

¹⁰ Nelson and Wright, *op. cit.*, pp. 16-7.

¹¹ Dunham, *op. cit.*, p. 89.

¹² Breines, *op. cit.*, p. 115.

¹³ Dunham, *op. cit.*, p. 55.

¹⁴ Nelson and Wright, *op. cit.*, p. 105.

more strokes of the pencil. These were supposed to represent partitions, putting the lavatory, the tub, and the toilet each in an individual compartment. This made it possible for three people to use the bathroom at once.¹⁵

By this time Mr. Jones' enthusiasm was at its highest. He was perfectly satisfied with his accomplishments so far, and after a quick look at the bedrooms, he would have his plan complete. His pencil went to work again as he made a trial sketch for locating his furniture. The bed could be put only in one position, and, after he drew in the bureaus and chiffoniers, he found that his bedroom seemed terribly cramped and junky.¹⁶ "Let's see," said Mr. Jones to himself. "I solved the space problem in the living room with built-in sofas. I did the same in the kitchen with built-in cabinets. I wonder—heh, heh, heh!" Yes, Mr. Jones was going to design a built-in bureau with drawers flush with the wall. Having this completed, he found the bedroom a trifle bare. There was an empty corner that seemed to be wasted. Then Jones shrieked with delight as he furiously drew his symbols for an easy chair, a desk, and small book shelves.¹⁷ He drew them with such haste that it seemed as though he was afraid the idea would leave him before he got it down on paper. When he finished, he was still breathing hard, but bubbling with self-satisfaction. Now he had an escape from the bridge parties and shindigs. The plan was complete.

Needless to say, Mr. Jones had the house built as quickly as possible. When it was finished, he did the same as his ancestor, Clarence. The neighbors drew out of their cute colonial dwellings, their Old English cottages, and their ornate Victorian houses. Poor Jones' house was showered with criticism. "Sure, it is very convenient for living, but who ever heard of such a large bathroom, and how can that poor wife rearrange furniture three times a week with built-in sofas?" But, worst of all, it didn't look like anything people used to live in one hundred years ago. Mr. Jones, however, had worked too hard on his design to be affected by such criticism. He simply told them all to go to the same place where he sent his large front lawn.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 104.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 116.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 114.

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The Year I Grew Up

PATRICIA WILLIAMSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

DURING MY EIGHTEENTH SUMMER, I DECIDED I NEEDED a job. I made a charming call on the superintendent of the Alton Recreation Department and poured out the details of the wide scope of my experience. Whether my speech really impressed him or whether the department was just badly in need of directors, I will never know. A few months later I was the director of Water Tower playground.

Water Tower—a living jumble of indignant, freckle-faced boys, dirty babies, lovers who cuddled in the shade of the poplar trees next to the bleachers, sweet five-year-old girls in starched yellow, loafers who never said more than five words without a "Damn" or a "Hell," teasing teen-agers, frizzy blondes with red blouses and pink skirts which allowed too much of the knees to show, tall muscular ball players, lost little brothers, prominent business men who followed the city leagues with keen interest, and friends of mine who often paid me sympathetic calls to see if my cerebrum still served the function for which nature intended it. Water Tower—a civilization within itself!

Before the season opened, all the prospective directors attended a series of lectures on handicraft, games, first aid, and theories of youthful punishment. The climax of this training was a grand field day at Water Tower playground, during which Alton's eighteen directors received final instructions before they opened their individual playgrounds. My first impression of Water Tower was as dramatic as the summer itself.

We were sitting around the long table in the shelter house while Mr. Bean explained how to apply a tourniquet. I had been surveying my new home. There was a piano in the room which had a rather nice tone if I didn't happen to need low B_b, middle C, or the F[#] above it. In the basement, were a ping-pong table and some showers. A certain odor which reminded me somewhat of a sewer persisted, but if I tried to concentrate on something nice, I could forget it. About ten open windows bordered the walls of the room, and outside I could catch a glimpse of groups of children venturing closer to the house. A boy with a bushy burr and freckles pushed his head in the window while his blazing-faced buddy stood behind him singing. At another window, a medium-sized blond stuck his foot upon the window sill and climbed into the room. His eyes questioned us for a moment, waiting to see whether we would scold his boldness. Then he motioned to three friends, who immediately forced their heads through the window too.

Mr. Bean paused in his directions and scratched his head a minute. He was a man whom I have never known to speak a harsh word until absolutely

all other known psychological theories have been attempted. "Boys," he ventured, still contemplating a bit over the situation, "if you want to listen to what we're saying, come in and have a seat."

The words had been spoken. That was the encouragement for which they longed. Within three minutes, about fifteen little boys had shoved their way through the open windows, dragged the metal folding chairs around the room, placed a few blows on each others' ears, and perched themselves at various points around us. My eyes wandered over the group and I forced my lips into a quaint smile. After all, I was almost going to live with this brigade all summer, and it would rather help if they liked me. One long lad slumped in a chair near the table, a cigarette jammed between his teeth and his hair waving over his eye to give him an appearance of Veronica Lake with masculine traits. Smoking among the children had been strictly forbidden for years, but who was I to speak at this stage?

Mr. Bean took a deep breath. "Now," he continued, "the important thing to remember is to put the tourniquet between the wound and the heart."

"Ouch! You crook!" Behind me an inflamed boy landed a blow on his companion's Adam's apple. "I'll get even with you for that hot foot," he wailed, swinging madly. On the other side of the room, a clashing of giggles parted the air. Three nearly grown boys took turns playing with one of the girl director's curls, much to her embarrassment and helplessness.

Mr. Bean bit his lip. "Boys," he announced in a firm voice, "I am afraid you all better go outside. We have work to do to make a real summer for you. Come on, all of you."

Several of the smaller boys stirred and a few moved toward the door, but the big boy with the Veronica Lake hair style folded his arms neatly on his lap while his expression dared Mr. Bean to make a further command.

"Boys," Mr. Bean's voice was still within its normal range, "I asked you to leave. Let's make a good impression on your new directors."

The boys seemed impervious to his orders. After an awkward silence, several of the men directors volunteered themselves to the task of grabbing some of the problems by the arms and pulling. This was halfway successful. Most of the boys under eight, who did not as yet know more than their school teachers and parents, giggled and scampered out of the shelter house, but the big boy with the hanging hair smiled as I had once seen a dead end kid smile in the movies, and stamped his foot.

"Boys," Mr. Bean bellowed, "I said to leave."

Two husky six-foot directors approached the difficult boy on either side and tugged at his shoulders. He sprang to his feet and glared at them. A series of words, which I had not heard before at the time, but which furthered my education through the summer, followed, and he was flung from the room. His buddies followed in similar fashion.

The directors immediately raced around the room, closing and locking all the windows. Four physical education majors threw all their weight on the door, holding it against the force of the opposing juvenile mob on the other side. At last, it was locked. Harsh threats and vile words squeezed into the room through the closed window. Two dirty girls pounded on the glass.

Instead of helping to chase them out, I only sat in the same chair I had occupied all afternoon and stared at my feet. I wasn't the fainting type fortunately, or I surely would have keeled over. My brain whirled round and round trying to grasp, to realize the events which had just occurred. They talked about problems! Discipline! How would I survive the summer? These urchins would kill me! Suddenly I looked up and realized all eyes were upon me. The boys held mischievous grins, but the girls showered me with tender expressions such as they might give a mother whose only son lay ill in the hospital. Poor Patsy! The murmur drifted through the room. Poor Patsy!

This was my introduction to Water Tower. This was my first impression of Alton's big, rough playground. It was difficult to relax over the weekend and look forward to a summer of interesting work. Monday was a big day. Monday, the eight-week playground season would open.

If my first impression of Water Tower was a nightmare, my first day was a living Hades. Before I applied for the job, friends had cautioned me that the class of people that generally roams the playgrounds is sometimes hard to control. My wildest dreams did not picture the scene which took place the first day.

At 7:00 P. M., Bob, my fellow director, and I decided it was time to close the shelter house, which seemed ready to explode any minute from the concussion of shouts and stomping within. Exactly one hour later, it was empty. With the help of two older boys, I chased each individual child around the room, dragged him to the door, which Bob was guarding, and literally threw him out into the horde of children who were fighting to re-enter. Every now and then someone would push past Bob, and the long struggle of catching him would begin all over again.

I couldn't sleep very well that night. Being naturally a peace-loving girl, I couldn't relish the prospect of yelling—bickering—punching all summer.

The story of Water Tower cannot be told in a single article. To repeat the tale of laughter, quarrels, thrills, and tears of that summer, I could fill the pages of a good-sized novel. Here, I can tell only a few of the events—the ones which I will remember the longest.

The Recreation Department issued to the grounds some equipment which included a box of textile paints, an expensive vibra-tool, scrap metal, and yarn. This was supposed to lead to some elaborate form of art work. I surveyed my hoodlums and laughed at the thought. If I could control them, I would be happy.

Whenever I removed the material from the cupboard, either a jar of paint or the scissors always seemed to disappear and somehow find their way into the hands of an eight-year-old girl named Margaret Linden. Margaret! Of all the fighting, senseless kids, she drove me the nearest to the psychologist's office. Margaret didn't own a comb, and there was always an old streak of dirt on her neck.

One day Margaret's older sister, Ruth, came to me with blood creeping over her foot. I calmly applied iodine, for a cut foot was an everyday occurrence on the playground. There was always broken glass to wedge into tiny feet even though some of them were so tough they could run through gravel without the slightest pain.

"Margaret," I begged, "Ruth shouldn't walk home with this cut on the bottom of her foot. It is liable to become infected. Please run home and get her shoes."

Margaret pulled on her faded dress, which swung above her dark panties. "No," she whimpered, "I won't go home and get *her* shoes."

"Margaret," I burst out, "your sister has cut her foot. You live only two blocks away."

Margaret whined, "No, I won't go home for her. She wouldn't for me."

"Margaret, your sister's hurt. She's hurt."

"No, I won't."

I stormed, "Haven't you any concern for your sister? Haven't you any sense?"

She raised her chin and laughed.

I groaned and said a few words to myself that I had picked up that summer. I knew it was useless to talk to Margaret's little sister, Christine, or Robbie, the young brother. He had a permanent dirt cake plastered on his face, and all he ever seemed to think about was doing what was forbidden. I tried to persuade some of the other children, but the ones who were anxious to help me wouldn't venture into the Lindens' household for fear their mothers would find out and make them bathe in Lysol. As a result, I reached a decision. I would borrow one of the bicycles and ride Ruth home myself.

Margaret ran up to the bicycle and wailed, "Are you going to take her home?"

I hardly felt like talking to her. "Yes," I lamented, "I'm taking her home."

I pedaled out of the park. Suddenly, I realized we were being followed and turning. I saw, to my disgust, a small girl tagging after us.

"Margaret," I shouted, "don't you dare come home with us now. I begged you to go before."

She laughed and chewed a wad of grass.

I glared at her and resumed my pumping. Across the wide street and down a tar road into the hollow we went. I raced past rows of humble cottages and

then looked back. She was still chasing us. Ruth instructed me to stop in front of a shack plastered with imitation brick. I could see the bare walls through the window and noticed the front porch, badly rotted and termite-eaten.

Margaret raced up to the bicycle and sneered. I wanted to yell at her and call her names, but it wasn't the thing for a tactful playground director to do.

"Here, Ruth," I said sweetly. "Now don't walk around with that cut unless you have some shoes on."

An enormous, bowlegged woman, with straight hair dangling in her eyes and a tiny girl tugging at her skirts, struggled up the street.

"Is this your mother, Ruth?" I asked.

She nodded.

I could remember how Margaret had announced at the first of the summer that they were going to have twins in September. I smiled graciously at Mrs. Linden. It was nice to meet the parents.

She nodded at me, made a strange whining noise, and yanked her daughter into the house.

Perhaps it was here that I began to think. Perhaps I began to grow up. Perhaps it was here that I stopped hating my job and found a new deep feeling for it. I detested the wild rabble which populated Water Tower. If only they could all be nice educated people! As my supervisor once told me, playgrounds were not created for nice educated people. The Lindens! Water Tower! The Lindens! My eyes crawled over Ruth—Margaret—the filthy shack. I had heard something of the Lindens' background before. The father lived in local taverns. The mother was not mentally normal. There were seven children, and two or three had died. Every year a baby was born. Ruth had never used a tooth brush in all her ten years. No plumbing! Dirt! Filth! Lice! Impetigo! I hung my head, closed my eyes, and felt sick all over.

The summer wore on. There were hikes, ball tournaments, field days, a pageant, street showers, and truck rides. The shouting didn't drive me crazy any more. The children and I had fun laughing and playing. We liked each other now, and we had fun.

One day I brought a wash tub to the playground, and we soaped and rubbed the Lindens. Some of the children brought dresses they had outgrown. The features of Ruth, Margaret, and Christine glowed beneath neatly combed hair. As I watched them walk home in shoes and gingham dresses, I smiled and whispered to myself, "Of all the things I've done this summer, this is the best—this is the best."

At last, eight weeks were over, and the season closed. My friends congratulated me on my survival and sighed with relief that the horrible, horrible job was over. I don't know. I will probably do something else next summer, but I will always cherish the memory of Water Tower. I like to believe it made me grow up—I like to believe it made me a little better girl.

The Least of These . . .

VIRGINIA CARTER

Rhetoric I, Theme 12, 1947-1948

WHAT AN ASSIGNMENT! THE WHOLE CLASS SEEMED to groan in unison. Our English 13 course was going to be just what it had been "cracked up" to be—much work, unpleasant work. The instructor, disregarding our dismay, continued to outline our work for the next few weeks. We were to write our term paper on *The Slums and Our Town*, and we were to gather all our material from personal observation. So, as a dutiful student, I went out to inspect the "lower class." Borrowing my dad's car, I started out, trying to locate the five slum areas that the teacher had specified.

It wasn't hard. Of course I knew about the East End, where the FHA had started the housing project, and I knew something about the West End, just about five blocks from our house; but what else I didn't know, I soon found out. The slums were not limited to the east and west, but were also in the north, south, and central sections. I'll have to admit that what I saw was gathered from fleeting glances, but by keeping even one eye open, I couldn't miss some things. The biggest surprise to me was the tenement houses just about four blocks from the city square; I had passed those same buildings at least once a week, but had never noticed them. Why? Because facing the main street were the glittering lights of the taverns and restaurants, while in the upper floors and along the alleys lived families—large families—in condemned firetraps. I felt a momentary sensation of pity as I saw little ragamuffins running up and down the garbage-cluttered passageways, playing "cops and robbers." This paradise for disease and filth was hidden from most people, but it still existed. It was real, too real. In the other areas it was much the same: garbage and people, people and garbage. My first sensation of pity changed to disgust. Anyone can keep clean, I argued.

Feeling very superior, I continued my mission—to see how the other half lived. In "Hollywood," ironically named for the American emblem of luxury, conditions were even worse. The houses (I'm taking liberty in using the word) were made of everything from pasteboard boxes to rusted car fenders. Hollywood was a village in itself, made up of little six-by-six, box-like affairs set on the side of a hill, along the railroad track, or next to "Stink Creek," the city's open sewage disposal tank. There were no sanitation facilities, and almost everyone had to draw water from a common source. Was it polluted? Who knew? And who cared? This particular section was located just outside the city limits and was therefore of no concern to the city, but the dirty kids

went to the city schools; the drunken fathers roamed the city streets; and the shiftless mothers shopped at the city groceries.

It was of no concern to the city, and of much less concern to me. The old men, pushing their carts of junk, glared at me as I rode by in my Buick; some of the kids threw stones; and no one looked civilized—to me. Two or three excursions were enough to convince me that I wanted no more of that, but I wrote my paper very piously, being careful to stress the need for eradication of the slums—not because I thought "those people" deserved anything better, but because I knew that was what the teacher wanted. And when grades were pending, who was I to argue?

Christmas vacation came, and I forgot about the slums, at least for a while. It was a very short while, because before long I was "roped" into giving baskets of food, clothing, and toys to the poor in the slums. On Christmas Eve, with the car loaded down with wagons, skates, dolls, and about twelve boxes of food, we set out. The first stop was at the Farleys', a dilapidated, two-room brick house. The foundation was made of loosely-piled stone blocks set in the same soft mud that clung to our shoes as we walked through the cluttered yard. As I stepped in the door, a large chest piled high with everything imaginable confronted me. This was situated in the hall. To the right was a kitchen; I could tell by the small burner and the homemade table. To the left was the bedroom with one bed. And then I looked at the family: a grandmother, a father, a mother, and nine children. The floor didn't even look large enough to hold them. I can't describe the stifling odor that pervaded those two rooms, but it made me feel as if I were in an air-tight box with nothing but musty clothing to inhale. Dickie Farley interrupted my thoughts by grabbing the loaf of bread from the box of food, which I had just set on the table. He tore off the end wrapper and dashed out the door. Dickie was in my little sister's room at school, and now I knew why she thought he was "dumb." I knew why he came to school early and roamed the neighborhood at night. Even an eight-year-old would want to get away. I wanted to, and we did.

The rest of the "homes" were much the same: one or two rooms, a bed or so, a few cooking facilities, no water, no electricity, ten to fifteen kids. This time, instead of taking a fleeting glance, I was forced to stand on the inside and look out. I saw a different picture and a different people. Some were proud, and some were humble. Some were resentful, but some were thankful. I also discovered that the little "hoodlums" were hungry—for food, for toys, and for friends.

That Christmas Eve I received a new outlook on some of the unhappy people. I saw the drunken father as a little boy, who had a drunken father, who as a little boy had a drunken. . . . I saw the untidy, filthy mother as a little girl, who had an untidy, filthy mother, who as a little girl. . . . It was

almost a caste system in our own free America. They were born of low caste, and that's where most of them stayed. They had the opportunities, but no one bothered to teach them how to use their opportunities. It was true they went to the public schools until they were sixteen, but for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four they lived among people whose chief aim in life was to get "stewed" every Saturday night. It was true they had freedom of speech, but practically all they heard was cursing. They had freedom of religion, but what was religion? They had all the rights given to them by the Constitution, but they were hungry. I finally came to the realization that the slums are creating criminals, and not criminals slums. We carry on extensive campaigns to wipe out the breeding places of harmful insects, and yet we let the slums go unmolested year after year.

I was in a very pensive mood as I helped decorate our Christmas tree late that Christmas Eve. I slowly began to unwrap the Christmas ornaments. I nonchalantly scanned the front page of a newspaper on top of one of the boxes: "Youths Steal Car," "Drunk Slays Wife," "Boy Held on Murder Charge," "Stewarts Hold Celebration." I stopped there and read the article. "The Stewarts, leading family . . . , held a gigantic Christmas party. . . . No expense was spared." I thought of Dickie, of drunken Jacobs, of old lady Jones and her twelve kids. . . . I read again: "NO EXPENSE WAS SPARED."

The Intersection

DONALD E. ARMSTRONG

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1947-1948

THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL FLASHED A SCARLET WARNING TO the hurrying motorists. I stepped on the brake pedal quickly and felt the car respond. It slowed to a stop at the intersection. Automatically I shifted the gears into neutral and glanced down the tree-lined boulevard. The bright sunlight cascaded through the branches of the trees and was reflected in multicolored splashes of light from the dozens of cars scurrying up and down the road.

The large trees along either side of the road arched so far out over the pavement that I seemed to be in an enormous tunnel. Their massive trunks formed a gigantic picket fence, behind which nestled rows of neat, suburban homes, shaded by the leafy roof overhead. The gnarled and aged trunks of the trees seemed to form a protective barrier secluding the dwellings from the rest of the world.

A little girl skipped happily along the sidewalk, her golden pigtails dancing on her shoulders, like puppets on a string. Suddenly a boy darted from behind a tree and jerked one of the pigtails impishly. With a squeal of pain and anger, the little girl turned on her tormentor. As she stamped her foot in rage, the boy ran down the street laughing merrily. The little girl turned and trudged on up the street, her recent joy dimmed by the boy's thoughtless prank.

On the corner stood a middle-aged man with a lunch bucket under his arm. His clothes were those of a laboring man. His trousers were smudged with grease and dirt as if he had been lying on the ground under a car. His hands were large and rough, the hands of a worker. His shoulders drooped slightly with weariness and with his load of worldly cares and responsibilities. His face was etched deeply with age's distinguishing lines. And his cap, pulled low, shaded two weary eyes that turned to search the street for the approach of his bus.

My eyes wandered across to the opposite corner, following the graceful movements of an attractive young woman who was approaching the crossing. Her high-heeled step click-clicking along the sidewalk accented the carefree swing of her arms. A well-shaped face, outlined by soft masses of chestnut-colored hair, seemed to radiate charm and shower good will on everyone she met.

The brazen blast of an auto horn jerked my eyes to the center of the intersection. An ancient, battered car, piloted by an old, gray-haired man, slid to a stop as a shiny limousine sped possessively across its path. In a moment the limousine had disappeared on down the street. With a jerk the aged machine started up again, and the old man drove on down the street.

"Ding-ding-ding," chimed a small bell. At a gas station on the corner an attendant was filling the tank of a car with gasoline. The tiny bell continued to ring each time a gallon of fuel was delivered. Suddenly gasoline gushed from the mouth of the tank and ran down the fender of the car. The attendant quickly shut off the gas, replaced the hose on its bracket, and screwed the gas tank cap into place. He walked to the front of the car and scrubbed at the windshield with a rag for a moment or two. The driver handed him a bill, and after much fumbling and searching through his pockets, he found the necessary change. As the car drove away, he turned to another customer.

A sharp horn blast from behind me startled me, and I glanced at the traffic signal. It was green. Quickly I shifted the gears into low and let out the clutch. Cough—cough! I had killed the engine. I pressed the starter button quickly. The starter whined for a few seconds and then the motor started. I hesitated momentarily to allow a silver-haired old woman to cross in front of my car. With a self-conscious glance in the rear view mirror, I hurried across the intersection and on down the boulevard.

The Tacoma Narrows Bridge

ROBERT MACK

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1947-1948

THE NORTHWEST PORTION OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON is divided in a north-and-south direction by the waters of Puget Sound, which separate an area of land about 80 miles in length and 90 miles in width from the rest of the state. This area, known as the Olympic Peninsula, is well provided with local highways, but Puget Sound effects a barrier between it and the rest of the state to the east. All travel to and from the peninsula is by means of ferries in the vicinity of Seattle and Tacoma or by highways around the southern end of the sound through Olympia.

Puget Sound in the vicinity of Tacoma is restricted at its narrowest point to a width of about 4600 feet in what is termed the "Tacoma Narrows." The bridging of the sound at this location as a means of more ready access to the Olympic Peninsula had long been proposed; however, because of the great depth of the water and the swiftness of the tidal currents, the cost of a bridge was an effective barrier to its financing, and all efforts of private individuals in this direction failed.

In 1937 the state legislature created the Washington Toll Bridge Authority with the power to finance, construct, and operate toll bridges. Applications were made to the Public Works Administration and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for apportioning costs. During the summer of 1938, the Toll Bridge Authority prepared detailed plans and specifications for the bridge and on November 25, 1938, concluded a contract for the construction.

The plans provided for a connection with the city streets in Tacoma on the east and with an existing highway system on the west. The bridge was to consist of a suspension structure with a total length of 5000 feet divided between a central span of 2800 feet and spans on each side of 1100 feet. Approaches and anchorages would bring the overall length to 5939 feet. A normal vertical clearance of 196 feet was allowed for navigation purposes. The structure was to have a two-lane roadway 26 feet in width with a four-foot, nine-inch walk along each side.¹

Construction was commenced on November 29, 1938, two days before contract negotiations were completed.² The first task confronting the bridge builders was to make an accurate survey to determine the location of the structure. Transits used in this survey read to ten seconds; that is, they

¹ Clark H. Eldridge, "Tacoma Narrows Bridge," *Civil Engineering*, 10 (May, 1940), 299.

² *The Failure of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge* (three separate reports compiled by Texas Agricultural and Mechanical University and issued as a bulletin, hereinafter to be referred to as *Texas Bulletin*, Report A, B, or C), Report B, 1944, p. 17.

could measure an angle as small as ten seconds. And chaining, or measuring, was done with steel tapes mounted on tripod bases with readings taken to one-thousandth of a foot. The final result of this accurate survey may be exemplified by noting that the final angles turned for the centers of the main piers varied only about one-quarter of one inch in distances ranging up to several thousand feet.³

The various components of the bridge were completed as follows: main piers, September 11, 1939; towers, January 6, 1940; cables, March 9, 1940; suspended steel, May 31, 1940; concrete roadways, June 28, 1940.⁴

Shortly before noon on November 7, 1940, the main span of the bridge, set in motion by the wind, ripped away and fell into the waters of the sound. Cables and towers survived and held up the side spans, though the latter sagged about thirty feet as the towers, which are fixed at the base by steel anchors deeply imbedded in the concrete piers, were bent sharply back by the unbalanced pull at the side span cables.

A wind reported as 42 miles per hour was blowing on the morning of the accident. Failure appeared to begin at mid-span with the buckling of the stiffening girders. Suspenders snapped and their ends jerked high in the air above the main cables, while sections of the floor system several hundred feet in length fell out successively, breaking up the roadway toward the towers until only stubs remained.⁵

As the twist approached its maximum, the deck tilted from side to side through vertical angles of more than 45 degrees with the horizontal; looking down the bridge lengthwise, one could see lighting standards on opposite sides of the deck at opposite ends of the bridge crossing at right angles.⁶

The first actual failure was due to the slipping of the cable band on the north side of the bridge. This slipping started torsional oscillations. These torsional movements caused breaking stresses at various points of the suspended structure, and further structural damage followed almost immediately. The dropping of the greater part of the suspended structure of the center span was made possible by the failure of the suspenders.⁷

Since the Tacoma Narrows Bridge was the third longest suspension span in existence (Golden Gate, 4200 feet; George Washington, 3500 feet),⁸ with a total cost of \$6,469,770,⁹ various detailed reports were made on the extent of damage to the structure. In the main they agreed quite closely. It was

³Fred C. Dunham, "Triangulation for the Tacoma Narrows Bridge," *Civil Engineering*, 11 (March, 1941), 145-6. ⁴*Texas Bulletin, loc. cit.*

⁵N. A. Bowers, "Tacoma Narrows Bridge Wrecked by Wind," *Engineering News Record*, 125 (November 14, 1940), 1.

⁶N. A. Bowers, "Model Tests Showed Aerodynamic Instability," *Engineering News Record*, 125 (November 21, 1940), 47.

⁷*Texas Bulletin*, Report B, Introduction.

⁸"Pacific Northwest Bridges Completed," *Engineering News Record*, 125 (July 11, 1940), 58.

⁹*Texas Bulletin*, Report C, p. 3.

recommended that the cables and the main towers be dismantled, but that the concrete piers be used again for they were in a satisfactory condition.

The unspinning of the main cables, a difficult job in itself, was further complicated by the fact that one strand had wound around the other strands during a wind storm and caused considerable friction in pulling operations. Fifty-two percent of the wire was removed speedily and with no great difficulty during the first month of operation, but three months were required to remove the remaining forty-eight percent. Tremendous forces of friction had to be overcome to remove much of the latter portion of cable. Deposits of zinc oxide, red lead, dust, and wax were continually being rubbed off the wire in the pulling process and were left on remaining strands. These substances, wetted by rain, formed a gummy compound which greatly increased friction. This condition was finally solved with the use of kerosene as a solvent.¹⁰

Dismantling the steel towers of the bridge could not be started until after the cables were down and out of the way. While the cables were being dismantled, a considerable amount of preparatory work in the manufacture of equipment, the placing of hoisting engines, and the construction of protection sheds was carried on. There were about 1900 tons of steel in each tower. Operations were started on the southerly or Tacoma tower first, and then the equipment was moved to the opposite tower, where the same procedure was repeated. Dismantling equipment was set on the first tower on March 15, 1943, and by May 11, the tower was down. The steel was removed at a rate of 235 tons per week. The equipment was moved to the second pier on May 18, and the actual steel removal was completed in thirty days, a rate of 750 tons per week.¹¹

After the unspinning of the main cables and the dismantling of the towers, the total value of the remaining portions of the structure was estimated at \$3,250,000. Included in this estimate were the main piers and those parts of the anchorages and the west approach which remained intact and could be utilized in a bridge of new design.

Starting with the old substructure, in which the main span would be 2800 feet, and following the principles established by wind tunnel tests to avoid objectionable vibration, a design was developed for a four-lane structure with a cable spacing of sixty feet. Although the cables of the original bridge were only thirty-nine feet apart, the tower legs were battered, and the spread at the base was fifty feet. The piers are long enough to accommodate the sixty-foot spacing of the new tower legs.

In the new bridge the greater weight of the superstructure (about fifty percent more than the original) will increase the foundation loads less than one

¹⁰ Charles E. Andrew, "Observations of a Bridge Cable Unspinner," *Engineering News Record*, 131 (August 26, 1943), 89-91.

¹¹ Charles E. Andrew, "Dismantling the Tacoma Narrows Bridge Towers," *Engineering News Record*, 131 (October 21, 1943), 92-3.

ton per square foot. Since both piers are founded on well-graded gravel and sand, such an increase will be of no consequence. Like the piers, the anchorages remained intact after the collapse, and a considerable number of them, at least sixty percent, can be used for the new superstructure.¹²

The various reports on the collapse of the bridge gave similar conclusions, the most noteworthy of which follow:

The Tacoma Narrows Bridge was well designed and built to resist safely all static forces, including wind, usually considered in the design of similar structures. Its failure resulted from excessive oscillations caused by wind action.

The suspension type is the most suitable and the most economical that could have been selected for the bridge. No more satisfactory location could have been chosen.

There can be no question that the quality of the materials in the structure, and the workmanship, were of a high order.¹³

¹² Charles E. Andrew, "Redesign of the Tacoma Narrows Bridge," *Engineering News Record*, 135 (November 29, 1945), 64.

¹³ *Texas Bulletin*, Report B, Introduction.

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Child at the Circus

A little boy stood wide-eyed in the midst of the circus activities. Large tents loomed grotesquely into the sky. The air smelled of taffy, popcorn, cotton candy, and splitting hot dogs. The sawdust covered the ground in heaps. The little boy turned, twisted, trying to take in all the sights at once. While the barkers yelled at passing customers, the child was fascinated by the merry-go-round. He watched other little boys mount the horses and whish around and around. Fumbling into his tight knee pants, he produced a dime and sauntered into the merry-go-round line. A smile of expectation crept across his face. In his eyes a bright light shone. When he reached the ticket office, the cashier leaned across the counter and said, "No colored allowed." The light died.—ROBERT LARUE

The Great Gatsby

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ALEXANDER MONTO

Rhetoric I, Book Report, 1947-1948

FITZGERALD'S INTENTION IN *THE GREAT GATSBY* IS obviously to point up the futility of the life of the twenties through the portrayal of a man who lived futilely and died futilely. Since Fitzgerald himself lived in the period and absorbed its feelings and beliefs, his novel shows honesty of purpose and accuracy and fullness in performance. It is depressingly successful.

How, specifically, does he achieve his purpose? In the first place, to get a true portrayal of the period and to expound his theme, he uses a relatively simple plot that does not have a mass of complex adventures through which the hero goes, but, rather, relatively few incidents and an untwisted thread of action. By using the point of view of a character in the book, he achieves an air of reality for his almost incredible descriptions, such as that of the eyes in the oculist's advertisement. By using Long Island and New York as a setting, he makes scenes like Gatsby's parties and the desolate wastes along the railroad possible and believable. These points are important; for though a novelist of Fitzgerald's stature might have created such an effect in a different way in a different setting, yet they make this story seem more true and real. They also add to the style of the book because they make his portrayal intrinsic and apparent, not something so carefully contrived that the mechanism of the contrivance detracts from the central impression.

The power and comprehensiveness with which he depicts the period come from his marvelous characterizations, however; though a writer be ever so skilled, he cannot make a period come to life for the reader without making the people in it completely and credibly human. It is true that Fitzgerald's characters do not change much during the action; yet the space of a short summer that is the duration of the plot is scarcely enough to warrant any violent alteration of human beings. The book is written in the first person, the narrator being one Nick Carraway, who, of course, speaks for the author; and the characters develop through his understanding and are thus relayed to the reader. They are revealed by their speech and by comments from the author-narrator that are completely realistic and smooth-flowing and unmarred by unwieldy blocks of description or analysis.

The characters are complex. Take Tom Buchanan for example. His great brutality and drive, which would indicate a self-sufficient, skeptical mind, are coupled with a paradoxical credulity for the pseudo-scientific

theories of race dominance which he spouts at every opportunity. There's also Jordan Baker. What her next action will be is never obvious, and who understands her motives? These characters are real individuals and not wooden types, yet they have a curious universality. Who hasn't met an ex-football player like Tom Buchanan, "a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anti-climax"?

The first person narration, consecutive action, terse diction, and expressive language combine to produce that elusive something called style. It is this style which makes it impossible to read the book rapidly or aloud without destroying some of its highly personal effect. Clear and forceful, it expresses perfectly the thoughts of a bold and original thinker. Fitzgerald's grasp of his central idea unifies the style and makes it a fine tool with which to sketch his scenes.

As stated at the beginning of this review, the main significance of the book lies in its ability to make a departed and fabulous period live for us again, and also to show the futility of the life of this period. Of course, it is customary for the reviewer who wants to put his own views on paper to tack them on to reviews under the pretext of demonstrating the significance of the book he is discussing; but despite the danger of reading my own views into *The Great Gatsby*, I'll risk some comments on its significance.

That a period such as Fitzgerald recreates should ever have existed, much less existed only two decades ago, seems a bit fantastic today. The jazz age seems as remote as the Eocene. The flappers and jazz babies have fled with the rah rah boys, and all that comes back to us from that world is an echo of gay laughter and a flash of tinsel. What caused such a world to come into being? What was it worth? To the latter question Fitzgerald answers, "Nothing." Gatsby dies alone and is buried unmourned. His former splendor is forgotten, as he is. To the first question, the answers are too complex and numerous for anyone's understanding, not to mention descriptive powers; but one or two general causes can be touched upon.

As others have better stated, the early twenties were a period of disillusionment. The country had almost recovered from the war physically and economically, but there were other effects. The high ideals of Wilson and the altruistic aims of the war "to make the world safe for democracy" had been ripped to tatters in the shameful compromises of the peace of Versailles. The campaigns of the "muckrakers" had not so long before finished laying bare the corruption and baseness of politics and business. "Debunking" was the attitude most commonly expressed. People believed in nothing—but pleasure.

The economic answer is another that can be given. The reign of Queen Victoria ushered in a period of mechanization and industrial development that changed the whole pattern of economic life. This economic change also changed the social order, although the big break in prevailing social customs

and attitudes did not come until the First World War. After that, wealth and power brought their possessor social prestige also. The industrialization of our country brought about the shift of population to the urban industrial centers and so created huge, sprawling metropolises like New York, the setting of *The Great Gatsby*. The civilization of the age grew from these cities, and its wealth, power, and neurotic people were their products. Its prevailing philosophy, materialism, was a natural result of industrialization.

Thus *The Great Gatsby* gives us human beings who are helplessly caught in vast historic and economic forces in an era that lives for us again. No other novel I have read presents the period better.

A Ride in a Rodeo

RONALD PRESTON

Rhetoric 1, Theme 5, 1947-1948

THE HOT RAYS OF THE SUN RESTED ON MY CHEEK AS I sat on the chute gate. For the past hour I had been watching men trying to stick to the slippery, eel-like back of a sun-fishing, pivoting, bellowing steer. Some of the men rode through the eight-second time limit. Some came limping back to the sidelines. Still others stood or lay in the arena with a dazed, surprised look on their faces; a leg or an arm, and sometimes both, hung queerly in their tight-fitting clothes. Others moved not at all, and the June dust settled slowly around their still forms.

Never before had I attempted to ride a steer. True enough, I had ridden a score of unbroken broncs, but still that wasn't like climbing aboard a wild long-horned steer, shipped straight from the plains of Wyoming or Nebraska. As I watched one of my best buddies thrown against the corral wall by a small but vicious steer, I heard my name called.

"You're next, buddy, chute number seven," said a tall, gangling figure standing below me.

I crossed over the chute to look at the steer I had drawn. Laughing Devil, the riders called him. He was a large, raw-boned animal with a loose, copper-colored hide that slid easily over his ribs and shoulders. His horns were about a foot and a half long—one curved down over a brown, ferocious eye, while the other stood straight up, like a finger pointing toward the sky and saying, "That's where you'll soon be, mister."

As I eased myself down in the chute, a hundred thoughts flashed through my mind. Would I be thrown and trampled or perhaps gored? I hoped not. Would it be easier than it looked? I fervently hoped so.

It wasn't the money that counted, but the feeling of exultation derived from doing something dangerous and exciting. Slipping lightly, oh, so lightly

on his withers, I trembled. I trembled not from fear, but in eager anticipation of the contest between brawn and skill.

The assistant handed me the sweaty, grime-hardened rope. I eased it under the steer's belly, and, running the end of the rope through the loop, I pulled it tight. A surprised grunt reached my ears as the steer expressed his feeling of outrage. I doubled the rope over my left hand and signalled that I was ready. Waiting for the chute gate to open, the steer remained disturbingly quiet, like the lull before the storm. Smelling the odor of his sweaty hide, mixed with that of the burned stubble fields and summer dust, I felt a deep satisfaction. As the chute gate opened, I felt the muscles under me suddenly grow as tight as a fresh-strung string of a banjo. Hitting the hard-packed earth like an exploding stick of dynamite, he went into a series of gymnastics I had believed impossible. He hit the ground at every conceivable angle, sometimes front feet first with the hind legs following, sometimes with the hind and front feet together, but always with a hard thump in his back to give me the benefit of every hard jolt. Going through his routine like a well-trained soldier, he sometimes emitted grunts and groans as I nearly became unseated at an especially clever trick. No wonder they call him the Laughing Devil, I thought, as I came close to hitting my head on his upturned horn. Suddenly he changed his tactics. From clean, fancy bucking he went into a whirl of side-jumps and buckling that made my insides feel like dirty clothes in a washing machine. He then started to sun-fish so violently I felt in another minute my neck would snap. Unexpectedly, tiredly, nearly subdued, he started to crow-hop, gradually quieting down to a stiff-legged run. At the end of the arena he stopped and expelled a great gust of air. Completely conquered, he stood with his head between his knees; his large pink nostrils contracted and expanded from the exertion like huge bellows. I slipped from his back, breathing heavily. Looking admiringly at his glistening hide and sweat-rimmed eyes, I felt great respect for his dynamic action and endurance.

As I walked back to the corral, I noticed the soft glow of the setting sun against the gold-rimmed clouds. Settling my aching muscles against the corral posts, I felt vividly alive and aglow with the supreme happiness that comes when a hard task is successfully accomplished.

Pin Ball Machine

Each player had his own technique of playing. One would shoot two or three balls at the same time; another, only one. Some released the stick with a sharp twist, thereby hoping to impart some "english" to the ball and make it hit more bumpers. But Sarge had his own manner of addressing the ball. He treated the little metal pellets as if they were human beings, and instead of slamming the plunger in to set up the ball, he would press it gently, talking to it all the time. He kept on talking to it as if he were speaking to a good friend, for only a good friend would stand for the language he used. The oddest part of the whole exhibition was that the balls seemed to act in almost precise accordance with his wishes, and by the end of the evening he had won more than twenty-five dollars.—JOHN SPIEGLER

Whaling in Our Time

DELMER MURPHY

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1947-1948

ALTHOUGH THE IMPORTANT USE OF WHALE BONE HAS disappeared since steel is now as flexible as and tougher than whale bone, whales are still hunted for many products. Ambergris, a material secured from the intestines of sick sperm whales, is used extensively today as a base or fixative in the most expensive perfumes.¹ Whale oil is probably the most important product, however, because there is so much of it. Low-grade oil, obtained from the boiling of the meat, is used in low-grade lubricating oils; while higher grades of oils, secured from the blubber, are used for preparing textile fibers for spinning, for treating leather, and in manufacturing soaps and candles.² A whale will yield about sixty-one barrels of these two grades of oils.³ Another important oil, found only in a cavity in the head of the sperm whale, is of very high grade, and is used as a base for face creams and for lubricating precision instruments such as watches, because it is not influenced by variations in the weather.⁴ Whale meat is used in many countries as a food. It was eaten even in the United States during the war; however, the most consistent users of whale meat are the Japanese, who have included it in their diet since their early history. There is no doubt that a whale supplies plenty of meat, for one tenderloin steak is twenty-five feet thick and weighs about fifteen tons.⁵

Whales are hunted with small, tug-like vessels called whale catchers or killer ships. The men aboard these small ships must be constantly on watch, for as a rule, whales are spotted while on the surface of the water. The whalers have two ways of spotting them: by their spout and by the noise accompanying this spout. Since whales are mammals, they must rise to the surface to breathe. The exhaled air, heavily laden with moisture blown into the cold air of the Arctic and Antarctic hunting grounds, is condensed into a cloud which is visible for many miles on a clear day. This blowing of air from their lungs is accompanied by a loud whistling sound which can be heard for great distances.⁶ Because normally the whale surfaces only every fifteen or twenty minutes,⁷ if a close lookout is not kept, a whale might pass by the ship unnoticed.

¹ R. C. Andrews, *Ends of the Earth* (New York, 1937), p. 33.

² "Thar She Blows," *Business Week* (July 21, 1945), 56.

³ E. H. Chatterton, *Whalers and Whaling* (London, 1925), p. 226.

⁴ "Thar She Blows," *loc. cit.* ⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 58.

⁶ A. G. Bennett, *Whaling in the Antarctic* (New York, 1939), pp. 18, 89.

⁷ David R. McCracken, "My Four Months on a Jap Whaler," *The Saturday Evening Post*, 220 (August 23, 1947), 98.

With new uses of radar and other war equipment, the whale is not safe even beneath the water. The British, since the ending of the war, have equipped whale catchers with radar and sound echo sounding gear to help track him down both on the surface and under the water.⁸

After the whale has been sighted, it must be identified before it can be killed. Because of the new effective methods of finding and killing whales, regulations have been passed to prevent certain types from becoming extinct. The harpooner must not only be careful that he does not shoot a mother whale or her small calf, but he must also be able to judge length, for he is not permitted to kill a whale under seventy feet in length.⁹ He must also be careful not to shoot any of the protected species. Other whales he must leave alone because the oil they yield is of very poor quality and is not wanted by the processing plants. The men aboard the killer ships can distinguish among the different species of whales by the form and frequency of the spout and by the variation in its whistling sound.¹⁰

After the whale has been properly identified as one to be killed, the harpooner is in charge of guiding the ship to within shooting range, which is normally about twenty-five yards.¹¹ Every time the whale submerges, the harpooner must guess where he will come up next;¹² however, the harpooner does have an advantage in that during the chase a whale can stay under the water only two or three minutes at a time.¹³ Because of his keen hearing both on the surface and under water, the whale is able to outmaneuver the ship many times before exhaustion forces him to surface for more frequent and longer periods. Even after the ship is in a position for the strike, the hard part is yet to come. Only a ridge of the whale's back is visible as a target above the water; both the whaler and the animal are in constant motion; and if the unwieldy six-foot, one-hundred-pound harpoon even touches a wave on the way toward its mark, it will be thrown off course.¹⁴

When the harpoon strikes the whale, four prongs at the tip spring out to forty-five degree angles to fasten it firmly in the flesh. At the point of the harpoon is a bomb about one foot long which explodes approximately four seconds after it leaves the muzzle of the gun.¹⁵ Yet, despite the powerful force of the bomb, the first harpoon seldom kills, and a second, and sometimes a third harpoon has to be shot before the whale is hit in a vital spot.¹⁶ The first shot may stun, enabling the killer ship to come in for the kill, or again the harpoon may have no visible effect. When this happens, the harpoon serves as an anchor in the whale for the heavy rope attached to the ship. A

⁸ "Antarctic Whaling," *Life*, 21 (Sept. 30, 1946), 123.

⁹ McCracken, *op. cit.*, pp. 98, 100.

¹⁰ James Travis Jenkins, *Whales and Modern Whaling* (London, 1932), pp. 18, 320.

¹¹ Chatterton, *op. cit.*, p. 215.

¹² "Antarctic Whaling," *loc. cit.*

¹³ McCracken, *op. cit.*, p. 98.

¹⁴ Bennett, *op. cit.*, pp. 41, 167.

¹⁵ Chatterton, *op. cit.*, p. 217.

¹⁶ Bennett, *op. cit.*, p. 163.

large whale can tow the two-hundred-ton vessel for several miles before the ship can catch up and deliver the fatal blow.¹⁷

When the whale has been killed, the rope prevents it from sinking. The carcass is hauled to the surface; and, through a hollow lance driven into the whale, air is pumped into its stomach to make it buoyant. The catch is then marked by a lance bearing one or more flags to identify it, and cast loose.¹⁸ If a factory ship is working with the whale catcher, it will be notified of the dead whale's location. The factory ships are capable of pulling the whale on board and processing it just as shore factories do. If the killer ship is not working with a factory ship, the whales are picked up at the end of the day and towed into a shore processing factory.¹⁹

¹⁷ Chatterton, *op. cit.*, p. 216.

¹⁸ Bennett, *op. cit.*, p. 165.

¹⁹ Chatterton, *op. cit.*, p. 219.

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Method in His Madness

My father and I are thorough disbelievers in tourist guides, as we like to roam through new cities discovering the unusual for ourselves. So it was that we wandered into the beautiful French Catholic Cathedral in the French Quarter of New Orleans. We had noticed a little wide-eyed fellow of about six years following us. As we entered the church he stepped up and quietly informed us that we were in the Saint Louis Cathedral, second oldest church in the country, and wouldn't we care to look around? All of this was in one breath. Father and I listened to lectures concerning the beautiful murals, where each saint is buried, and how each of the exquisite stained glass windows happened to be made. Each lecture sounded suspiciously more memorized than the last, but nevertheless it was delivered with obvious earnestness. Father and I exchanged glances. We admired the hand-painted ceiling, and our little friend smiled. We praised the beauty of the architecture, and his eyes sparkled. We said we thought we would leave, and once again he was the wide-eyed little business man. Holding out his small, sweaty hand he announced, "That will be ten cents please. Merci."—DORIS DAVIS

Blue Nose

WILLIAM H. JACKSON

Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1947-1948

BLUE NOSE," ALIAS "THE HATTER," WAS A REPRESENTATIVE of the kingdom of "the working man," of the phylum of the "laborer," and of the class of the "ranchhand"; he belonged to the family of "I ain't goin' to work," and he was of the species of "Gimme another drink."

No one knew where he was from, and when the question was put to him, he would whistle back through his tobacco-stained mustache the same reply, "From around these here parts some'ers." It mattered not where he was, for he gave the same answer in all sections of the country. Like many of his "brothers," he was from the "West," no matter how vast a territory the word took in. His birthplace was not marked by boundaries, and there was no certificate recorded to prove that he was alive. Many of his closest friends confided in me and swore that they did not know his name or his age. The only titles he went by were "Blue Nose" or "The Hatter." As for his age, I believe he must have been pushing sixty-nine into the next bracket. The origin of the name Blue Nose was obvious to all who knew him. As a matter of fact, a complete stranger could gaze upon his blue nose and brand him with the nickname. There must have been a tale behind the other alias, but I was not able to uncover one.

He bore the same appearance on all occasions, because to him there was no need of a new day or event. Since Blue Nose was always "carrying a load," his dirt-stiffened clothes kept him on his feet better than his legs could. I could never tell what color his shirt was; I believe at one time it must have been a red flannel. The hat he wore on top of the matted flea haven engulfing his head fitted the rest of his wardrobe. His denim trousers had never been introduced to the rub-board, and his shoes hid sockless feet. Blue Nose preached strongly against socks, staunchly declaring that they made the feet sore if worn too long. Rather than change socks once or twice a month, he completely avoided the ordeal by omitting them entirely.

I had the exclusive pleasure of meeting him through a bartender at the Old Faithful Saloon. I was not accustomed to frequenting such establishments, but because a friend of mine was working there, I felt it my duty to visit him whenever I was in the vicinity. When Duffy was busy, I helped him serve drinks at the bar. No experience was needed in mixing beverages; Duffy's customers drank straight whiskey, beer, wine, and tequila. I was introduced to Blue Nose during one such visit, and while I shook his right hand, he hastily downed a shot of tequila with his left.

After a few such meetings, Blue Nose and I became great friends—that is, friends as long as I supplied the "refreshments."

He would relate to me the frontier days of his youth. A few times he would bless his mother, and sometimes he would tell snatches of his love life. As he talked, I would try to peer into his dim eyes and catch flashes of moods that the old man expressed. He always put on airs of happiness and contentment, but always I could detect the miseries that haunted his mind. Frequently, he said to me, "Kid, don't you ever let yourself get as low and as filthy an old bum as me." I would cheer him up by telling him that he had been unlucky and had received all the hard knocks in life.

He would panhandle many drinks during a good day, and on a bad day, when the men were out on jobs, he would resort to any means of obtaining more. Many of the young bucks would take advantage of this: They would throw him to the floor when he begged for a drink; sometimes, they would make him jig to a fast tune someone eked out on a jew's-harp; they would tantalize him by making false promises of drinks. Blue Nose would sometimes jig endless numbers in frenzied desperation—many without music—to show his desperate need for "a little refreshment." I never refused him, because I knew he could not survive without it. As a token of his appreciation, he would invariably offer me the jacket that someone had given him. The older fellows would always help him; there were no pranksters around while they were in his company. They formed a trust fund for him, and he was allowed five drinks a day and a place to sleep in Maw Brown's Boarding House. He never bothered about having money for food, because he ate nothing.

During the last few weeks of his artificial world, Blue Nose was allowed his own way. It was common knowledge that he had been suffering from T. B., and the barroom doctors had declared he had but a short time to live. Blue Nose knew his time was near, and he actually set a day on which he would take his last breath. He packed more of his life into a few weeks' time than he had experienced during the previous ten years. He even went so far as to talk about the casket he wanted and the plot of ground in which he wanted to be buried.

Everyone in the neighboring territory had heard of Blue Nose's fate, and all of his friends from miles around came to see him. Each visitor would buy him a few drinks and try to collect old debts. I saw many leave with the honest impression that they had seen him for the last time. Strangely enough, his prediction was only four days late: he died from a stroke he had at Maw Brown's Boarding House.

I was as sorry as anyone to see him go, for I had discovered he was a grand old man. We all agreed that Blue Nose would probably be happy, because he departed in the peak of his career.

On the Other Side

FRED W. STONE

Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1947-1948

THIS MORNING WHEN I AWOKE I WAS IN A STRANGE new world. I was in a strange bed in a strange, lonely apartment, and, most amazing of all, my skin was brown. I strode rapidly to a mirror in the washroom and looked at myself. My hair was kinky, and my face was sepia. I was unmistakably a Negro. Through a slightly opened window I felt the damp miserable weather creep into the room, and I saw the green, green grass in the square below. "What hath God wrought?"

I descended the stairs slowly and stepped out into the drizzle. The cold wet air seeped into the very marrow of my bones. I turned up the collar of my topcoat, but the ever-moving dampness still slipped in against my brown skin.

In the meadows the grass was yet green.

Ahead I saw a small coffee and doughnut diner. The thought of hot coffee was good, and I imagined I could smell the seductive aroma of fresh coffee through the light rain. I walked in and sat on a stool near the door. The counterman came over, and I gave my order unconsciously, without looking up from the menu. He did not move. I looked up, and it was then I saw his face filled with contempt. He pointed to a greasy fly-specked card tacked to the wall. It read, "For Whites Only." I turned up my coat collar and left.

The day was a moment and an eternity. A hundred times I was humiliated, debased for my color with never a kind word, a soft look, a thank you given to balance, if ever so slightly, the hurt to my pride, the destruction of my ego. Everywhere I turned there were arrogant little signs: "Colored," "For Whites Only," "We reserve the right to seat our guests."

What have I done to deserve this? Can they not see that under this infernal brown coating I am as white as they are? Will they not give me one small chance to prove my worth? Why do they give me nothing but contempt?

Another little sign on the edge of town read, "This is Smithville—This is America."

As dusk fell I found myself in a park. I sat on a bench, too confused and bitter to think. A woman, a white woman, passed, and in passing dropped a small purse. I stooped to pick it up and heard her say, "Keep away from that, nigger." I could have killed her there, where she stood, without a qualm. She walked off as I stood rooted to the spot.

In the fields the grass was burning greener.

Hate? I never even dreamed it was possible to hate this much. They have taken everything I had from me, but they have given me in exchange a magnificent hate. I hate white. I hate everything the whites stand for, these smug insolent people. I hate the white men with their cruel eyes, and I hate their insipid women, those brainless, spineless animals who are assaulted the very moment they sit beside me on a train or a bus. To all these people I am fit only for exploitation. I have been degraded, scorned and humiliated, but I have this new-found love, hate. It sweeps over me in waves, hot, then cold. It goes from a cold, calculating fury to a burning, insatiable hate. I shall never be persuaded from it, for it is the only vestige of manhood I retain.

Fight? I will fight this thing until I die, for what else is there to live for? Indeed, is it not in the "American" spirit to fight oppression? I will fight it everywhere and to the death.

Will I ever become accustomed to this, to my abasement? Is it possible to become accustomed to the everlasting fires of Hell?

In the cemetery on the side of the hill the green grass speaks with its color.

The Scientist and Literature

WILLIAM W. VICINUS

English 62, ASTR, 1944-1945

IT SEEMS THAT I AM NATURALLY DRAWN TO SCIENCE. I am not unusual in this respect, for there are many in this complex world that find science stimulating, absorbing, and much easier for the precise mind than the arts. As a future scientist, however, I believe that it is absolutely necessary to study literature.

There is something in the make-up of each of us that refuses to be settled by the calculating efficiency of modern science. This blank spot is in part due to the complexity of man's mind. There is no formula for predicting thought. Although psychology has made advances in the analysis of human motives and can sometimes predict what form of action the motivation will take, the indisputable fact remains that no one has been able to harness capricious intelligence or emotion or plumb the depths of man's mind. Another factor that science has been unable to deal with is the soul. A few deny it; a few ignore it; but most consider it an imponderable essence in human behavior. The soul must be considered as a factor, for it jars the smooth development of reflective thought, and is a possible source of strange emotions with which science can not cope.

Science in itself can only point the way to a fuller knowledge and exploitation of natural phenomena. Coupled with a broader knowledge of man and his ways, it brings to the scientist a degree of genius and a capacity for better understanding. There is also the fact that science in itself has not been able to produce a way of life compatible with the average man's emotions. It has been truthfully said that the scientist leads a very boring life except in his work. He has little to speak about except his work and few to talk to except those in his field. Luckily, or perhaps inevitably, almost all great scientists have found that they work better if they have found a way to appreciate the other things in life.

One of the major "other things" in this life is literature. By literature I mean especially written works of fiction that have beauty either in construction or in thought, or both. I have found in literature a measure of relief for the torture that realization of the immensity of ignorance and the frailty of life brings with it. Literature provides insight into life from the observations of men of genius. It has the beauty of the mind that Keats felt so keenly and expressed in, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." It has the power to inspire further efforts when life seems dark and but a stagnant pool in which we are left to drown amid putrid vapors. It can sway the mind and evoke multitudinous emotions. Ultimately I find in it a partial answer to the call of the mind and the spirit.

The only conclusion I can draw from these observations is that the study of literature is necessary for the more complete realization of the possibilities in life. It is a means to greater enjoyment and greater contributions and, as such, should be a major part of the scientist's life, since he needs great insight if he is to give his best to the world.

Port Said

HAWLEY SMITH

Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1947-1948

FROM FAR OFF IN THE DISTANCE COME THE DEEP, melancholy whistles of unknown ships, sounding and signalling their way out to sea. Aboard these ships are men of every nationality, type of character, and degree of emotional stability. On their faces are traces of hatred and happiness, fear and confidence, repentance and indifference. These are the men who are leaving Port Said. I am the one who has left these impressions with them, cut like epitaphs on the tombstones of their memories. I am the soul and the body of Port Said. All who enter this port come as pawns to my chessboard.

The docks are still; the sea is preternaturally calm. Only the occasional splashes of refuse, or of something else no one can identify, breaks the tranquillity of the water. Then suddenly the sound of footsteps breaks into the night. The steps come slowly, firmly, yet with the unconscious timing of a large man. As he steps out of the criminal infested darkness, one is astonished to see that he is a complete contrast to those that live in the shadows about him. They are the unfortunates of the sea, cast ashore by the winds of destiny like the debris of a ship torn at sea; this man is dressed for some formal occasion. Perhaps it is a wedding. Maybe he has spent the earlier part of the evening in one of my cafes or roulette halls. Yes, that is it, a night with the betraying wheels of fortune. His face is that of a jade-cut idol, but his eyes are the eyes of Christ—eyes that see all, and yet see nothing; eyes wherein all can be seen, and yet everything can be hidden.

His shadow stretches farther and farther out along the quay as he approaches the small fan of light coming from a wharfside cabaret. Stopping to talk to no one, he proceeds to a table at the extreme end of the room. The waiter comes to him with the obsequious smile that is saved for sea captains and men of means. But when he sees the sharp-cut, death-like features of the stranger, he begins to tremble within himself. The waiter's usual brisk, arrogant attitude changes to a feeble request, "Would the Monsieur care to order?"

The Monsieur does not change the direction of his stare, nor does he change the expression of his face. But from somewhere within him comes a voice like the beating of waves at the side of a ship, like the voice of an inquisitor passing a sentence of death, like that of the innocent pleading guilty, like that of the guilty pleading innocent. The voice says, with a subconscious significance grasping every word, "I would like a glass of wine, red wine, from the bottom of the last barrel."

The wine is brought sooner than could be thought possible; it is set down in front of him. One hand moves; one coin drops. The hand calmly lifts the glass, and lips that seem to feel out the taste finish the wine, for it disappears into a mouth that does not open, past a heart that does not beat.

The unknown stands and walks toward the door. No one can explain why the crowd opens before him. The sailors look up soberly from their half-empty glasses. The women turn from their men. They know that he is in my power. They dare not touch him. He is like a leper without bells; he does not need them.

With his same firm, thoughtful steps, he walks down to the very edge of the water. In his fingers he holds the last cigarette of the last pack. The smoke rolls from his nostrils and enshrouds him in a semi-transparent mist.

The smoke clears; the cigarette has gone out. A pair of gloves, a coat, and a white silk scarf lie on the dock, bled of all human interest.

The sun rises over Port Said.

Rhet as Writ

Many people will refuse to fly in a plane because they are real sure that they will never land at the other end of their destination in one piece.

Another thirty minutes and the fudge is all gone ~~eaten~~ ate.

Racking my brain on all these thoughts plus my wife who is also added responsibility gave me the opportunity that was too good to think of turning down.

I have seen a crowd of thousands remain silent while a basketball player was shooting a fowl.

He had a harsh, vigorously cut mouth and lips, which could form themselves to sharp, contemptuous words as well as jests and rosy cheeks.

It has been stated that children are the rivets in the bonds of matrimony. My plan for 1958 calls for two rivets!!

In college much time is spent in deep consintration.

One girl wore an evening gown to a dance which hung much lower than her knees.

The movie has no moral significants to my story, no physiological meaning, only the one purpose—to admuse.

UnAmerican activities have reached the point where the average, honest citizen feels they should be controlled by UnAmerican laws.

In Arabia a man can have as many wives as he can handle.

This will help me reach my goal of being just as good a bachelor as my father.

The army has taken great pains to keep up these burial places. They have done a splendid job and there is no doubt that if these boys were alive today they would say, Thanks. Leave things alone while everything is all right.

Honorable Mention

Leo Arms—Speaking of Houses

John Barthel—Fascism Below the Equator

Joseph Bebawi—The Promised Land

Arnold Brookstone—Adopting the Unicameral System

Richard Dahlen—The Rhythm of Hope

Jeane Fisher—Having a Wonderful Time

Vernon Gopaul—*The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck

Ruth Hensley—How to Be a Baby Sitter

Glenn Hintermeister—Heroes Are Born, Not Made

William Hitt—*King's Row* by Henry Bellamann

James Hood—A Man I Will Remember

David Knecht—Tales My Grandpa Tells

Jacques Leverenz—Beer and Altitude Don't Mix

James Maloney—The Letter

Charles Marshall—Western Whirl

Carl Petit—Kill

Vivian Riederman—The Queen of Peace

Ronald Seibert—The Centralia Mine Disaster

Byron Sirois—Cathedral of the Prairie

Jo-Ann Walsh—Portrait Painting



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A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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HE GREEN CALDRON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University, including the Navy Pier and Galesburg divisions, and the high school branches. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

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The Queen of Peace

VIVIAN V. RIEDERMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

PEACE! IT IS A SOOTHING WORD WITH MANY MEANINGS!

Strange that it should recall to my mind scenes I have seen in the past.

I remember a room thronged with people, blaring music, a crowd entwined in paper streamers, the sound of shrill, cracked, low, melodious horns. It was New Year's Eve, and people were celebrating. Even amidst this uproar and confusion, a certain peace prevailed, a peace that radiated from the heart of a happy people and filled every crack and every empty space in the already crowded little room. Peace!

I remember a calm, blue lake at the edge of the world, with nothing in sight but earth, water, and sky. The only sound was the mellow twanging of a harp being played somewhere. Peace!

I remember a family gathered around a table in a house in a small city in Czechoslovakia. The year was 1939. The meal had been completed, and the father sang a prayer of thanks to God. The Queen of Peace stole in.

This last scene is the most dear of all to me because it was my father who sang the prayer, and I was among the group seated around the table with him. I cannot judge now whether I was happy or unhappy during this period of my life, for the past always looks brighter, and happiness is a momentary thing experienced in spurts. I can only say that peace, which my family loved very much, was in our midst. There in Czechoslovakia we were able to pursue our lives according to our own preferences, with no disturbances from governmental forces. Our lives flowed at a slow, even ebb.

I was ten years old when the change began. At first I did not know what it was all about. I remember noticing that things were unusual when several neighbors, who did not have radios, began coming to our house in the evenings to listen to news broadcasts. My father turned the dial to hear the broadcasts from several countries—Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Germany, France. When he tried to get the American stations, there was always a series of sputterings, crackles, and queer-sounding whistles. Only once in a while was the commentator's voice distinguishable. This static made me laugh, and one evening I tried to imitate the noises. Mother rose quickly from her chair, knelt beside me on the floor, and whispered in my ear that I should be quiet. I exchanged a secretive glance with my best girl friend, Claire, and the two of us began searching for new amusements.

After the broadcasts the men talked loudly for hours, making wild gestures with their hands and looking very serious. My mother served wine and cakes, and later the men left.

As the weeks passed, I noticed that fewer and fewer neighbors came to listen to our radio. Whenever a small group did assemble, Father pulled all the shades and locked the door. The men now talked in low, hushed voices. Sometimes I could distinguish the words "Chamberlain" or "Hitler."

Another thing that made me wonder was that Father did not joke with me any more. I noticed also that Mother had a worried expression most of the time.

Like a ball of fire thrown at an innocent bystander, a few days later the news was shot over all the networks. GERMANY WAS INVADING CZECHOSLOVAKIA!

The next day my father began packing suitcases and filling bags with rations. Other men ran in and out of our house. I heard talk about organizing. The house was filled with noise. I was confused and then afraid. Now Father was talking to Mother in a low tone. He kissed her and said good-bye. Later he slowly walked toward me and took me in his arms. "Papa, don't go," I said. "I'm afraid without you!" He kissed me twice, held me close for a moment, and then quickly walked out of the room. I scrambled to my feet, rushed past my mother, and began running after him. "Papa, Papa, don't go!" I screamed. Seeing him walk away rapidly without a backward glance, I fell sobbing on the grass.

Mother came after me with tears in her eyes. She led me back to the house, and we sat down together by the fire. She began talking to me in a low, comforting voice, on and on, until my sobs ceased and I fell asleep.

The next day my German governess awoke me early. She said that today was a big day because at last the armies of Germany would liberate the Czech people. She spoke to me in German. She continued to tell me that she would be leaving us now but that I must not cry today. Something very wonderful was going to happen to me. I was to go downtown with my mother to welcome the German soldiers as they marched into the city. She said that the command had been given by a German officer and that the city's whole population had to go.

After breakfast Mother and I started to walk downtown. The sun was shining, and the air was warm and sweet. Mother was walking slowly: so I tugged at her arm. She said, "We must not hurry, darling. There'll be too much of it later." I was about to ask her what she meant when my attention was diverted. I saw Claire and her grandmother walking across the street. Claire, who loved flowers, kept smelling two roses she was holding in her hand. Mother and I joined them, and together we arrived downtown.

The sidewalks there were lined with people. A band was playing. But the crowd was not laughing or shouting as it usually did during parades. People just stood quietly, their faces lined in anticipation.

The sound of heavy boots stamping against the brittle pavement aroused my attention. I shifted my gaze and saw rows upon rows of soldiers. They

marched lifting their legs high in the air and letting them fall with a loud stamp. I looked at Claire with a questioning glance. She gave me a knowing look, and impulsively she threw one of her roses toward a marching soldier. The soldier, instead of smiling or showing some sign of recognition as one of our own Czech soldiers would have done, did not acknowledge the gift and with his heavy boot crushed the flower. My mother clutched my hand then, and slowly we began walking home.

The Queen of Peace that Father used to talk so much about no longer reigned in our city. Every day there were riots, and more and more of our neighbors were dragged out of their homes. No one knew where they were taken or with what crimes they were charged. Our beloved radio, my father's special pride, had to be sacrificed also and was taken to the German government's office.

My mother and I now lived in one room. We kept the door locked night and day. Mother was becoming thin and very pale. Even I, who had always been robust, began feeling ill. Our rations were very meager, and we barely managed to get by.

One day months later a letter arrived bearing a strange stamp. The letter was from my father. He had written it from *America*. He said he had arranged everything so that Mother and I would be able to go to him there. He said America was a wonderful country where people could pursue their lives without disturbances from governmental forces. He said . . . the Queen of Peace reigned there too.

Blood and a Song

PATRICK C. FAHEY

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING ON MY BACK IN THE damp undergrowth. It took a minute until my head cleared and I could remember what had happened. I had been with a raiding party which had gone out the night before to destroy a Japanese ammunition dump. We had gotten about halfway to our objective when we ran into a Jap ambush. I didn't know exactly what had occurred or what had hit me; things had happened too fast the night before to be clear in my mind. All I remembered was gunfire coming from all sides and then a sudden flash of light directly in front of me; after that, everything had gone black.

My main concern when I regained consciousness was getting back to our camp. Lying alone there in the jungle, I realized that my life was worth practically nothing; so I tried to get up and start back. Pain knocked me back

to the ground the moment I moved ; my head ached, and one of my legs didn't want to move. I put my hand to my face and felt a horrible mixture of fresh and dried blood ; my pants were stained dark red. Since I had no choice but to stay where I was, I raised myself on one elbow to "look the situation over." There was no sign of life, but I could see several of the men who had been with me lying motionless nearby. I thought I recognized one of the forms as Ray Garrity, a member of my clique. The day before he had been showing me pictures of the "girl back home" and telling me all about her. My only reaction was, "Too bad, but I have to worry about myself now." At least I was still alive, and my machine gun was lying within reach.

Everything I could see seemed too peaceful to be a battleground. Rays of sunlight were streaming through the trees, and even though it was still early, little wisps of steam were rising from the damp foliage. It was very quiet and serene, except for the rustle of the trees in the early morning breeze and the occasional screech of a bird. The scene reminded me of something out of an old travelogue ; it seemed much more appropriate for vacationing than for fighting a war.

Suddenly, I heard someone coming through the jungle. I became panicky, and my first thought was to grab my gun and start shooting. In a moment, I had regained my senses and could think straight again ; I decided to roll over on my stomach and "play dead." As I turned over, I managed to shift my injured leg so that I could be fairly comfortable and still look somewhat like a corpse. My heart was pounding hard against the ground when I heard voices. Although they were not very clear, they were unmistakably Japanese. As I lay there, I heard several shots fired—either into corpses or into one of my party who had still been alive. The voices got louder, and I knew the Japs were coming in my direction. I guessed that they were searching our men's clothing for anything valuable ; I thought I was as good as dead. I held my breath and waited ; my heart was pounding so violently I thought I could hear it ; my lips were pressed against the moist earth. The Japs were only a few yards away when an authoritative voice spoke ; they quieted down immediately. They were speaking in very hushed tones, and the sounds seemed to be fading away. They were leaving ! I lay for an eternity after the last sound had died out before I dared open my eyes. When I saw nothing, relief rushed through my body as I took a deep breath. I felt weak all over, and my hands were trembling violently. I wondered why the Japs had gone and if they would return, but as my nerves quieted down, I felt rather safe and secure.

I lay the whole morning, practically without moving. I constantly fought the unconsciousness of exhaustion and pain. During the last week sleep had been almost unknown to me ; my legs were prickling with needles of pain, and my head was throbbing mercilessly. There was a terrible, hollow pit where my stomach had been ; my tongue felt like cotton ; and the hot air scorched my throat with every breath. How I longed for a cigarette.

As I drifted between reality and unconsciousness, my thoughts wandered toward home. I knew my mother was worrying about me; she never gave any hint of how she felt, but——! I kept thinking about Ruth and things that reminded me of her. A band, in my imagination, was playing "Begin the Beguine," and the torrid breeze seemed to draw whiffs of Ruth's perfume past me. My last night at home was as clear as if it had been only a day before. We had been sitting together in front of the fireplace; I was in the big chair, and Ruth was on the footstool at my feet. Her cheek was soft against my hand, and the firelight accented the tinge of auburn in the hair which fell softly across her shoulder. We had been very happy, sitting there in silence, listening to "our song" being played over the radio. I remembered how light and soft Ruth felt in my arms as I carried her to bed that night; I still had the cool, sweet taste of her lips on mine when I left to get my train.

Abruptly, my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of someone coming through the underbrush. My first thought was "Japs again," and with a weary brain, I tried to think. I felt that they wouldn't overlook me this time; my eyes were bleary, and my head was swarming with bees, but I managed to reach my gun. I cocked it and got ready to go down fighting. A voice came from somewhere behind me, and before my sluggish mind could react, my gun had been snatched from my hands. I twisted around and saw Steve standing over me, all six feet-two of him! He knelt beside me and asked how I was. "I've felt better," I replied. "Gimme a cigarette." Steve didn't smoke, but he pulled the battered package of Camels I had left with him out of his pocket and handed me one. As he lit the cigarette for me, I wondered if this was the same rough and tough guy I had got drunk with so often back in the "States." I usually pictured Steve sitting in some barroom, laughing and shouting, with a highball in one hand and a girl on each knee, but he was completely different out there in the jungle. His voice was very soft, and he seemed genuinely gentle; his handsome features were more serious than I had ever seen them. I felt that Steve was still my bodyguard, the way he had been when we visited San Francisco's Chinatown. I took a long puff on my cigarette, and a smile came across my face as I remembered how Steve had knocked a sailor all the way across the dance floor in one of the "dives" we had gone to.

I still had a silly grin on my face when two "medics" came up. They looked at me as if they thought I had already "cracked up," but went to work without much conversation. I did find out from them, however, that Steve had volunteered to lead them and several other men on a search to find my party. One of the men cut my trousers leg off, and the two of them inspected the injured limb. The first corpsman grunted intelligently and dumped a package of sulfa powder on my leg, while the other man looked at my head. "It doesn't look bad," he confided. "You'll make it easily." This was reassuring, but the way my head was throbbing, I began to have doubts about ever seeing another rainstorm. The corpsmen left for a few minutes to examine the other men who

were lying near me; they were all dead. "These Irishmen are always lucky," quipped one of the medics, and a lump came into my throat as I realized that he hadn't been joking that time.

After I had been loaded onto a stretcher, I settled back and thought about all the sleeping I was going to do. The only thing I wanted to do for the next two years was to lie in a nice, clean, white bed. Perhaps I would be willing to get up long enough to eat a few steaks every day, after I had caught up on my rest for several weeks. I completely ignored the pain from my head and leg as I thought, "Maybe they will send me home now"; strains of "Begin the Beguine" were running through my head as my eyelids fell.

Cold Hell

JAMES HOWDEN

Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1947-1948

THE COLUMN HAD HALTED IN THE MOONLIT SNOW. THE vague outlines of stooped-backed men breathed white clouds of condensation into the night air. The constant struggle through waist-deep snow was exhausting. Most of the men in the column leaned against trees or sat in the snow. I threw myself against a convenient pine tree and promptly collapsed. The Ardennes forest was just one damn pine and snow-covered mountain after another. If one wasn't climbing, he was hanging on for dear life, slipping and sliding down a "ninety-degree" slope. Tired and half-frozen, no one bothered to expend the energy to talk. The platoon sat and waited in the cold night air.

Everyone in the company had been briefed on the objective. We were to take and hold the paved road that ran between the two small Belgian towns of Richt and Born. It had been seventeen hours of continual pushing, and the company had infiltrated past two German machine gun nests. As far as I was concerned at the time, we were behind enemy lines, with only Division artillery supporting us.

As I leaned against the pine tree, my mind was absorbed in other matters. Smoking a cigarette was the most important of these. To light up a cigarette, to inhale the acrid smoke, and to hold the burning cigarette cupped in the palm of my hand so that I could feel the radiating warmth from its glowing end was an urgent desire. But cigarette smoking was strictly *verboten* after sunset.

It was a gentle shaking of my shoulder that stopped my wanderings and snapped me back to reality. The men up front were staggering to their feet. I shrugged my pack straps back into their creases and pulled myself unsteadily

into a standing position. Up ahead the column lurched into movement, and the plodding was resumed.

At last we reached the objective. The company fanned out along the road. Through the ominous black silence of the woods echoed the sounds of the company preparing to dig in. All around me I heard the "thunk" of heavy packs being dropped in the snow, the metallic clink of the intrenching tools being brought into use, and the incoherent conversations of the men talking about the desired positions. I dropped my pack and removed my shovel from its case. My buddy, Wade, picked the location of our fox hole and started to dig. At the end of an hour's digging we had a hole only three feet deep and six feet long. Deciding that the hole was ample for both our large frames, we started to search for materials that we could use as a cover. Groping, swearing, and stumbling through the blackness, we managed to find enough scrap timber to make a fairly substantial cover.

When the cover was completed, I moved my pack and aid pouches to the side of the fox hole. Wade crawled in first with his rifle, for the weather was so bitterly cold in the mountains the only way to insure that our rifles wouldn't freeze up was to take them to bed with us. Inside the fox hole the darkness pressed on us, and the dampness crept slowly into our bones, starting the chills; all night long shivers and shakes violently seized our bodies. After arranging the blankets so that they stretched from head to toe, we lit up our long-desired smokes. With every puff we both tried to get every bit of pleasure we could. Soon the cigarettes would have to be doused, for the fox hole would fill with choking smoke. Night was always the time for thoughts to wander. Usually it was the little things in life that took the prominent place — the little things once taken so much for granted: cool, starched white sheets, pairs of very loud pajamas, soft pillows — little everyday things that all contribute to our accepted way of life. Like many others in the blue-black night, our minds would always turn towards home and the happy days we had spent with our loved ones.

Suddenly, without warning, "Jerry" shells started to pound into the company area. Six shells crashed in close. In fact, one of the first shells landed so close to our fox hole that we were tossed around like rubber balls. This barrage lasted about ten minutes. During the lull, I gathered my aid pouches and started up the platoon front. The giant pine trees threw long black shadows across the snow-covered ground. The moon was out in all its brilliance, but the tall pine trees made the platoon area a refuge for sinister shadows. As I made my rounds, I had to be constantly on the alert for the approach of another "Jerry" barrage. After two hours of spasmodic shelling, the casualties dropped off, and I dug deeper into my protective blankets.

Finally, exhaustion won, and I dozed off. Through my semiconscious state I suddenly became aware of a high, steady moaning of the wind and the

occasional splintering of wood. The snow-heavy tops of the pine trees were snapping off.

On the dawn of January 18, 1945, I rose and stretched my stiff back. Lieutenant Smith, our platoon leader, informed us that we were to make ready to move out. The first platoon was to take and hold a crossroads fifty yards ahead. The gray dawn formed a backdrop upon which the large, white snowflakes were outlined as they lazily sought their way to the ground. The platoon formed in a file along the road. The scouts dashed across the road and started forward. One by one, the men of the platoon bounded across. Once across we fanned out and waded through the snow. We had jumped off at 06:30 hours, and so far not a shot or shell had been fired. The platoon pushed on. We came to a clearing in the woods and halted. The scouts snaked their way across the clearing and still there was no sign of resistance. We moved over the clearing pock-marked by shells. It was only ten yards to the crossroads. We had taken our objective without a shot fired.

Crash! Without warning the air was torn with explosions. Mortar shells plopped in with deadly accuracy. The platoon was thrown into wild disorder. I hit the ground and hung on to the earth for life. Now the "Jerries" were sending in rockets. We had walked straight into a trap. There was nothing to do but hug the ground and wait. The rockets streaked in, one after the other, and the powerful concussion waves, tugging at our clothes, washed back and forth over the ground. There was but one thought in my mind at that time—"Haul out!" The slightly wounded were dashing back to the clearing. The more seriously wounded lay motionless in the red-spattered snow. As well as I can remember, I was in the process of rising from the ground to make a dash across the road when there came a blinding flash and a deafening roar. In that split second I felt myself hurled backwards into the soft snow, but from then on the noise of the shells and the flash of the explosions became nonexistent.

The terrifying sounds died into silence, and the agonizing pictures faded from sight. My physical and mental being lay still and unconscious, oblivious to all the dangers and horrors of that Cold Hell.

New York Subway

The hurry and scurry of New York must be more frantic than that of any other large city in the world. A ride in the subway alone is enough to prompt all visitors to Manhattan to repeat that well-worn phrase, "nice to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here. No sirree!" The native New Yorker, however, takes the subway in his stride with devastating aplomb. I was constantly amazed to see the subway riders sit with closed eyes as they swayed to and fro in the jerking cars. These hibernating travelers would let station after station go by without moving a muscle while I peered out the window nervously counting stops. Suddenly, without warning, one of these tired cliff-dwellers would get off at some station without even looking at the signs. A homing pigeon couldn't have done better! —SYLVIA GETTMANN.

The Conqueror

ROBERT SCHALTER

Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1947-1948

A COLD DRAFT BLEW THROUGH THE CAR AS THE LIEUTENANT entered rubbing his hands briskly to restore the circulation. "Where's the Sergeant?" he asked. Someone indicated the small, smoky fire burning midway back in the frigid railroad car, and the lieutenant strode over to the blaze. "Sergeant Nevons," he said, "I want you to see that these 'Krauts' are kept from hanging onto the train when it stops. The engineer tells me that the train almost ran over some at the last stop." This was the break for which the sergeant had been waiting! I could see by the way he said "Yes sir!" as the lieutenant left that he was determined to make a huge success of this job.

Sergeant Nevons was a small, sandy-haired man with shifty eyes and a rather unpleasant over-all expression. He had got his cherished stripes by being the oldest man in his overseas contingent rather than by showing any ability for leadership. He had spent his Army career, up to this point, as a barber in the "States," and now, after the war was over, he was overseas as a sergeant. He had an extreme dislike for Germans and anything German and was out to get even with them.

The train inched its way along for several miles and then shuddered to a stop. I looked at my watch; it was four-fifteen. I knew there would be more jolts and jars before we moved on again; so I unwrapped myself from the blankets I had wound around me and stepped out on the small platform between coaches to have a cigarette.

The bitter wind penetrated even my heavy Army overcoat, and a few flakes of finely powdered snow were driven against the side of the train. I looked around me at the small, dreary depot and saw that I was not the only one up at that hour of the morning. On the station platform I saw two forlorn-looking figures. One was an old man who leaned heavily on a cane while trying to hold his large, tattered overcoat tightly around him with his free hand. The other was a skinny little boy, wearing short pants and a light coat, shivering against the cruel wind. I stood there and wondered why people like these, who had done nothing wrong, should have to suffer for the misdeeds of others.

The door of the coach opened, and the sergeant stepped out to have a cigarette along with me. We stood there smoking and talking about the weather until we got so cold we decided to go in. The sergeant and I flipped our cigarette butts away, and they went sailing toward the depot. The old

man and the boy scurried after them as they fell: this and the black market were the only means they had for getting tobacco.

The sergeant saw this action and remembered the lieutenant's orders to keep the "Krauts" away from the train. Although they were almost fifty feet from the train, he leaped off the coach platform and ran to where the old man was standing and without a word knocked him down. The boy was reaching for the cigarette butt under an old freight car when the sergeant reached him and kicked him as hard as he could. The boy went sprawling into the sharp cinders under the car. His job completed, the sergeant returned to the coach just as the train started to pull out.

I looked back at the station as the train slowly picked up speed and saw the old man feebly fumbling for his cane while the boy wiped off his bruised and bleeding legs with his thin coat.

G. I.'s and Occupation

THOMAS OWINGS

Rhetoric II Proficiency, 1947-1948

THE SOLDIERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY OF OCCUPATION in Germany are not the "good-will ambassadors" the War Department would like us to believe. I have observed the general conduct of occupation soldiers both as a soldier and as a civilian employee of the War Department. My views are naturally generalizations; human beings are too unpredictable to follow arbitrary rules of classification.

The mass immigration of American soldiers in Germany in the spring of 1945 was technically the primary phase of occupation, but the troops at war had little intention of winning the good will of their enemies. The individual G. I., as desired by his superiors, had learned for more than four years to hate Germans. When he finally came into personal contact with the masses, his disrespect for them often found opportunities for expression in physical violence. Shoving, slapping, and kicking were among the mildest forms. The "Doctrine of Hatred" was so firmly imbedded that some G. I.'s at first hesitated to give candy to obviously impoverished German children.

After the cessation of hostilities, non-fraternization policies, although widely violated, were retained by the War Department. Many G. I.'s were beginning to associate with Germans for any one of a number of reasons, but many more harbored the official distrust and disrespect for them.

Then the G. I. was abruptly told to substitute for his acute distaste for his enemies the opposite emotional and psychological extreme of befriending Germans almost to the point of cherishing them. The soldier in the ranks was, to say the least, not only bewildered but somewhat suspicious of his superiors

who dictated his deepest moral convictions from one day to the next. A few G. I.'s who never had fully agreed with the official policy of hating all Germans could justify the reasons for this new policy in their own minds, but others who went through both phases of occupation still find difficulty in completely suppressing the "Doctrine of Hatred" in favor of the more recent policy of considering Germans their equals.

This persisting confusion, due to the temporal inconsistency in the evolution of occupational policy of the War Department, accounts largely for the illogical behavior of many of our occupational troops. A G. I. who at times is understanding and cordial to Germans succumbs to earlier teachings and becomes dangerously indecent. Such outbreaks today vary from mild insults to murder.

Measured in time, the behavior of troops towards Germans is more often commendable than not, but the G. I. who is not wholly convinced of the universal dignity of man may destroy in minutes the respect and admiration which took months to acquire. A G. I. is only human and human beings are full of convictions which cannot be altered at the snap of an officer's fingers.

The Army's superiors must reaffirm to the individual G. I. the reasons for not hating Germans more strongly than they originally issued manifold reasons for destroying them. Then, when the G. I. has morally resolved these conflicting teachings, we shall have an occupational army composed of as many good-will ambassadors as we think we have now.

Having a Wonderful Time

JEANE FISHER

Rhetoric 1, Theme 10, 1947-1948

OH! I AWOKE WITH A START! WHAT WAS THAT TERRIBLE screeching noise? Was it a fire truck, an ambulance, an air raid siren? Good heavens, it was the alarm clock! What on earth was that small black thing doing screaming wildly at this time of night? Then I remembered. My long awaited job of detasseling corn began today. But was it really 5:30 a. m. already? Another glance at the clock assured me that it was, and I leaped out of bed, clamping my hand on the alarm.

In the pale pink glow of early morning, I fumbled for my faded blue jeans and old plaid shirt. Then I remembered what one of the older girls had said to me the day before at the "hang-out." "I detasseled last year, and I know a super way to get a smooth sun tan. Just wear the top of an old two-piece swimming suit under your shirt. Then when the sun gets really scorching, take your shirt off. That way you won't get a half-and-half tan and look like a patchwork quilt the next time you go swimming."

Well, it was worth a try, anyway. It seemed to me a person could get a nice red sunburn that way, too, but I hadn't mentioned that fact to Cynthia. Also, my inner self told me that Mother just might not approve, for some very old-fashioned reason; so I would just forget to mention to her that I was wearing a swimming suit top under my shirt. After all, if Cynthia Johnson had done it, what could I lose?

Downstairs, Mother had sizzling bacon and eggs, a tall glass of cool orange juice, and a plate piled high with toast waiting for me. I had never eaten such a huge breakfast in my life. "Remind me to get a metal lunch pail tomorrow, dear," she said. "Then I can pack better lunches for you."

"OK," I answered. "Today's will be swell though, I know."

Just then a big farm truck, swarming with yelling kids, honked loudly in front of my house. As I dashed out the door, excitedly forgetting everything, my mother handed me my lunch, a bottle of sun tan oil, a box of band-aids, a handful of Kleenex, and my floppy straw hat. I thought of how we must have looked like Blondie and Dagwood as Dagwood hurries to catch the morning bus. All we needed was the postman to make it complete. But no, I made it safely to the truck and was off to my first day of detasseling.

When we finally arrived at the corn field, the foreman divided us into crews of seven members each. Each crew was then taken to the particular plot which it was supposed to detassel. Our plot was a mile long and about one-fourth mile wide; and as I climbed onto the big detasseling machine, the rows of corn looked endless.

After all seven of us had taken a place on the machine, which was the oddest looking contraption I had ever seen, the foreman explained just what detasseling corn was, and why it was done. "Now, yuh see, what we're doin' out here is raisin' hybrid seed corn, tryin' to get better 'n' purer corn. Now here's the way we do it. See them tassels growin' outa each stalka corn? Well, we pull them tassels outa every stalk for six rows straight. Then we leave two rows with the tassels stickin' out. We keep doin' that across the field. That's your job, to get them tassels pulled. Then, after that, the wind blows the pollen from the tassels that are left over to the corn where the tassels been pulled, and we get cross-pollination. Very simple process, see?"

We all nodded dumbly, not quite "seeing" but getting the general idea. Then the foreman began again. "Now the way yuh git them tassels out is just to reach down, git ahold of 'em, and pull." At this he demonstrated. It looked so simple that I wondered what all the fuss was about until he said, "Now, I know yuh think this looks danged easy; but when that machine is travelin' about five miles an hour, them tassels come mighty fast."

Oh, the machine! I'd forgotten all about it. It was a large tractor with three long planks on each side and iron guards about waist-high around each plank. The planks were spaced so that they would come between the rows.

With one person standing on each plank, six rows of corn could be detasseled on each trip through the field.

By this time, we were all eager to get started. The foreman uttered a few more sage remarks, and off we went. Our driver was as inexperienced as we were; so the first trip through the field was one I'll long remember. The machine swayed dizzily back and forth, tearing down cornstalks and scattering dirt, as the driver struggled to guide it straight, and as the rest of us struggled to stay on the planks and grab the tassels as they flew by.

After what seemed hours, we finally reached the end of the row. There was the water truck waiting for us with a big jug of water. Hot and exhausted, we all drank deeply and then sank to the ground to relax a few minutes. "What time is it?" I asked, thinking it wouldn't be long until lunch.

"'Bout eight o'clock, I guess," drawled one of the water boys. Eight o'clock! I couldn't believe it! Four more hours until lunch! I'd collapse before then.

But I didn't. In fact, after that first wild trip through the field, the morning went by before we knew it. Each trip seemed a little shorter than the last. Maybe that was because we were learning how to pull the tassels faster, or maybe it was because we knew that rest and a cool drink waited at the end of each row.

Those rests at the end of each row sometimes were not enough, however. It was amazing how often when we were out in the middle of the field with nothing but corn in sight, the engine suddenly sputtered and died. Of course, this always happened when we were all getting a little tired. Our driver had learned that pulling one little wire out of place caused the engine immediately to cough a little and then give up.

It was during one of those stolen rest periods out in the middle of nowhere that we started talking about our foreman. We had just finished a tassel fight with another crew who had passed us a few rows over. Laughing and exhausted, we perched on the railings and were telling jokes and brushing tassel seeds from our hair, when one of the fellows said, "What do you think of old baldy, the foreman? Isn't he a riot? I'll bet he hasn't shaved in weeks!" Everyone laughed and started talking about Henry and the way he looked and acted.

We were having a great deal of fun at his expense when I said, "It's a good thing Henry isn't around. I don't think he'd find our remarks particularly funny." Everyone laughed.

Just then came a rustle of corn stalks, and a voice boomed, "Jest what makes yuh think Henry ain't anywheres around?"

I almost fell off my perch! "Oh h-h-h-hi, H-H-Henry!" I smiled weakly. "W-W-We were just talking about you."

"So I heerd," he growled. "Yuh know, it sure is a shame you kids had to go and insult me thata way, cause I'd kinda taken a likin' to this here crew.

In fact, I'd sorta planned to sneak yuh an extra water jug to keep on the machine with yuh so's yuh could have a nice cool drink when that there engine accidentally conked out in the middle a the field."

We all jumped down and apologized three or four times, but Henry just turned and walked away. Everyone felt terrible about the incident. We slowly mounted the machine again. Then we heard a quaint chuckle, and there was Henry, a gleam in his eye and a big water jug in his hand. "Yuh know, young feller," he said to one of the boys, "I'd a shaved long ago, but there ain't been this many purty gals on the farm since that big square dance we had back in March." We all laughed and had a cool drink, knowing that Henry would be our friend from then on.

It was still a long time until lunch, and I felt I was slowly wasting away. To make time pass faster, the crew decided to sing. When we came to "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," someone sang instead "I've been workin' in the corn field." That was the beginning of our detasseling song. The words were:

I've been workin' in the corn field
All the livelong day.
I've been workin' in the corn field
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the alarm clock ringing?
Rise up so early in the morn.
Can't you hear old Henry shouting,
"Hey there! Detassel that corn!"

We sang it over and over, the other crews heard us and began singing it, and soon the whole corn field seemed to be ringing with our song.

Finally lunch time came, and we all climbed aboard the water truck to ride up to the farmyard where we had left our lunches. We had just jumped off the truck and dashed for the old smokehouse where our long-awaited lunches lay, when old Henry yelled, "Hey, just a minute! You new detasselers can't eat 'til you been dunked in the horse tank by the ones that detasseled out here before." The horse tank, I thought! No one's going to put me in one of those filthy, slimy things. Oh no? Just then two fellows and a girl lunged at me. I kicked, struggled, threatened; but in I went just like everyone else. And it wasn't bad at all. The water was clean, not slimy, and it felt cool and refreshing after the hot rays of the sun all morning. The only bad thing was that the sun dried us in about five minutes, and we lost the cool feeling. Of course, by that time we girls didn't exactly resemble Lana Turner, nor did the boys look "Tyrone Power-ish," but no one seemed to mind.

We dashed to the pump and washed the mud from our hands and then flew to the smokehouse for our lunches. "Save me a seat on the steps," I called back as I reached for my lunch. Well, where was—then I saw it! Oh no! That couldn't be my lunch. But it was. There on the floor was a torn sack with its contents scattered everywhere: egg salad sandwiches in

little pieces, crumbled potato chips that had been stepped on by hurrying feet, a big red apple squashed on the floor, red and green stuffed olives rolling everywhere. Then I saw the culprit. There in the doorway was a little black cocker spaniel, his huge, sad eyes looking up at me, his face covered with yellow egg salad.

What would you have done? I was about to collapse from hunger, but have you ever tried to be angry at a cocker spaniel who just keeps looking at you with those sad, sad eyes? I turned and trudged out of the smokehouse and over to the steps where my crew was eating. Everyone except me thought the whole incident was hilarious. I thought it was disgusting. To stop my complaining, each person gave me something from his lunch, and, in the end, I had more to eat than any of them.

There was nothing to gripe about any more. I was stuffed with good food; my new friends were wonderful; in a few days my sun tan would be the envy of every girl in my gang; I was getting paid eighty cents an hour; and I was having a wonderful time!

How to Be a Baby Sitter

RUTH HENSLEY

Oak Park Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme 8, 1947-1948

THE PROBLEMS OF A BABY SITTER ARE MULTITUDINOUS; multiply this infinite number of problems by ten and you have the number of minor crises with which a sister, sitting with her brother and sister, is confronted during the course of an evening. Usually, having a kid brother and sister is in much the same category as having a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical and a three-ring circus living in the house. On those fateful nights when Mom and Dad Go Out, the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical and the three-ring circus are instantly transformed into two nefarious schemers whose main purpose in life is to stay away from sleep in any size, form, or guise. For all the other unfortunates who are faced with the same difficulties, I have evolved the following program.

The only way to get the children to bed is to start early in the evening and operate on a subtle psychological plan. The first thing I have to do is coerce Sis into practicing. This can be accomplished only by sitting on Bud, in order to force him into being the other half of an appreciative audience; Sis just won't practice without an audience. Bud and I sit and listen while Sis plays something; then we guess what it was. Frankly, she sounds like a baby bull elephant that has lost its mother. We flatter her by telling her that the piece she has just finished sounded like "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star"; of course, it was "The Blue Bells of Scotland." For the sake of my complaining ear-

drums, I accept twenty minutes of practice for a half-hour and proceed to the next operation in my plan.

This phase is known as "Playing with the Children in Order to Wear Them Out." It involves many things; the most tiring of these is the wrestling match. After the wrestling match, it's a toss-up whether I will be able to move for the rest of the evening or not. In order to have a little time to recuperate before bath time, I turn the radio to some innocuous program. It seems that the children do not like this program because nobody ever gets killed. After an argument of no small dimensions we compromise on a program in which the people rarely are killed (they just get shot at). At the end of this period of comparative peace it is time for the next step. This part of the plan is somewhat like the emigration of a whole nation, for it involves moving the children up the stairs and in the general direction of the bathtub.

Sis gets the tub first, and since she likes to warble in the bath, it is a trifle hard to get her out. Finally she emerges, rosy-cheeked and radiant from her scrubbing. Bud is next, and before I can get my foot in the door the lock has clicked, leaving me on the outside and Bud on the inside with a small navy. I can hear him reconstructing every naval battle since Caesar as I stand outside the door telling him to hurry up and bathe. Nothing seems to bother him in the slightest; he just sits in the bathtub and sloshes water all over the floor. Eventually, many eternities later, Bud fares forth resplendent in his dirty ears. Of course, I never really expect him to wash them, but it would be nice if he did. Now that the bath barrier has been hurdled, there is just one more thing to do. This is the most difficult operation of all. It involves tucking the children into bed.

After playing many games of "I Betcha Can't Find My Arm 'Cuz It Isn't in My Sleeve," the cherubs are clad in pajamas, ready for a night of refreshing sleep. There is only one trouble; they aren't sleepy. There is one thing to do, according to my plan, and that is to attempt to read them to sleep. After listening to a small encyclopedia, read in my most boring voice, they reluctantly agree to lie down and try to go to sleep. When I reach the living room I am so fatigued that turning on the radio is a major effort. Just as I am beginning to feel almost alive, I hear the patter of four small feet. The feet stand at the head of the stairs for a moment, and then their owners chorus, "Ruthie, we're hungry."

As any well-trained sister will tell you, there is only one thing to do. Feed them. While I would love to pour the milk over their heads and throw the cookies at them, I manage to serve the little demons with a reasonable amount of civility. When they have finished eating, the children trot off to bed, and not a word is heard from them until morning.

This tale of woe demonstrates that if you have the physical fortitude and the brains to figure out and the endurance to carry out a simple psychological plan, taking care of your brother and sister need never bother you.

Fascism below the Equator

JOHN BARTHEL

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1947-1948

HAVING JUST EMERGED FROM A DEVASTATING GLOBAL war against fascism, the peace-loving nations of the world have determined to keep a watchful eye out for seeds of the fascist weed that may grow and blossom out into the lethal flowers of aggression. Some experts have pronounced the "soil" of Argentine political affairs fertile and well worth investigating.

Argentina is the second largest nation in South America. Her population is thirteen million (about one-tenth that of the United States), of which sixteen per cent are illiterate. Geographically she is very similar to the United States, having broad prairie lands and many large, modern cities. In 1940 her standing army numbered 50,000 men, with another 282,000 in the trained army reserve. Her military and naval equipment was poor before the war, but was developed extensively after 1942.¹ The Constitution of 1853 provides for a president chosen for a six-year term by 376 provincial electors, a bicameral Congress composed of a Senate of 30 members elected for nine-year terms by the provincial legislatures, and a Chamber of Deputies of 158 members elected for four-year terms by the male citizens.²

Although Argentina is greatly similar to the United States, there is one big difference which is characteristic of all South American republics. One writer states it very clearly in these words: ". . . we find that there are two South Americas. They stand out in melodramatic contrast in every republic. Capital cities enjoying all the modernities of the most advanced communities of the world, while vast interior and disconnected areas lie in semidarkness; some districts in the aboriginal state of the Stone Age."³ This fact may be largely responsible for the comparative ease with which fascism has seeped into and actually flooded Argentina.

In the years before 1930, Argentina was a conventional democratic republic; but in September of 1930, General Jose Uriburu led a military coup d'état which seized the reins of Argentine government and ended Argentine democracy, although fascism as such did not move in until the Castillo regime, ten years later. The major effect of the Uriburu coup was to give the fascist elements a brief, sweet taste of absolute power and to show them what remained to be done before full-dress fascism could be introduced. The Spanish Revolt and the establishment of a Republic of Spain in 1931 forced

¹ Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1940, p. 36.

² *Ibid.*

³ Henry A. Phillips, *Argentina* (New York, 1944), p. 171.

the neo-fascist Uriburu government to pull in its neck considerably, because events in Spain are always instrumental in molding Latin American public opinion. Hence, fascism was temporarily discarded in 1931, but its short life was prophetic of the future course of Argentine politics.⁴

When Uriburu fell sick of cancer, his henchmen determined to pick a likely successor; their choice was General Augustin P. Justo, whose policies, as it turned out, proved to be greatly "on the fence"—in some ways he was pro-fascist, in others, pro-democratic.⁵

In the next election, that of 1940, Dr. Roberto Ortiz was elected president and Ramon S. Castillo, vice-president. Although the election had been fixed and the ballots stacked by the pro-fascists in power, Ortiz turned out to be decidedly pro-democratic. If he had lived, it is probable that Argentina would have returned to democracy. As it was, however, he was forced by diabetes to turn over the government to Vice-President Castillo in early 1941.⁶

The Castillo regime, as it developed, tended to be more and more pro-fascist and anti-democratic. Many incidents indicated that the German fifth column was centered in Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina. Subsequent congressional investigations and raids uncovered evidence to prove this fact. The opening sessions of the new Congress were marked by bickering with Castillo over what should be done about the German activities. The provincial elections of 1941 were swept by the pro-Nazi Nationalists, because of the fraudulent methods of balloting employed by Castillo's party. The Radicals demanded annulment of the election on this basis, without success. In July and September, pro-fascist attempts on two occasions to overthrow the government were thwarted.⁷

Anti-Axis elements arranged in November for extensive, pro-democratic demonstrations to be held in five thousand different places, but Castillo ordered them cancelled the night before they were to take place, on the grounds that the government could not tolerate public protests against its neutrality policy. The ban was condemned by the press and openly defied in one province, whose governor was a Radical. In September the Chamber voted to ask the government to dissolve all German organizations and deport their leaders, but Castillo refused, announcing that the conduct of international affairs was his responsibility.⁸

On December 16, 1941, Acting President Castillo declared a state of siege over Argentina which suspended all constitutional rights including the habeas corpus, inviolability to search of the home, the mails, and private papers, and the freedoms of speech, press, and assembly. This was to continue for the duration of the war.⁹

⁴ Ray Josephs, *Argentine Diary* (New York, 1944), pp. xviii-xx.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. xxi. ⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1941, pp. 34-5. ⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

⁹ Don Modesto, "Spies and Saboteurs in Argentina," *News Backgrounds Reports* (New York, 1942), pp. 9-10.

The Radicals were greatly handicapped in their campaign before the March elections by the state of siege. The press and radio were severely censored and the right of public assembly curtailed. Mention in speeches of international politics and the government's foreign policy, which were the main campaign issues, was prohibited. As a result, the Radicals lost ground in Congress.¹⁰

On June 27, 1942, President Ortiz was forced by his rapidly failing health to present his resignation, making Castillo president. Ortiz died on July 15.¹¹ His death, and that of Alvear, another Radical leader, left the Radicals nearly leaderless. Their hopes now became centered on ex-President Justo, who prepared to run for the presidency.¹² These hopes foundered on January 11, 1943, however, when General Justo died. With his removal from the campaign, it seemed that there would be little opposition to whatever man the Nationalists chose to succeed Castillo.¹³

All this political planning proved useless on June 4, 1943, however. At that time, General Rawson led ten thousand troops to the Casa Rosada and took control of the government.¹⁴ This coup d'état was planned by a group of high-ranking officers led by Rawson, General Ramirez, and Admiral Sueyro, who demanded and obtained the resignation of Castillo on the next day. Rawson proclaimed himself Provincial President.¹⁵ At first it was expected that this would mark the end of the fascist policies of Castillo, but it soon became apparent that this would not be so, when the new Cabinet was formed of pro-fascist men and Congress was dissolved indefinitely.¹⁶

On the morning of June 7, when the new officials were to be inaugurated, Rawson resigned under force, and Ramirez was sworn in instead. The election was called off. The new administration, anxious to obtain the approval of the Americas, announced that Argentina would "show by acts" her alliance with them. In accordance with this it decreed that secret codes could not be used for international communications—a direct blow to Axis espionage. As a result the new government was officially recognized by the United States, a step which later proved foolish, because Ramirez resumed Castillo's most fascist policies of repression, and added the open dissolution of pro-Allied parties. Friction with the United States began to develop.¹⁷ But in January of 1944, an Axis spy-ring scare and an ultimatum of "break with the Axis or else" issued by the Americas brought about the long-awaited severance of relations with Germany and Japan.¹⁸

It was now time for the Argentine Grupo Oficiales Unido (the GOU, which also stands for Government, Order, and Union), composed of a vast

¹⁰ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1942, p. 41.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 41-2.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 42.

¹³ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1943, p. 38.

¹⁴ Josephs, *op. cit.*, pp. 3-4.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 39.

¹⁵ "Argentina," *op. cit.*, pp. 38-9.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ "Argentina," *The New International Year Book*, 1944, p. 42.

number of young army colonels, to make its debut. The GOU is not a political party, but a cult, almost like those of the Middle Ages. It "represents a danger comparable to that of Japan's militarists and to the Prussian heel-clickers who helped guide the Nazi plans."¹⁹ One of its leaders was Colonel Juan Peron. On February 15, this GOU seized and ousted three key officials, but not Ramirez. On February 24 the officers forced Ramirez to "take a rest," threatening an armed revolt. Vice-President Farrell was named acting president. Then began a wholesale dismissal and "resignation" of Constitutional officers.²⁰ On March 9, Ramirez was forced to resign and Farrell took over as president. Later, Peron was named vice-president,²¹ finally to succeed Farrell as President of Argentina.

From this study of the chronological development of fascism in Argentina, it is obvious that there is no getting around the fact that Argentina represents a threat to democracy. As a result of investigations carried out by the Americas, this conclusion has been reached: "In October, 1945, when consultation concerning the Argentine situation was requested by the United States, it had reason to believe . . . that the present Argentine Government and many of its high officials were so seriously compromised in their relations with the enemy that trust and confidence could not be reposed in that Government. . . . Now [we] possess a wealth of incontrovertible evidence."²²

Authorities agree that the United Nations should develop an understanding of Argentine theories and objectives, and must aid the Argentines to eliminate the fascist leanings of their government. But there is another factor involved, as stated by one authority: "Today Argentina and Bolivia head the fascist parade in Latin America. But they march to a tune played by a band in Madrid. . . . This march will not end until Spain is once more a democratic nation."²³

¹⁹ Josephs, *op. cit.*, pp. 136-7.

²⁰ "Argentina," *op. cit.*, p. 43.

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 46.

²² "A Consultation Among the American Republics with Respect to the Argentine Situation," Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1946.

²³ Josephs, *op. cit.*, p. 354.

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The Centralia Mine Disaster

RONALD R. SEIBERT

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

THE LAST FEW YEARS OF MY LIFE HAVE BEEN YEARS that will go down in the annals of history as a period of horrible devastation, such as the world had never known before. Mass slaughter in the Nazi concentration camps, widespread destruction by air raids and the modern methods of war, and the most terrifying and powerful force of all, the atomic bomb—all these events seemed far away to me, since I was going to high school in the quiet surroundings of a little town in southern Illinois.

It was on a cold, wet, unattractive March day that I first heard of the horrible explosion at the Centralia Coal Company's Mine No. 5 which was to give me my most memorable experience—a peacetime calamity that revealed to me some of the horrors that accompany wars.

The most unfortunate aspect of this disaster was that it could have been prevented. This was the first major mine explosion in recent years. The employment of modern equipment and safety devices has made coal mining much safer than it was in the early part of the twentieth century. It was through the carelessness of inefficient and graft-mad politicians that the explosion occurred.

Long before the blast, there had been complaints by the workers in the mine, who felt that an explosion was inevitable unless conditions in the mine were improved.

Workers in the mine, who belonged to the miners' union, Local No. 52, United Mine Workers of America, sent a petition to Governor Dwight H. Green of Illinois, begging him to make the State Department of Mines and Minerals enforce safety regulations in the mine. Here are some quotations from the letter that was sent by a committee of four, three of whom were killed in the mine: "We, the officers of Local Union No. 52, UMWA, have been instructed by the members to write a letter to you in protest against the negligence and unfair practices of your department of mines and minerals. In fact, Governor Green, this is a plea to you to please save our lives, to please make the Department of Mines and Minerals enforce the laws at the No. 5 mine of the Centralia Coal Company at Centralia, Illinois, at which mine we are now employed, before we have a dust explosion at this mine just like happened in Kentucky and West Virginia."

Several of the miners mentioned to their families that an explosion was impending. These are the prophetic words of Arthur H. Carter, spoken to his wife, Edith, three weeks before he was killed in the blast: "We're going to have an explosion in that mine if they don't clean it up. The coal dust is so

heavy our shoes are full of it all day long. Whenever that explosion comes, I want you to hold yourself together and be a good soldier."

The letter to Governor Green contained high praise for Driscoll Scanlan, state mine inspector of the Centralia district, whom the miners all respected as a man who was "honest, of good character, and a good mining man." Mr. Scanlan began warning the state department about the mine in December, 1945. The last of these reports, dated March 18 and 19, 1947, contained warnings about faulty ventilation, dirty haulage roads, loose roof and walls, and inadequate rock dusting. The inspector also recommended methods of improving the conditions. He had taken his plea to Robert M. Medill, director of the state mine department, who rebuked him with the statement that they would have to "take that chance." Previously, Medill had commended all the mine inspectors on their good work; he had said that "the money is rolling in." He had also told Scanlan that he was "too damned honest."

It was close to quitting time in the Centralia Coal Company's Mine No. 5 on the afternoon of March 25, 1947, and the tired miners were preparing to leave the pit and go home to their families. At exactly 3:27 an explosion occurred in a workroom at the northwestern end of the tunnels. The blast was caused by coal dust that had risen into the air and been ignited by explosive blasting charges. The force of the explosion started a fiery mass of swirling coal dust and poisonous fumes rolling down the passages of the mine. There were one hundred and forty-two men in the mine at the time of the explosion, thirty-one of them near the mine shaft. These latter were unable to escape the horrible black mass that was accompanied by a muffled, rumbling roar. Most of them were struck down by the force of the blast, but they managed to crawl to the cage, which brought them out alive. Some of these men were made temporarily insane by the blast, and all were covered with coal dust which was blown into the pores of their skin.

Rescue crews were immediately summoned from nearby mining towns, and they went to work at once under the direction of Inspector Scanlan. The workers soon determined that most of the miners were dead, but that some could have walled themselves off on the far side of the explosion. They worked desperately to reach the trapped group, but the proceedings were very slow, since gas-filled tunnels had to be closed off, ventilation had to be restored, and huge piles of debris blocked the way. It was four days before all the mine had been penetrated, and all the men were found dead. Forty-six miners were trapped in a tunnel and killed by the poisonous "black damp," while sixty-five of the victims were killed by the actual blast, which mutilated and burned their bodies beyond recognition.

It was mournfully quiet outside the No. 5 mine during the rescue work. Most of the miners' wives and children had gathered around the mine entrance to wait for news of their loved ones. Occasionally someone would begin sobbing softly, but most of the relatives were bravely composed. A light

snow was falling, and the only noise was the creaking of the mine cage as it lifted the bodies from the pit. Emergency crews had prepared beds and food for the rescue crews, and had also provided hot food for the miners' families. When darkness fell, the hopeful relatives went to the miners' washhouse, which sheltered them from the cold wind. Frequently a woman would be called out, but soon she would tearfully return, tenderly fold her loved one's street clothes, and move off into the night alone.

The newspapers and radio stations carried full, on-the-spot coverage of the rescue work. Those in my school who had relatives in the mine were allowed to remain in the principal's office and listen for new developments. My girl friend, whose mother was a close friend of many of the trapped miners, sobbed continuously as the bulletins revealed that one after another of her lifelong neighbors had been among the identified dead.

Many of the deceased were citizens of Centralia's neighboring towns, and therefore all the people in the Centralia area were appalled by the disaster. Funds were collected to aid the victims' families, and all the towns observed Monday, March 31, as a day of mourning. All the churches were opened for prayer, and the ministers and priests did all they possibly could to comfort the bereaved. One funeral procession after another wound its way to the Centralia cemeteries. Some families buried three or four of their men at the same time.

The saddest note of all is added to the disaster by the knowledge that some of the miners slowly suffocated in the inky, gas-filled blackness of the pit. These men lived only a few hours after the explosion, but they had time to scrawl a few last words of love, encouragement, and instruction to their wives. The notes were all bravely written, but this note is perhaps the most touching example of the last thoughts of these unsung heroes:

"To my wife:

"It looks like the end for me. I love you, honey, more than life itself. If I don't make it please do the best you can and always remember and love me, honey. You are the sweetest wife in the world. Goodbye honey, and Dickey."

Beach Landing

When we hit the beach, the mortar fire increased. Men were being hit all around me. Shrapnel was falling all over the place. It seemed as though there was nothing but noise and confusion. I found myself lying on the ground, digging as fast as I could. The hole seemed to fill up as fast as I dug, but I finally, after what seemed ages, managed to get it deep enough to lie in. What had I ever done to have this happen to me? How long would it last? I had never before in my life been so scared. I had tried before to imagine what combat was like. I had heard other fellows talk about it, but I had never dreamed it would be anything like this. I can't explain it. I can't begin to put it into words. I looked around to see who was beside me. It was Wally, a fellow from New Jersey. He was only about four yards away. I wondered what he was thinking, and whether he was as scared as I was. A few seconds later I found out. Amidst all the noise, I could hear Wally, with his face flat to the sand, mumbling, "That God-damned draft board! Oh, that lousy, God-damned draft board!"—RICHARD QUITER

Tales My Grandpa Tells

DAVID J. KNECHT

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1947-1948

I DON'T KNOW WHY IT IS, BUT THINGS JUST HAPPEN TO preachers' families, things that don't happen to normal people, and our family is no exception. Since both my mother's father and my father's uncle are ministers of the gospel, I can hardly escape. I have had the advantage, however, of getting these happenings secondhand in the form of my Grandpa's stories. Some of my happiest childhood memories are of sitting with the family, listening, while Grandpa relived countless amusing incidents of the past.

One of my favorites concerns my great-aunt Sarah, a short, roly-poly woman who laughs so hard she cries. It happened that her sister Lotty, a stranger to the town, was visiting her when the local preacher came to call. This man had a good soul and was very earnest, but he was as timid as a mouse and as frail as a paper doll. Lotty was just the opposite, strong and impulsive. So when she spied this preacher with his brief case coming onto the porch and mistook him for a salesman with his samples, you can guess what happened. She went to the door, placed her hands firmly on his shoulders and backed him calmly down the porch steps onto the lawn. Then, still without a word, she went back into the house. Needless to say, that pastor never called again.

A similar incident occurred when my mother and aunts were children. They were chasing each other in and out of the house one summer evening in a wild game of tag. Believing herself pursued by her sisters, my aunt Sylvia ran in the front door a few seconds before a dignified pastor came up the front walk. Therefore, when a pounding came at the front door, she opened it just a crack and rammed her fist out as far as she could. Luckily she didn't hit the poor soul; her fist just hovered there about two inches in front of his nose. He somehow managed to come in and finish his business, but his aplomb was visibly shaken.

My grandfather was never slow to accept new inventions, but they sometimes got the best of him. The telephone caused the family comparatively little difficulty. Grandpa often answered the query "Who is this?" with an innocent, "I don't know." Aunt Sarah answered the phone one day to hear a man's voice boom, "Hello there, old girl, how are you?" Not recognizing the voice, she nonetheless answered, "Fine. And how are you, you old rascal?" The man turned out to be another local preacher whom she knew slightly, but who had got the wrong number.

My family's experience with cars was much the same as everyone else's at that time. Everybody wanted one, but nobody knew the first thing about

them aside from the fact that they would not move without being given gas. My family never had a Model-T, but they did have a Reo, which was as temperamental at times as any Ford could be. It was, however, one of the best to be had at the time and gave excellent service. It was the marvel of the neighborhood, and anyone lucky enough to drive it was king of all he saw. When one of Grandpa's children drove the Reo, he was grown up. When my mother's turn came, she drove around the block and put it in the garage, where she discovered that she could not turn the lights off. She told Grandpa, who shrugged it off and said he'd fix them tomorrow. Great was his chagrin the next day when the car refused to come to life. That is how well they understood the contraption. Grandpa likes to tell of a bishop who owned an inflexible brute of a car and who knew even less of such things than Grandpa. They were riding together in the bishop's car when the road became inexplicably bumpy. The bishop looked down to the left and exclaimed, "Iss dot my vheel? I belief dot iss my vheel!" And so it was; they stopped, replaced it, and rode on.

Since my Grandpa is German and preached mostly in German, it was natural that he require his children to learn to read and write the language. Ten-year-old Rueben was supposed to read aloud to his mother from a book that had German on one page with the English translation opposite. Since he spoke German well, he acquired the lazy habit of reading the English side, translating it into German as he went along. This system worked amazingly well until he translated *horse* as *esel*, which means *donkey*. Grandma knew the book by heart and said, "Ja, du bist der Esel, nun." Another time, three-year-old Zelma went to Sunday School with the older boys, who were learning the German ABC's: ah, bay, tsay, day, ay, eff, gay, hal, etc. After listening awhile, Zelma said: "Ich kann das auch sagen." (I can say that too.) The impressed teacher asked her to, whereupon she seriously intoned, "Ah, bay, tsay, day, blubilubilb. . . ."

The church in those days was delightfully informal; many were the times that the service was interrupted by one of Grandpa's offspring bringing exciting news from home. Once the family's dog, Trixy, decided to join the service and came bounding down the aisle with Norma, the youngest, in close pursuit. Another time, when the family had a cow that was pastured several blocks away, one of the boys burst into a prayer meeting in the midst of a prayer to shout that the cow had fallen into the ditch while he was bringing her home and that he couldn't get her out. The whole congregation left the church with Grandpa in the lead and went to the ditch. Everyone was much worried and gave advice as to the method of getting her out, but to no avail; she remained as she was. Finally an old farmer of the church, who had not been able to keep up with the rest, arrived on the scene. Sizing up the situation, he climbed into the ditch, grabbed the cow's tail, and tweaked it sharply. The old cow gave a bellow and scrambled up the bank in record

time. The matter being taken care of, Grandpa led the congregation back to the church and finished the prayer.

One thing I have always envied in my Grandpa is his way with traffic cops. It has become a well-known fact that he can talk a cop out of anything. Since our family is composed of honest drivers, he never has to lie; if he says we didn't know the speed limit was 35 m.p.h., we didn't. The only time I was ever chased by a cop with sirens and all, I had the good fortune to have my Grandpa beside me. It was four A.M., and the cop was in need of coffee anyway. Grandpa's speech went like this: "We are very careful drivers, officer, and we wouldn't think of deliberately running through that stop sign. I realize that we were in the wrong, and I'm very, very sorry. Thank you so much for calling it to our attention, officer. Thank you very much." With that he rolled up the window, and there was nothing for the bewildered arm of the law to do but go back to his car.

Sometimes when I get disgusted with the world I live in, I think that it would be wonderful to have been living back when things were going on. It would be so much more interesting than the normal life I lead. But then again—I don't know if I could have taken it.

Improper Bostonians

JOHN HAYWARD

Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1947-1948

AS A COMPARATIVELY YOUNG COUNTRY, THE UNITED States has few national myths. Their scarcity is easily compensated for by the hardiness of those we do have. The myth of THE BOSTONIAN is by far one of the healthiest of these folk fables, for, to everyone in the country, the Bostonian is a rare character, one of a kind, the mere mention of whose name calls to mind a scene something like this:

Dressed in an ill-fitting black suit, the male Bostonian comes stumbling down a brick sidewalk on Beacon Hill. With the ever-present umbrella and ancient hat, he is probably on his way to the Athenaeum or to a meeting of the Watch and Ward Society. As a progressive man with a touch of humor in his make-up, he affects a gold watch, but neither the gold chain suspended from a vest pocket nor his gold-rimmed bifocals lighten the heavy severity of his gaunt face. As he picks his way over the colonial cobblestones, he looks more like a witch-hunter than a modern American. After censuring the latest novels from New York and Chicago, he meets his wife for lunch at one of the English tea houses. His mate is, if anything, more of a cultural lag than he. For her, the "New Look" has been the only look for fifty years. In her

sturdy, high-button shoes and tweeds she is an imposing sight. For a smart touch, she has thrown a feather boa around her neck, but with the hawk-like ferocity of her features, the feathers seem to be a part of her rather than an addition to her dress. Over a New England boiled dinner with Indian pudding, she discusses the resolution passed at the meeting of the Society for the Extermination of Unwed Mothers.

Upon this supposedly authentic picture of the Bostonian the rest of America looks with a mixture of horror and shocked amusement. As a result, the first question that a New Englander is asked as he steps off the train in Chicago or Los Angeles is, "Are Bostonians really like they say?"

Far be it from me to spoil Fred Allen's radio program or to take food from the mouths of some cartoonists and writers on Boston, but enough is enough. As a Bostonian, I demand the right to bring this funny but mistaken definition of the Bostonian up to date.

My Bostonian is not taken from the ranks of a small minority, but represents the average of all the inhabitants of Boston. Any resemblance between him and our sour-faced, hidebound friend is impossible. This is my Bostonian:

Staggering out of the Bay View Pub late Saturday night comes Pat Mahoney, genial, red-faced Irishman and expert on malt products. With his shiny elbows glistening in the moonlight, he stumbles homeward, but no open arms await him there. Amid a hail of frying pans and crockery, Pat finds himself in the gutter, having been tossed there by his wife and his mother-in-law. He recovers from his bruises at the "L" Street bathhouse, and thanks his patron saint, James Michael Curley, for this haven from the Irish housewife. Meekly, he goes to the last Mass on Sunday morning in the company of his smiling wife and pretty colleens. If my Bostonian has done nothing else, he has filled Boston with the best-looking girls in the country. Of course on election day he votes the straight Democratic ticket, thereby assuring the city of one of the best mismanaged municipal governments in the country. Otherwise he is a cheerful, fun-loving individual who enjoys his women and his boilermakers.

As compared with the Bostonian of the radio and screen, who is English, Protestant, Republican, and generally a frozen-faced reactionary, we now have my Bostonian, who is Irish, Catholic, Democrat, and good guy. Two definitions could not be more unlike, yet neither is a true description of THE BOSTONIAN. A perfect picture of him is impossible as he is a combination of old English restraint and Gaelic gusto, and a visitor's reaction is conditioned by the amount of the two spirits that is dominant at the moment. As for those who unfortunately cannot visit the Hub, let them laugh at the stories about Boston, but let them also remember that no other city quite combines the straight-laced and the silly, the becoming and the bawdy, to such a refreshing degree as does Boston.

The Haughty Haw-Haw

CHARLES COOPER

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1945-1946

A GROUP OF APPROXIMATELY THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE stood shivering outside the green-panelled entrance to Wansworth Prison in the shabby district of South London. A warden briskly came out of a door in the prison wall, walked up to the bulletin board, and placed a surgeon's notice there, confirming that the hanging had been accomplished and the prisoner pronounced dead. A tall camera on the top of a yellow Movietone truck was focused to record the document and the reactions of the people to it;¹ but in a few moments the crowd had dispersed, and "finis" was written to the stormy career of William Joyce, alias Lord Haw-Haw.

It is ironic that Joyce should die as a traitor to the British Empire, for he was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 14, 1906, thus assuming American citizenship according to Constitutional law. Naturalized as a German during the war, he actually never held *British* citizenship status. His father, Michael, who emigrated from Ireland to America in the last decade of the nineteenth century, became a citizen shortly after entering this country, in 1894.² Michael Joyce married Gertrude Emily Brook, of English stock, in the All Saints' Church at 129th Street and Madison Avenue, New York. Two years after William was born, a prolonged unemployment slump forced the family to return to Great Britain.³

Mystery shrouds the life of the Joyces from this point on. In the trial of Haw-Haw, it was revealed by a policeman whose name was Woodmansey that, during the first war, a Mr. and Mrs. Michael Joyce had moved between Lancashire and Galway and had been registered as Americans. They had broken the rules by failing to report their changes in residence, and this was the reason behind an interesting correspondence between the police in Lancashire and the Royal Irish Constabulary in Galway. It disclosed that Michael Joyce had lied about his nationality, claiming that he had allowed his citizenship to lapse by failing to re-register after taking an oath of allegiance to the United States.⁴

The Galway Constabulary, who certainly were up-to-date on American laws affecting Irish immigrants, recommended this preposterous story sympathetically to the police in England, commenting that Michael Joyce was one of the most loyal men in that region and was greatly respected,⁵ which meant,

¹ Ruth West, "William Joyce: Conclusion," *New Yorker*, 21 (Jan. 26, 1946), 28.

² "Rope for Haw-Haw," *Time*, 46 (Oct. 1, 1945), 30.

³ Ruth West, "The Crown vs. William Joyce," *New Yorker*, 21 (Sept. 29, 1945), 30.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 31. ⁵ *Ibid.*

of course, that he was loyal to England. At that time, being faithful to Britain meant, in Ireland, opposition to the growing movement for independence. Michael Joyce had been married in the Roman Catholic Church of All Saints; he belonged, therefore, to the native Irish, the mass of whom were furtively shooting the English from behind stone walls. He had a sincere love of law and order, however, and preferred the military bearing of the King's garrisons and the Royal Irish Constabulary to the unorganized efforts of the "peasantry."⁶

Father evidently imbued this passionate patriotism in son, for when William Joyce was fifteen, in 1921, he sent a letter of application to the London University Officers' Training Corps, in which he described himself as a British citizen.⁷ It was supported by a letter from his father, and the two contained repeated avowals of love for England and of the youngster's willingness to shed blood in defense of the King. Their ardent statements, which no doubt were sincere, were of no avail. This seemed to deter him only temporarily, for soon afterwards he was noted for his mania of ending all personal social gatherings with the national anthem.

Joyce was active in the "Black and Tans," a group who openly attacked the Irish resisting the King of England. When home rule was finally granted, the family moved to the slums of London, where William studied literature, history, and psychology at the University of London, though never taking a degree. Joyce found no place to exhibit his talents in England; so the Fascist movement of the early twenties must have come as a welcome relief. It offered promises of making England what Ireland had been to him and his family—a police state. It also was a means of attacking the liberal opinions which had led to home rule. He joined their ranks at the age of seventeen and in the same year as the ill-fated Munich *Putsch*, 1923.⁸

Shortly thereafter, while earning a living as a tutor, he teamed up with a former Socialist M.P., John Beckett, in starting the National Socialist League. Beckett left because his associate was too radical; the latter was content to occupy himself for the next few years in riotous street brawls. It was at this time that he had his right cheek slashed with a razor from mouth to ear in an argument with a group of navvies⁹ whom he called Communists. He wrote of these days: "We were all poor enough to know the horrors of freedom in democracy. One of our members was driven mad by eighteen months of unemployment and starvation."¹⁰

In 1933, after twice being arrested for assaulting his fellow citizens in political scraps, Joyce became active in Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists. He took his turn on the Fascist speakers' stepladder at the Marble

⁶ "William Joyce: Conclusion," *op. cit.*, p. 29.

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ William L. Shirer, *Berlin Diary* (New York, 1941), 526.

⁹ navvies: an English term meaning common laborers.

¹⁰ Shirer, *op. cit.*, p. 527.

Arch corner of Hyde Park and imagined himself as a fiery-eyed knight, charging the democratic dragons with nothing but the muscular swiftness of a bruising wrestler. He now began to exhibit the "cultured" accent which he had affected at the University of London; his voice was an arrogant, sarcastic, penetrating baritone.

Mosley's group met at the beautiful country estate of an aged Scotch broker, who conducted his business with the strictest probity. Unfortunately this old man's last years were afflicted by a depressing illness, and he developed an hysterical dread of socialism. Sir Oswald encountered little difficulty in bringing him into the fold and, consequently, reaping financial benefits. When the benefactor died, his sister carried on with equal enthusiasm, but she held a special fondness for Joyce. The latter was a lively, wise-cracking practical joker, who well might cheer up an aged invalid. When he broke off from Mosley in 1937 and re-formed his National Socialist League, he used her country estate exclusively as his meeting place.¹¹

It was clear to Joyce on August 25, 1939, that a struggle in Europe was inevitable; so he fled to Germany with a British passport and a Manchester show-girl to participate in the "sacred cause."¹² Joyce entered the service of the German Radio *Rundfunk* on September 18.¹³ His extremely nasal voice was at first considered unfit by the Propaganda Ministry officials for broadcasting. A Nazi radio engineer, however, who had received his early training in England, saw possibilities in Joyce and was instrumental in securing a program for him on the air.

Of course Joyce was forced to curb his rabble-rousing tendencies in order to conform to the Germans' subtle technique. They conceived of propaganda as an art of influencing mass opinion by means of suggestion. It may thus be considered a process of molding the state of the public mind, which, according to the Nazis, is the mind of the "masses." Hitler considered three main functions of this "opinion management":

1. conquering the masses for the idea . . . (The object is to motivate into action.)
2. enlightening the masses . . . (The object is to keep the faith burning brightly among the converted.)
3. paralyzing the opposition to the idea . . . (The object here is not to arouse the masses to action; the propagandist hopes to destroy the opposition's will to resist.)¹⁴

Joyce used the third approach; that is, he intended by derision and distortion of the facts to reduce the enemy to a state of apathy.

¹¹ "William Joyce: Conclusion," *op. cit.*, p. 31.

¹² "Rope for Haw-Haw," *Time*, 46 (Oct. 1, 1945), 30.

¹³ Shirer, *loc. cit.*

¹⁴ Harwood Childs, *Propaganda by Short Wave* (Princeton, 1942), 42.

At the end of September, in the first few days of the war, Britons turned their radio dials and were startled to hear an anonymous voice saying: "To some I may seem a traitor, but hear me out . . ." His precise, almost exaggerated Oxford accent was beamed to England twice daily from his Hamburg station, at eleven in the morning and five in the afternoon. Because the British could not hear the news until nine o'clock in the evening on the B.B.C., his comments on the day's events reached a large number of homes. A poll taken by the *Daily Times*, shortly after the inception of his program, revealed that he was followed on over fifty per cent of the nation's nine million radio sets.¹⁵

He incessantly sneered at Britain's martial arms, deplored the poverty of her "oppressed" workers, and condemned her leaders as a bunch of "pumpkin heads." The *Socialist Forward*, published in London, aptly warned, "He blandly takes the British public by the ear, turns its startled gaze on examples of incompetence and criminal injustice of our politicians, and singles out facts that a smug press has succeeded in keeping out of headlines."¹⁶ Because of Joyce's imitation accent and his fumbling attempt to instill humor in his ridicule of the British and American plutocracy, he was dubbed by Jonah Barrington of the London *Daily Express* as "Lord Haw-Haw."¹⁷

Haw-Haw was received by the British with changing attitudes. While the Frenchman would turn off the radio with white rage, his ally across the channel would listen and discuss for a good part of the day. At first, when England was bored by what was apparently shaping up to be a phoney war, the populace viewed him with a typically veiled British humor; it was a national pastime to hazard a guess as to his identity. As soon as the blitz reached its peak, though, he came to be regarded contemptuously as a countryman who had escaped the misery being inflicted on them, and who had then turned to mock their plight. Actually, he was no better informed than others on the German Radio, but he had been ridiculed to fame.

Joyce maintained his incognito during the first winter of the war. He was spotted by the "reliable" sources as:

1. A German professor who once preached Nazism in Scotland.
2. Norman Baille-Stewart, an ex-Scotchman who was once kept in the Tower of London for betraying military secrets.
3. Henry William Wicks, a London insurance man who was living in Germany with his Nazi wife.¹⁸

Listeners attempted to link his voice with a particular stratum of society, claiming that he was aristocratic, public-school, or just plain phoney. *Newsweek Magazine* went so far as to employ a speech expert from Columbia

¹⁵ "Ex-husband Found?" *Time*, 35 (Mar. 11, 1940), 62. ¹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷ "Tale of a Turncoat," *Newsweek*, 25 (June 11, 1945), 91.

¹⁸ "Ex-husband Found?" *loc. cit.*

University, Dr. Henry Lee Smith, to analyze the voice. Dr. Smith stated, "His speech has all the qualities which we Americans naturally associate with British voices, but lacks the 'West End Cockney' peculiarities. His cadence is almost American—identical with a good-class speaker of this country. This is probably due to one of two reasons, possibly both: (1) Lord Haw-Haw has lost most of his local peculiarity by extensive training, or (2) by extensive travel in other English-speaking countries. I would say, after hearing him, that he had probably spent considerable time in the United States."¹⁹ The *Sunday Pictorial*, in December of 1939, interviewed a woman in the village of Waldron, Sussex, who was sure that the arrogant voice pervading all of England was that of her ex-husband, William Joyce.

More than a year had passed, though, before the mystery concerning Haw-Haw's identity was cleared up. During the week of April 14, 1941, he started his program with, "I, William Joyce. . . ." He explained that he dropped the incognito to answer London newspaper stories calling him a common spy. He said haughtily, "All these imputations I disregard as garbage."²⁰ There seems to be another factor behind Haw-Haw's confession. The first big flight of bombers over London had destroyed the home of his father, Michael Joyce, causing serious injury to the old man. He died on April 5, 1941, in a home in near-by East Capitol Dulwich. When it was thought that his son might be the British traitor, Michael Joyce refused to admit it, and would not listen to Haw-Haw's voice on the air.

When the Germans concentrated their air armada over the Isles in September of 1941, Joyce took advantage of the dissension which was being manifested. He opened his broadcasts with, "Germany calling" (which the press mimicked as "Jairmany calling"), and then would warn, "Scurry into your cellars like rats, you snobs of Kensington. The glorious *Luftwaffe* is on its way to blast you."²¹ He once threw a scare into night newspaper workers by boasting, "Now the *Luftwaffe* will turn its attention to Fleet Street and eradicate the festering core of the Jewish-plutocratic press."²² In the morning, several news buildings were thoroughly scorched. Joyce quoted heated arguments in Parliament over the course of the war, thus fomenting the internal friction that was growing in Britain. He kept harping on class distinctions and repeatedly asked, with a simulated blue-blood accent, "Who gets the profits of the war? How much do the capitalists stand to win in pounds and shillings? Remember the profiteers in 1918?"²³

When William L. Shirer was in Berlin, he used the same broadcasting facilities as Haw-Haw. In his book *Berlin Diary*, Shirer tells of an interesting interview with the propagandist during a British air raid on the German capital. Joyce claimed that he was no more a traitor than the thousands of

¹⁹ "Lord Haw-Haw Makes Fiction," *Newsweek*, 16 (July 22, 1940), 33.

²⁰ "Renegade Unmasked," *Time*, 37 (April 14, 1941), 36.

²¹ Childs, *op. cit.*, p. 90. ²² *Ibid.* ²³ *Ibid.*

British and Americans who had renounced their citizenship to become comrades in the Soviet Union, or those Germans who gave up their nationality in 1848 and fled to the United States. Shirer particularly noted two complexes—his titanic hatred for Jews and his hysteria toward capitalism. "Had it not been for his hysteria about Jews, he might easily have become a successful Communist agitator."²⁴ Joyce expressed his contention that the Nazi movement was a proletarian one, and that Hitler was the liberator of the working class.

A few months before we were attacked, the Germans capitalized on Haw-Haw's publicity by beaming his talks to us almost every night at 9:30 EST. He emphasized, in his broadcasts to the United States, the "baseness" and "treachery" of the British, and used as an example their putting the French fleet out of action after Vichy had ended hostilities. In addition, he scolded Washington for her inconsistency in keeping the Monroe Doctrine, warning us that we were not to meddle in European affairs.²⁵

As the war turned in our favor, Joyce was relegated to his position as a comic character. The Londoners enjoyed his interpretation of "disengaging" movements and his boasting of how impregnable were the West Wall fortifications. When the Allies closed in, his voice was heard less and less from the Hamburg station.²⁶ On April 30, a week before the surrender, Joyce was on the air for the last time. He admitted that Germany might be beaten, in stammering, choked, drunken sentences. He fled from Hamburg to Flensburg, where the tentative German government had its headquarters.²⁷ When the British took over the city, they ordered all civilians evicted from the hotels; and in the confusion that followed, Joyce slipped away and began an arduous walk to the Danish frontier, carrying a German passport made out in the name of Hansen.

On the main highway, a few miles from the border, he saw two British officers gathering firewood. Probably to forestall suspicion, he started to converse with them in French, German, and finally in English. He said, "I used to gather firewood myself." The officers recognized the voice immediately; and after being questioned, Joyce confessed that he was Haw-Haw. As he spoke, he moved his right hand threateningly; one of the officers, who was unwilling to lose the valuable prize, shot him in the right thigh. Later, in the ambulance, he said, "I suppose in view of the recent suicides, you expect that I am going to do the same. I am not that sort of man."²⁸

A cell in London's Old Bailey was waiting for Joyce when he was returned to England on June 2. In the old days, he would have been dragged behind a horse to the scaffold, hanged, disemboweled, and decapitated, but he

²⁴ Shirer, *op. cit.*, p. 525.

²⁵ "Lord Haw-Haw Makes Fiction," *loc. cit.*

²⁶ "Tale of a Turncoat," *op. cit.*, p. 92.

²⁷ "Haw-Haw Captured," *New York Times* (June 2, 1945), 7.

²⁸ *Ibid.*

was afforded a free trial by jury, a prerogative which would have had no place in his fascist state.

On September 18, he was brought to trial in the Central Criminal Court, the only building standing in what was once the nucleus of London's commercial district. Joyce, who was dressed in a navy-blue suit, bowed with incongruous formality to Sir Frederick Tucker, the red-robed judge. His hard, shining dark-blue eyes looked like pebbles; his neck was disproportionately long, and his narrow shoulders were sloping. His smile was pinched and "governessy." When asked what he pleaded, Joyce answered loudly. "Not Guilty!"²⁹

The Labor Government's young attorney general, Sir Hartley Shawcross, opened for the prosecution: "Members of the jury, today, exactly six years after he entered the employment of the defeated enemy, William Joyce comes before you on what is the greatest crime in our law."³⁰ There were three indictments against Joyce:

1. Between the beginning and the end of the war, while owing allegiance to the King, he did traitorously adhere to the enemy by broadcasting propaganda.
2. On September 26, 1940, he had been naturalized as a subject of the enemy.
3. From the time he left Britain with the passport until it expired on July 2, 1940, he engaged in traitorous activities.³¹

His defense counsel, who was provided by the government under the Poor Persons Act, based his defense on the fact that Haw-Haw was an American citizen by birth, and a German citizen by choice; he therefore owed no allegiance to Great Britain.³² The prosecution stated that there were reasons for loyalty to the King other than citizenship. A person residing in the realm owes temporary allegiance because he is enjoying the protection of the government; if a person leaves the realm and still intends to be protected by British laws (and a passport implies this), he consequently still owes temporary allegiance. The treason charge, therefore, was made from the time Joyce left England under a passport until it expired. As this was the first time in English history that treason was so interpreted, the judge would have been justified in dismissing the case. He agreed with Shawcross, though, and expressed his opinion to the jury before they retired on the third day. Within twenty-five minutes, the jury of ten men and two women returned a guilty verdict. Joyce was the victim of his own and his father's lifelong determination to lie about their American citizenship. If he had gone to Germany on an American passport, no power could have touched him as a war criminal because he was naturalized before we entered the war.³³

²⁹ "Rope for Haw-Haw," *loc. cit.*

³⁰ *Ibid.*

³¹ *Ibid.*

³² "He Who Haw-Haws Last," *Newsweek*, 26 (Oct. 1, 1945), 47.

³³ "Joyce Hangs Tomorrow," *New York Times* (Jan. 3, 1946), 10.

When the jury left, the people got up as if they were between acts at a play. When asked if he wanted to say anything, Joyce shook his head. He listened to the sentence with his head high, gave a bow to the judge, and ran briskly down to the cells, smiling and waving to those sympathizers and fellow Fascists who had followed his trial, including his brother Quentin.

His case was reviewed by the Court of Appeals, but the death sentence was reaffirmed. He then had the case taken to the House of Lords; but here, too, the decision was upheld by unanimous vote, and the defendant was sentenced to be hanged on January 4, 1946.

Through Quentin, William Joyce issued a final public statement on the eve of his execution. He declared, "In death, as in life, I defy the Jews who caused this last war, and I defy the power of darkness which they represent. I warn the British people against the crushing imperialism of the Soviet Union.

"May Britain be great once again, and in the hour of greatest danger to the West, may the standards of the swastika be raised from the dust. I am proud to die for my ideals, and I am sorry for the sons of Britain who have died without knowing why."²⁴

With this last bit of flowery declamation, Lord Haw-Haw concluded life.

²⁴ "Haw-Haw Executed," *New York Times* (Jan. 4, 1946), 7.

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Clock in the Ruins

Through the somber scene of waste, the old city of Munich is visible. The old streets, narrow and twisting, are bordered by tall, narrow shops crowding each other onto the sidewalks. The ancient towers of medieval times stand in their ruins, marking the course of the old inner-walled and outer cities. The City Hall, but slightly damaged, continues to display its fascinating mechanical clock at eleven o'clock each morning. Residents and visitors stop traffic and mill about below the clock to watch the parade of mechanized figures whirl, dance and prance to the chimes as they revolve about the tower.—ELMER THOMAS OWINGS.

Seven Weeks in a Miniature U N O

ISAAC NEHAMA

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-1948

THE HEAVY CLOUDS OF THE MOST CATASTROPHIC WAR in human history still darken the skies of two-thirds of our planet. The military battles have ceased. The finale of their morbid music was the explosion of the atomic bomb and the destruction of a large industrial city. But human beings, physically and mentally exhausted, still count their dead; and there is no Pericles to make a funeral oration.

The atmosphere of world politics is extremely tense. Even the most optimistic political weathermen predict a heavy storm. Humanity has placed its hopes for a lasting peace upon a child organization. A careful consideration of the present world situation, however, seems to prove that the UNO alone does not and cannot secure peace. It is only through the individual participation of every human being on earth that misunderstanding among the peoples of the world will be removed. Only then, and not through treaties, will peace become a reality.

It was not until last summer that I had the opportunity to live in an atmosphere of, let us say, international mental cooperation. I was extremely fortunate to be able to participate in one of the International Service Seminars, sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers). These seminars are only a small part of the multitude of projects directed by this peace-loving organization. Its tireless efforts for the promotion of good will among the peoples of the earth is internationally recognized. The award of the 1947 Nobel Prize for Peace to the British and American branches of the Society of Friends, represents but a minute part of this international recognition.

Thirty-two students, representing twenty different nationalities, formed the seminar in Woodstock, Illinois. A small town situated forty-eight miles northwest of Chicago, Woodstock has a population of 5,000 people. Although primarily it serves an agricultural area, it has two big factories, the size of which is not in proportion to that of the town. The first plant manufactures the well-known Woodstock typewriters, and the other produces automobile parts.

We were housed in the buildings of Todd School, a private school for boys, completing its centenary this year. The school owns a large piece of land, operates an airfield and three planes, and conducts a motion picture studio. Its dramatic school is of high caliber, its most famous pupil being Orson Welles.

From the very beginning, an atmosphere of friendly informality eliminated many difficulties. With a minimum of organization, the program was in full swing in three days, with a schedule consisting of a variety of activities. Each week a "faculty member," usually a university professor, visited the seminar for five days. During his visit he lectured on various fields of international interest, and conducted discussions amongst the students of the seminar. A committee was formed to plan lectures to be given by the foreign students to the group, concerning historical data, and economical and political conditions of their countries. Social activities and all sorts of recreational sports were in the daily agenda.

With our first "faculty man" we soon plunged deep into problems of world economy, and juggled in our minds terms like "free trade," "gold standard," "international fund," and "marginal utility." While many seminar members felt unsure of all the technical definitions, Professor Stolper, economist at Swarthmore College, made all of us very much aware of the complexity of a situation which had been nebulous and unclear in our minds.

The second week, under the guidance of psychologist Robert McLeod of McGill University, brought us to the problem of human nature. We tried to see the interrelation of nationalism, war, and peace with the fundamental characteristics inherent in human nature. We learned that the "psychological approach" to peace would involve: 1) elimination of insecurity; 2) development of "invulnerable values" *; 3) development of non-aggressive reactions.

On Monday, July 14, the third week began with our initiation into the mysteries of Chinese philosophy. Dr. T. Z. Koo, from John Hopkins University in Shanghai, lectured on the great ideas set forth by the geniuses of Chinese culture. We became involved in heated discussions which left with us the realization that world problems can be seen from the "problem angle" and the "movement angle." Lucile Alaroze and Paulette Guidoin, the two seminarees from France, prepared a French meal to celebrate Bastille Day. The French national anthem echoed through the dining room with a strong international undertone.

It was during the fourth week that we took the problem of world peace by the horns and examined many of the political, social, and historical roots of conflict. Dr. Rayford Logan, historian at Fisk University, held our attention at high level while he examined the weak parts in the United Nations Charter. More than anything else, the following sentence kept ringing through our minds all week: "Yes, the UNO can do quite a lot—it can *consider*, it can *study*, it can *discuss*, and it can *recommend*!" Under Dr. Logan's direction we made a short survey of the colonial problems in the world. We saw the alignment of races, the colonial powers vs. the "dark nations" in an ideological conflict between Russia and the United States. We determined that in a

* Invulnerable values: the term used in psychology for an "integrated philosophy of life."

general solution to the peace problem of the world three vital factors were involved: 1) civil liberties; 2) race tolerance; 3) decent standards of living for all nations. These three points, of course, express the aims of political, social, and economic progress. Until they are achieved all over the world, most of us agreed, there can be no peace.

Our fifth faculty man was Dr. Frank Loesher, sociologist at Columbia University, and his lectures centered around the race problem. He outlined the "debits" and "credits" of the present race situation, and emphasized particularly the position of the church in the American race problem. We started a new type of discussions in our morning sessions, with the foreign students sketching, one after the other, the prevailing prejudices existing in their countries. Again, we all agreed on three points: 1) prejudice is not inherited; 2) prejudice is nurtured in young childhood; 3) education of young parents is the most important thing. A positive program for tolerance would have to include parent education, intercultural education, legislation, social and economic planning, research, and the fundamental point—the forming of a proper *philosophy of life*.

Dr. S. William Sollman, former member of the German *Reichstag*, was our discussion leader in the sixth week. His first lecture—a general introduction to world politics—was followed by discussions on Germany, the British Empire, and Russia. In his last lecture, Dr. Sollman made some interesting observations, and found general approval for his proposal of a "United Europe." Almost in opposition to Dr. Logan, he placed great value in the United Nations. He suggested that the position of the UNO could be strengthened by an annual "United Nations Day" which would be celebrated all over the world.

The last week of our stay in Woodstock we spent in discussions, among ourselves, to evaluate our work and draw our conclusions concerning the present world situation. During this week a big meeting was held at the local theatre. Five hundred Woodstock citizens listened to a panel discussion presented by the group.

This sums up seven weeks of life in a miniature world, a world which, unfortunately, must be considered a utopia today. Our ultimate goal was to clarify the complicated problem of world peace, by throwing light upon the problem from different "angles." We did not intend to arrive at any solution. Our conclusions did not constitute either a blueprint or a stereotype. Upon numerous occasions we failed to reach any conclusions. The question marks left in our minds serve to stimulate our thoughts and actions.

Singing each other's folk songs, dancing each other's folk dances, we lived in harmony for seven weeks. Free from prejudice and ill-will, we found brotherhood of mankind a reality at Todd School. When we think back and recall the summer of 1947, there will be such a wealth of memories from this seminar that future reunions will never lack matter for nostalgic reminiscing.

Speaking of Houses

LEO ARMS

Rhetoric I, Theme 9, 1947-1948

IN THE ARCHITECTURE BUILDING THE OTHER DAY I WAS talking to a junior about unusual designs. "Say, listen," he said, "talking about unusual designs, we had one here just before the war that tops 'em all. Made by a freshman, too! Got a little time? I'll tell you about it."

I said I had and laid down my pencil to listen.

"Well, back about 1940, there was a freshman named Cyril Traent in architecture. He was one of those fellows you usually associate with the University of Chicago. Blonde, his hair combed straight back from a face that was obscured by a pair of heavy-rimmed glasses, he always had a heavy book which he was reading all the time; and he seemed to be interested in matters far past the understanding of any other freshman—and of most instructors. But, he was rather quiet and received average grades.

"One week, for a problem-sketch of a small house, he really turned in a monstrosity. They say that he worked night after night on 'Lord knows what it was.' It looked like one of those optical illusion puzzles that you see in magazines.

"Of course, it wasn't accepted, because none of the jury could determine what it represented.

"Then a funny thing happened. Cyril got good and mad. He stomped into the instructor's office and fought it out verbally for hours. Cyril was evidently slowly winning, for more professors were called in, and the battle continued all day.

"The next day we got wind of what had happened. It seems that Cyril claimed he had designed a house of the fourth dimension, and he got a math professor to agree that it might be possible!

"'Well,' said the instructors, 'we guess there was more there than we saw; so we'll accept the drawing—yes, even give him a point.'

"But neither Cyril nor the math prof was to be stopped there. This was world shaking! Besides, Cyril had worked hard and long figuring this out. They wanted a full-sized house built in the fourth dimension to see what it would be like.

"Well, some of the newspapers in Chicago got wind of it and really played it up. It even got to the Illinois Legislature. Someone wanted to appropriate money for the experiment. The Republicans were for it (whatever it was) and the Democrats were against it (whatever it was).

"The thing grew and grew, praised here, denounced there. Molotov denounced it as a capitalistic trick; some writer exposed it as a communist plot;

and the President refused to comment. The general consensus, however, was 'let the kid go into the fourth dimension—it's a free country!'

"Finally, to avoid a scandal, the money was appropriated, and the work was begun. After a while, a few problems arose. As you probably know, the fourth dimension is time. So when the workers got to the part that was four-dimensional (the house was vertical, one room above the other), they demanded overtime. One electrician, who didn't watch where he was going, fell out of a window and landed into next week. When he showed up, he demanded a check for a week's overtime.

"In spite of accidents and a swarm of newsmen, the house was completed. Of course, the first to enter were Cyril and the math prof. It was declared a huge success. The professor was as overcome with ecstasy as a child with a new, wonderful toy.

"Professor Sterner, assistant dean of architecture, was the next examiner, but the dean didn't return. The anxious authorities sent Cyril in after him fearing a fate similar to that of the electrician. Efforts were made to hush the affair up, especially when Professor Sterner returned unharmed a few days later. It was rumored that his wife accused him of drinking and probably didn't believe his story.

"But Cyril didn't show up. Weeks went by, a whole month, and still no Cyril! Before long this new story had leaked out, or rather, stormed out, and the whole nation was excited about the house once more. A group of scientists came to inspect it. Cyril's parents came to mourn. The area was fenced off from people who wanted to get into the next week for several different reasons. But Cyril never came back.

"A week later the city condemned the building as unsafe and ordered it razed.

"Maybe Cyril will remain forever wherever he is, or maybe we will eventually catch up with him. It wouldn't surprise me at all to see him again, carrying another heavy book."

The junior picked up his coat and left me wondering about Cyril. Of course you won't believe it, but the other day I *did* see a fellow that looked like Cyril carrying volume *Xen to Y* of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

New York Music Lover

I went to the concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, in New York, quite often last summer, and I sometimes found the music-loving audience as interesting as the music. Once a real esthete of the old school sat in front of me. He was terribly thin and shabbily dressed, and he carried a huge volume on musical masterworks which he read through great, thick lenses at nose length. When I expressed my delight to my companion over Schumann's Fourth Symphony, the esthete thumbed through this battered volume to the piece on the symphony and offered it to me. This embarrassed me terribly. He wasn't quite clean either, but he wagged his head and enjoyed the music so that I wasn't quite so critical.
—SYLVIA GETTMANN.

Honorable Mention

Albert J. Allen—Across the Road to Pre-Flight
Morton Corwin—Wheeling through Wheeling
Richard W. Engle—Possibility and Probability
Sylvia Gettmann—The World I Left behind Me
Harold A. Jones—History of Guam 1521-1920
Consuelo Minnich—I Am the Great Sphinx
Richard Paine—Going to Press
Alexander Poinsett—The Essence of Toleration
Edward Rudnicki—The Tax on What Income?
James S. Stein—Bulfinch's Greek Mythology
Caroline Taylor—Patience
Reed Warnock—Cycles
Daniel Wollar—Kitten, an Outlaw Horse

EDITOR'S NOTE: The theme "The Letter" in the Honorable Mention of Vol. 17, No. 3, was written by William Maloney.



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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Courtship, 1912

C. E. LEHMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1947-48

MY FATHER LOVES TO REMINISCE, AND HIS REMINISCENCES, told in a hearty, ribald manner, have been the shot-in-the-arm for more than one party. One of his less censorable tales is of his courtship of my mother.

At that time, my mother was going to college in Waterloo, somewhat against her parent's wishes, while my father was running a photograph gallery that specialized in a post-card size picture that sold three for twenty-five cents. Having your picture taken, then, was quite a fad, and it was not uncommon to have pictures made many times a year. So it was inevitable that they should meet.

Father was already acquainted with an older sister of my mother's, and it was through her that he became acquainted with Mother. It seems that it was not proper for a girl to go alone to have her picture taken, so Mother went with her sister as a kind of chaperon, and to meet Father, who, in her sister's words, "was the best looking fellow, and such a snappy dresser."

So they met, and in spite of the fact that Father says Mother had a big fever blister on her lip, and Mother says he wasn't so much to look at, either, they were soon having dates. My father, who has had many ups and downs in life, at that moment was having an up; so they dined at the very best places, and saw all the road-shows of the day, "Sapho," "Lightnin'," Sousa's Band, and others I cannot recall. Mother, a farmer's daughter who had never been more than twenty-five miles away from home, was properly impressed by Father's worldly ways, his urbane manner, and the size of his purse, besides his charm and good looks, while he was thrilled with her freshness and lack of sophistication. They were soon head-over-heels in love.

At last, the time came when Father must meet the family of his love. Of course, the family were already aware that their daughter was in love, and were none too happy about it. To them, Father was a fly-by-night photographer with no family, no background, and no recommendations. So it was with some trepidation that, one Sunday morning, Father hired a rig, and he and Mother drove out to the farm. Father says that was "the longest God-damned day he ever put in," and I have no doubt but what it was. My mother had four brothers and five sisters, besides her mother, and they were all there, plus a goodly scattering of aunts, uncles, and in-laws. It was a terrible gauntlet to run, especially since the atmosphere, if not hostile, was not too friendly.

After a round of introductions, which must have been formidable, and the usual huge and stupefying Sunday dinner, at which little effort was made

to include this somewhat unwelcome guest in the conversation, poor Father was led to the front porch for a breather. However, he and Mother were hardly settled when Mother was called into the house, and poor Father was left alone and undefended. He was aching for a cigarette, but didn't dare light one, as cigarettes were still considered sinful west of Chicago, but at least he was alone for the moment and didn't have to endure the surreptitious glances, the coolish presence of his in-laws-to-be. Or so he thought. He had scarcely breathed a deep sigh of relief when one of the brothers appeared. Then followed a painful conversation between a man who knew nothing about farming and a man who knew nothing but farming. One by one, the male relatives, all farmers, "visited" with Father while Mother, heartless creature, left him high and dry. Thus passed the afternoon, with but one short break when Father caught a quick smoke in the privy, followed by a sen-sen to kill the tobacco odor on his breath. By five o'clock, Father, wet with nervous perspiration and exhausted from being scrutinized and interrogated by half the men in LaPorte County, was desperate. He finally cornered Mother long enough to say that they must leave for town immediately. This, of course, was unexpected, as there was still supper to be served, but somehow or other, between them, they made a fairly plausible excuse for their early departure, and were on their way back to Waterloo.

Alas, the verdict from home, when it came, was unfavorable. How could a man who dressed in the most extreme fashion, who knew nothing about farms or farming, who smoked cigarettes (someone had seen smoke coming out of the crescent moon in the privy door), and who was nothing but an itinerant photographer, ever amount to anything? He had been weighed and found wanting, and Mother was advised to drop her acquaintance with him unless she wanted to lead an unhappy, vagrant life. However, fortunately for me, my mother had considerable spunk, referred to in those days as German bull-headedness, and she continued to see Father in spite of family disapproval.

Of course, opposition only fanned the flame of their love, and eventually they eloped to Chicago, spent a glorious two weeks honeymooning there, and returned finally for a reluctant family blessing.

Dad always closes this tale with the statement, "Those were happy days," and although that sounds rather contradictory, I understand what he means. Courtship is so prosaic now-a-days. It is a foregone conclusion that children will marry whom they please, regardless of what their parents, who may not even be consulted, have to say. (Not very often, now, is there the thrill of going against your parents' wishes, the excitement of an elopement, the amusing, in retrospect, family scrutiny.) In streamlining our way of life, we have removed a lot of useless rules and conventions, it is true, but with them we have removed some of the zest, the pungency, that makes the good old days seem so desirable.

Utopia

WILLIAM REHM

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-48

ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT THINGS TO FIND IN THIS civilized world of ours is peace. By peace I mean a state of being where the only laws are natural laws, and the bustling, confused roar of ordinary city and university life is superseded by the knowledge that the earth will still be in its orbit if we wait until tomorrow to do the things that will wait for tomorrow. Of necessity such a state of being is not conducive to making one's living, but it is conducive to a very pleasant vacation. Such a vacation I once spent as a forest lookout in the Bitterroot Mountains.

The Bitterroots are the western upper foothills of the Rocky Mountains. As such, they are very high and beautiful. The topmost peaks may be as high as five thousand feet. A mile from many of these peaks the rivers from the melting snows of the Rockies have cut deep, wide valleys which are less than a thousand feet above sea level. In these valleys and on the sides of the peaks up to about five thousand feet rise some of the last stands of virgin white pine in this country. Because of the rough country and the intervention of the United States Forest Service, the stands are in the same condition as they were when the white man first entered this country. In the valleys the forest roof may be as much as one hundred and fifty feet. As the air becomes thinner and the wind stronger in the higher reaches, the trees become smaller until, at about the five thousand foot mark, the forest starts to break up into scrub fir and pine. The country is so wild and rough that the railroads, the Forest Service, and a few small lumber companies are the only industries. With so few people, the country is not split up by trails, and the game has yet to learn real fear of man. For one who wants peace, this is the Promised Land.

In 1944, when the war with Japan was approaching its peak, the western forests were drained of manpower. At that time the Japanese were sending over balloon bombs; the lumber companies were working twenty-four hours a day; and to top it all, the forests were as dry as tinder from the lack of rain. The Forest Service was frantic, because a big fire at that time would have disrupted the entire Northwest. So to swell their forces to where effective fire control was feasible, they were forced to call upon high school boys. I heard of this in the spring of 1944, wrote to the Forest Service, and in June was assigned to Avery Ranger Station at Avery, Idaho.

There were ten of us who reported to the station on June 15. For two weeks we worked clearing trails, setting telephone lines, and reconditioning lookouts for the coming fire season. At the end of the two weeks there were seven of us left. Three days of schooling on the theories of fire control and

lookout work completed our work at the ranger headquarters. We were then sent with an experienced lookout for one week of putting our theories into practice.

The oldtimer I was assigned to was called Jim. If he had a last name I never heard it. He was rather silent about his past. In town, he was a sloppy, bleary-eyed drunk with a hang-dog look in perpetually frightened eyes. Since the lookout we were going to was a full day's climb away, I didn't see how he was ever going to reach it, let alone how I was ever going to live with him for a full week. The morning that we started out, Jim wobbled into the station just as bleary-eyed as ever. At five-thirty we were a mile up the trail, and Jim was beginning to look like another man. By noon the man ahead of me, except for his white skin, looked like one of the old time French-Canadian guides that you see in the movies. His eyes were clear, his head up, his back straight, and he was hiking at a pace that was slowly killing me. When we reached the lookout that evening, I was so tired that I could hardly stagger, while Jim was just as frisky as his fifty-eight years would let him be. Without going into the details, let it suffice to say that the next week was the roughest that I have ever spent. A fifty-eight year old drunkard was working me off my feet.

The happiest day in my life was when I bade Jim a "fond farewell" and hiked the fifteen miles over to Gibson Tower, which was to be my home for the remainder of the summer. Gibson was a little twenty-by-twenty cheese box on the top of a thirty-foot tower, as were most of the other lookouts. A swinging stairway surmounted by a trap door that led onto the catwalk took up one side of the tower. From waist high up to the rafters, the house was windows. They were covered with heavy shutters in the winter to protect them from breakage; in the summer the shutters were swung up and served as shades to keep the lookout reasonably dim and cool. Inside at one end there was a bed that folded into the wall. Adjacent to it on one side there was a table, and on the other a cabinet that was supposed to be mouseproof but wasn't. On the far side were the stove, a wood-burning monster, and the shelves for canned goods. The middle of the floor was dominated by the alidade, a sight used for the triangulation of a fire. When kept clean, neat, and painted the hut was a real home.

The weeks that followed were so peaceful that I lost almost all sense of time. Look out the window twenty minutes in each hour, sleep, read, take pictures, shoot at a can on a stump, or else just sit and think were the only things to do. It was the time spent in just thinking that got me into the most trouble. On the next ridge there was a lookout with two fellows from Muncie, Indiana, in it. They were just as crazy as Hoosiers are supposed to be. So whenever I got lonely or they had a fight, which was quite often, we would call each other up on the telephone and spend hours just thinking out loud. One day we started talking about food, and more specifically, how roast

gopher and mashed potatoes with gopher gravy would taste. That day an idea was born. When the ranger came up on his annual inspection trip we would feed him a gopher dinner. On the morning of the day my outfit was to be inspected, the boys came over with two large gophers that they had just killed. We cleaned them and after a long argument on how they should be cooked, made them into a delicious meat stew with carrots, peas, and lots of potatoes. My two little Hoosier friends then withdrew to the attic, and I sat down to await the arrival of my friend, Mr. Higgens. In due time he arrived, I ushered him in with all due decorum, and after what my friends up in the attic described as hours we sat down to lunch. I must say the stew was delicious, though a little fat. In no time we had finished a very large pot of stew. After dinner Mr. Higgens asked me where I had got the meat, because he hadn't sent any veal up to the towers for a month. I showed him the drying gopher skins. He barely made the catwalk rail in time.

The thunder storms were the only things that broke the tranquility, other than an occasional fire or practical joke. The towers were wired with five-eighths inch copper lightning rods and ground wires; even so they were so exposed that lightning hit very close to them every time there was a big storm. One storm I remember especially started at eleven one evening and lasted until three the next morning. I could see the clouds rolling up all afternoon. By dinner time the sky was almost a solid layer of thunder-heads. When the last light started fading at about eight o'clock, the effect was eerie enough to give rows and rows of goose pimples. There was a dead silent calm. Nothing moved; nothing. The air was supercharged with electricity. It was as if the day of judgment had come. I watched the lightning—gigantic, soundless bolts—slowly creeping toward me. Twenty miles away, ten, five—now I could hear a faint, continuous roar of thunder. Now the little wind that precedes the storm sprang up, then ceased.

With a rifle crack and a roar the first bolt hit. The resistance fuse in my telephone cracked; the windows rattled; the tower creaked. I swung my alidade sight on the striking point of the bolt: horizontal 270 degrees—vertical 2,000 yards. Quickly enter it on the lightning chart. Crack, another one. Sight and enter it. Another, another, and another—all evening the lightning cracked and roared. Then, all of a sudden, there was silence, dead silence. I felt the hair on the back of my neck start to rise. A little scurrying in the corner, from a mouse frantically trying to get out of the tower. I flashed my light in the corner; the grounds on the lightning rods were buckling away from the wall. In a second I was on my bunk frantically reviewing all the ranger had told me about lightning. "The tower is grounded; your bunk is the safest place; lightning killed three men in this district five years ago." Lightning has killed, killed, killed! . . . Eons passed. I opened my eyes. There were stars out. The storm rumbled in the distance. The ground wires were sagging limply against the wall. The storm was over. I lay back and slept the sleep of the exhausted.

The next morning after I had checked on all of the strike spots, I climbed to the top of the tower and looked at the lightning rods. They were an inch shorter than they had been the day before.

The summer passed, day after day. Don't do today what can be done tomorrow; sleep, eat, look out the window and rest. Day after day the same procedure. Make life as simple as possible because this is Utopia.

Sukiyaki

WILLIAM E. LUCAS

Rhetoric Extension X101, June 1948

THE AFTERMATH OF THE LATE WAR HAS SENT AMERICANS into all the far corners of the earth. Everywhere they have gone they have brought back some strange new custom or food to enrich their lives. The occupation personnel in Japan have been no exception to this fact. In addition to the "futons," "tanzens," and "getas" which the Americans have adopted for their own use, they have also developed a taste for Sukiyaki.

Sukiyaki, pronounced "skee-yak-kee," is a combination of exotic oriental ingredients simmered in a small pan over a charcoal brazier. The variety of items in the dish changes with the seasons, but it usually consists of small thin slices of beef, bamboo sprouts, bean curd, onions, and green beans. Eel or chicken is often substituted for beef, but this does not find favor with Americans.

The cooking takes place after the guests are seated on cushions around the low table. A small charcoal brazier, or "hibachi," is placed in the center of the table and a shallow pan placed over the coals. The meat and vegetables are arranged in the pan and sprinkled with sugar and butter. Liberal quantities of soy sauce and—of all things—sake wine are poured into the pan, and the whole mixture is allowed to simmer slowly while the guests watch and listen to the soft bubbling. The most wonderful part of this process is the delightful aroma which arises from the pan to tantalize the waiting diners.

Sukiyaki must be eaten with chopsticks in order to enjoy the food in the manner of the true connoisseur. To eat this concoction with occidental knife and fork would be sacrilege equivalent to singing a hymn to the tempo of "Hey Bobba Ree Bop." Sukiyaki is prepared slowly and must be eaten slowly to savor the deliciousness of each ingredient. It is surprising to see how much more a person eats when Sukiyaki is served and chopsticks are used. The diners who eat in true Japanese style sitting on the floor will find they have only to stretch out to lie down and digest the meal in solid comfort.

The ancient Persian bard who sang of the delights of a loaf of bread and a jug of wine should have tasted Sukiyaki. The entire course of Persian literature might have been changed.

Why Not Federal Educational Subsidies for Non-Veterans?

ALEX C. POINSETT

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1947-48

TODAY THERE ARE STUDENTS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES who are there not on the basis of their intellectual ability, but rather by virtue of the fact that they have the financial resources to expose themselves to a college education. There are also people outside of American universities who have the aptitude to enter but lack the necessary funds. We have taken for granted that we will have democratic education if we make clear that every citizen is entitled to it as a matter of right, and say that every citizen should have as much free education as every other citizen. But our assumption is false, since the amount of education the citizen acquires is proportional to the amount he can pay for. The problem is, what can be done for the impoverished individuals who deserve to be in college? Just as the G. I. Bill is providing education for veterans, a federal educational program could make the necessary provisions for qualified non-veterans to attend a higher institution of learning.

For fear that some may consider my proposal biased, let me say that I am a veteran, and federal educational subsidies for non-veterans would in no way affect me. Instead, my conviction stems from my belief that there are thousands of people who would be scholars if only they were given the opportunity to develop their intellects. Nothing better indicates that more people would go to college if they had the financial means than the results brought about by the G. I. Bill. According to John A. Perkins, author of "Higher Education and the State Government," fifty-seven per cent of the students in colleges by November, 1947, were veterans. In addition, the average veteran (who by the way might not have come to college otherwise) was proving his worth by making consistently better grades than his civilian classmates.

But why should we be concerned with making higher education available to more people? Thomas Jefferson once said, "The only safe deposit for the functions of government is in the hands of the people, and not there unless they are educated." An educated nation is more likely to succeed economically than one which has great resources but does not know what to do with them. A good example of that is the contrast that exists between China and the United States. In the former we have a country that is rich in natural resources but is economically underdeveloped because of a shortage of trained personnel to build up a vast industrial empire. In the latter we have a highly industrialized

society, because we not only have an abundance of natural resources, but in addition we have technicians who know how to gear these resources to our industrial machine. However, this is no cause for complacency, for the development of atomic energy is ushering in a new era of industrial progress. As a consequence, our nation is in need of more skilled technicians who are abreast of these new technological strides.

Yet education should be made available to more people, not just for the purpose of maintaining our industries, but also to bring about the production of better citizens, for the success of a democracy is dependent upon the ability of its adherents to make it work. An unintelligent population cannot put into practice such democratic principles as the equality of man, the subordination of government to the people, and the freedom of worship, expression, and conscience. On the other hand, a population that is thoroughly indoctrinated with these and other democratic principles is one that is conducive to the building of a democratic society. Lest this be construed to mean that the purpose of education is to spread democratic propaganda, let me say that a guide to better living is a major by-product of education.

Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, says, ". . . Every European country has long since made provision that those who show themselves qualified through a rigorous system of competition shall receive aid which enables them to live as well as to pay their fees and which enables them to study as well as live." It does not necessarily follow that what works in Europe will work here, but here is a program that is worth a try. What we need is a national system of competitive scholarships providing awards large enough to enable the qualified student to study as well as to live. (We also need a system by which those students who are not qualified may be excluded from the university.) Just as the government supplied needy college students with financial aid under the National Youth Administration during the depression, it could also subsidize those who have the ability to go to college but cannot afford it.

Opponents of this proposal would say, "A government-sponsored civilian educational program would bring about a heavy debt for the taxpayers to meet." It should be pointed out that a government that can spend enormous sums of money on armaments can also allocate funds for a project from which the benefits it will derive will outweigh the short-term financial disadvantage the government will be put to.

There should be no excuse for a large segment of our national population's being ignorant of past and present developments in the world, since we take for granted that we are an enlightened nation. There also should be no excuse for the individual not being able to take his place in society because he has been denied a higher education. If finances are to be the barrier between the individual and a college education then the government should institute a program that will rectify this deficiency.

The Humbert Story

DONALD SHAVER

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1947-48

SHEER AUDACITY AND AN AIR OF DISARMING INNOCENCE spelled success for adventuress Therese Daurignac in her scheme for power and riches beyond belief. She outwitted the best financiers of France with a stupendous myth so unusual that its very strangeness inspired confidence and enabled her to rise from peasant girl to toast of Paris on a bubble of deception.¹

In the year 1877 Therese Daurignac came into possession of the will of an American, one R. H. Crawford, making her the sole heir to his fortune of twenty million dollars in securities. The reason for this magnificent gesture on the part of the multimillionaire was that Mlle. Daurignac had nursed him through a long and serious illness.

Not waiting for the estate to be settled, Therese began borrowing money against her inheritance and swung easily into the fashionable life of Paris. With the bachelor wealthy soon at her feet, she chose for her husband the distinguished son of an ex-Minister of Justice, M. Federic Humbert.²

Two years later a sensation was created when the late Mr. Crawford's nephews, Robert and Henry Crawford, appeared in the probate court with an opposing will. This will, dated September 6, 1877, at Nice, France—precisely the same place, date, authority, and handwriting as appeared on Therese Humbert's will—left the Crawford millions to be divided equally among the two nephews and, oddly enough, Marie Daurignac, Therese's sister. Therese herself was to have only a small annuity. Mentioned also was Mr. Crawford's dying wish that one of his nephews should marry a Daurignac and thus unite the two families.³

The ensuing years were filled with long, stormy, highly intricate disputes in court over the case of the two wills, although the Crawfords and Humberts became the best of friends.⁴ In faithful compliance with their uncle's last wish, the two Crawfords vied in friendly competition for pretty Marie Daurignac's hand in marriage. Perhaps no other celebrity in history has been so close to marriage as many times as was Marie in her fifteen years of courtship, which in spite of its almost legendary color and ardour failed to end in marriage.⁵

It appeared that Therese Humbert had the upper hand in the courts as the first suits were decided in her favor. But the Crawfords were a litigious

¹ "Crawford-Humbert Millions," *Nation*, LXXIV (June 5, 1902), 439.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ "Two Adventuresses," *Nation*, LXXIX (December 5, 1904), 474-5.

⁵ "Crawford-Humbert Millions," *loc. cit.*

pair. They lost one suit only to file another, and still another, each one seemingly without a possibility of settlement. When it became evident that the fortune would not be awarded to either party in the near future, by writ of court it was notarized without inventory (at the time this was legal) and sealed in M. Humbert's safe until such time as its final disposition should be arbitrated.⁶ Even though the fortune was inaccessible to both parties to the dispute, the notarization thereof brought the fortune legally into being. It became sound collateral for the floating of loans.

It should not be assumed that during all this expensive legal action Therese and her husband were scraping together the last of their pennies to make ends meet. Quite the contrary was true. Bankers were only too willing to accept Therese's notes countersigned by Marie Daurignac (an alternate heir) made "payable at the conclusion of my actions-at-law."⁷ Using these "unquestionably valid" notes, the Humberts were able to borrow the staggering total of one hundred forty million dollars (700,000,000 francs) before the Crawford estate was settled!⁸ No wonder the Humberts became noted for their sumptuous residences and their extravagant parties and balls. At their command were all the luxuries that France could provide.⁹

At times, Therese's creditors became impatient for the redemption of her notes. Whenever their demands became pressing, a marriage between Marie Daurignac and one or the other Crawford nephews became imminent. Such a marriage would have effected a peaceful settlement of the long standing dispute, and the notes would then become immediately payable.¹⁰ Upon several occasions, then, the most insistent creditors were temporarily pacified by the impending marriage of Marie Daurignac.¹¹

Finally, after fifteen years of court proceedings, the entire Crawford fortune was awarded to Therese Humbert. But strangely enough, she exhibited no desire to claim her heritage. For another five years she left the fortune in her safe where it had been placed so long ago by the courts and continued to borrow money.¹²

Imagine, if you will, the attention and comment attracted by a safe containing the collateral for thirty million dollars in debts which were still outstanding¹³—a safe into which no eyes other than the Humberts' had gazed since the fortune in securities was placed there twenty years ago. Little by little, doubts grew to mistrust and mistrust to suspicion as Therese continued

⁶ "Two Adventureuses," *loc. cit.*

⁷ "Century's Greatest Swindle," *Outlook*, LXXI (June 7, 1902), 341.

⁸ "Last of the Humberts," *Nation*, LXXVII (September 10, 1903), 203.

⁹ T. P. O'Connor, "Criminals I Have Known," *Harper's Weekly*, LVIII (January 10, 1914), 11.

¹⁰ Research fails to disclose just why such a marriage would have settled the dispute, but it seems obvious that it was a legal point on one of the two wills.

¹¹ "Crawford-Humbert Millions," *loc. cit.*

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ "Greatest Tragedy of High Finance," *World's Work*, VI (1903), 3947-8.

to refrain from possessing her heritage. For the first time in her long and colorful career Therese's integrity was openly challenged. M. Rousseau,¹⁴ who was to become France's next Prime Minister, pointed out how strange it was that an ambitious woman should be disinclined to claim so rich a prize as the Crawford fortune. And then, what of the Crawford nephews? Everyone had read of this fabulous pair spending evenings with the Humberts on numerous occasions, but was it not extraordinary that no outsiders were ever present at these affairs? Who had ever seen the Crawfords? Very few indeed.¹⁵

Once these implications were so plainly set forth, they could not long go without investigation. Therese's creditors could be stalled no longer. A search warrant was issued and the safe at last opened. A Shakespearean apparition could not have bespoken a more disastrous portent than did that which was now beheld. Instead of millions, there was one button, a few old coins, and some newspapers to tell of the tragic hoax. In one fell swoop a score of men were utterly ruined. Many took their lives. Firms became bankrupt. "The Republic itself appeared shaken to its very foundations."¹⁶

After an attempted flight, the Humberts were apprehended and brought to trial. The story of the swindle was swiftly unfolded. Had anyone ever ventured to look into the existence of the Crawford fortune, he would have found that from the beginning it was as non-existent as the Crawfords themselves. On the rare occasions when the "Crawford nephews" had to make an appearance, the parts were played by Emile and Romain Daurignac, Therese's brothers.¹⁷ The two wills, of course, were forged. The sham lawsuits that went on for fifteen years were merely delaying actions to prevent the showing of the alleged securities. Therese's father-in-law, the former Minister of Justice, probably helped in planning the fake lawsuits and other legal technicalities.¹⁸

By American standards the participants in this crime were given very light sentences. Therese and her husband received five years in prison; Emile and Romain Daurignac received two and three years respectively.¹⁹

¹⁴ "Century's Greatest Swindle," *loc. cit.*

¹⁵ *Ibid.* ¹⁶ O'Connor, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

¹⁷ "Last of the Humberts," *loc. cit.* ¹⁸ "Crawford-Humbert Millions," *loc. cit.*

¹⁹ "Humberts Convicted," *Outlook*, LXXIV (August 29, 1903), 1014.

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Night in Honolulu

RICHARD HENRY

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1947-48

GALESBURG DIVISION

This was Honolulu, the city of romance. These were servicemen on liberty away from home—men who had spent lonely, long weeks at sea, or had been away from civilization much too long. They were men who had been living in a completely masculine world for months, or years. A few of them were new to this world, most had grown hardened to it. And now it was time to forget and have a good time.

In the late afternoon they begin to trickle into town and wander around. As the big red sun sinks below the buildings, more and more of them are coming. Some are talking, some laughing, some just sitting quietly on the buses. The sun sinks lower, the neon lights begin to flicker on, the bars and bright, tawdry penny arcades open their doors. The small honky-tonk streets of Honolulu become crowded with uniforms of crisp white and khaki.

From the Royal Hawaiian to Sad Sam's the saloons are full and the men begin to drink. They sit at the bamboo tables or they stand at the bar. The fog of cigarette smoke grows heavy and the juke boxes play continuously. Tired, bored, and wan-looking waitresses bounce rapidly from table to table. One sailor makes a pass at a blonde and she parries expertly. She bawls the sailor out and his shipmates lean back on their chairs and guffaw loudly. Another man slaps a passing waitress on the backside, and she grins.

The M. P.'s and S. P.'s begin to patrol their beats in pairs. Staff cars prowl the streets, now flooded with servicemen. The evening is nearly in full swing.

A hawker is standing outside an arcade in his shirtsleeves. "Come on in and get yer pitcher taken fer only a quarter! Hey, soldier, pose with the little Hawaiian girl in da grass skirt fer only a quarter!" His raucous voice sings songs the lines over and over. From inside the arcade comes the smell of beer, and sweat, and heavy perfume.

The door of a saloon flies open and two waiters rush a bleary-eyed sailor out into the street. He curses loudly as the S. P.'s heave him into the wagon. Over on the corner two soldiers suddenly begin to swing at each other. They stagger and fumble but keep hitting each other violently. Blood spurts from one man's face. His buddy steps out from the crowd and hustles him away before the police arrive. A few blocks away a crowd has formed. Inside the ring of spectators one M. P. is twisting a man's arm. The man is standing quietly now and staring ahead defiantly. The second M. P. is kneeling on a struggling marine's stomach. He is holding the marine's throat in one hand;

in his other upraised hand he clutches his night stick. Both men are straining violently, making the muscles in their necks and arms stand out. The upraised hand with the club in it is poised and trembling like a leopard ready to spring. Suddenly the club descends swiftly upon the marine's head, and he relaxes with a great sigh.

All night the men drink and laugh and fight. Tomorrow is something far away. Tonight is liberty. Some girls curse these men, some laugh at them, and some grin. The patrol wagons scream down the streets. Night time in Honolulu rages on.

Sportsman's Inn---Last of the Old-Fashioned Saloons

HUGH F. HOUGH

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-48

THE RATE AT WHICH THE OLD-FASHIONED SALOON HAS recently disappeared from sight is most alarming to lovers of true Americana, for the pre-prohibition saloon had an individuality that no amount of chrome, murals, and indirect lighting can replace in the present-day thirst emporium. One of the few remaining places that has preserved this old time atmosphere, despite the vicissitudes of time and the Volstead Act, is Sportsman's Inn, a tavern in Sandwich, Illinois.

Located on Sandwich's Main Street, Sportsman's Inn, or the "Board of Trade" as many of the habitués refer to it, is like a page out of the past. A solid mahogany bar, well over half a century old, stretches down the greater share of the establishment's sixty foot length. There are no chairs or stools at this bar, but a well-worn brass rail affords the patrons a foot rest. Five card tables line the opposite wall and are in use much of the time. Rummy, pinochle, euchre, and cribbage are the games that have been played most often through the long history of Sportsman's Inn, but recently two newcomers, rabbit and ten-down, have enjoyed a wave of popularity. Because a city ordinance prohibits open gambling, these games are played for tokens that may be traded for drinks, candy, and tobacco. While no money passes over the tables, those players with a yen for more action often "saw" for small sums that are settled on the side.

The name "Board of Trade" probably fits this busy tavern better than any of the several others that it has had during its long existence. On rainy days and in the evenings the local farmers meet there to discuss prices and crops, and posters on the walls advertise farm sales and auctions that are to

take place. Business men drop in for a bottle of beer and a chat with their customers after closing shop, and a great many workers stop when their day's work is over. The "Board of Trade" is principally a working man's spa, and for this reason the owners have kept its old-fashioned trappings intact. It is a place where the average man can feel at ease in his grimy work clothes or in his best Sunday suit. While the Inn has more than its share of the town's questionable characters in regular attendance, it is seldom that a drunk is seen there. This is due to the explicit orders given the bartenders to "shut off" anyone who appears to be imbibing too freely.

In keeping with the old saloon tradition, women are conspicuous by their absence in the Board of Trade. Thus, the conversation is freer than in mixed company, and often it is spiced with terms and stories that might otherwise be lost to posterity. Further evidence of the limited clientele among the fairer sex is the single restroom in the rear marked "Gents."

The Board of Trade has not retained this air of the nickel beer and free lunch days without a struggle, however. Throughout the prohibition fiasco, nothing stronger than Coca-Cola passed over the aged mahogany, but the swinging doors kept swinging. During the recent war Sportsman's owners succumbed to the moral element in Sandwich to the extent of closing on Sunday mornings for the first time. Now it is closed during the whole Sabbath day. Another threat to tradition was the coat of light blue paint that the interior received two years ago. But these minor setbacks have been taken in stride by the Old Guard that frequents the place. Their greatest fear is that the next blow may be a door marked "Ladies" back by the one painted "Gents" in this last male stronghold.

Approach to Tahiti

The still, warm air was cooled periodically by a gentle ocean breeze as we slowly, tensely approached the island. The sea was beautiful, tossing and churning lazily about, and the swells rose and fell in perfect rhythm, breaking off at the top to form very picturesque white caps. The dark blue color of the water contrasted with the pale blue, cloudless sky, and I moodily watched the colorful display the water presented. Gulls flew overhead in a never ending stream, squeaking wildly at each other, waiting for the cook to dump left-overs from the galley. Diving accurately downward, the gulls plunged savagely upon the scattered offerings which spotted the surface of the vast South Pacific.

—ERNEST L. DONOHO.

Just Words

Disaster, calamity, destruction, slaughter, horror—it's amazing indeed when one picks up the daily paper and fails to find at least one of those words. Ugly words those words whose significance is almost lost in their unceasing barrage on our eyes and ears. "Men cry 'peace, peace', but there is no peace." In our headlong plunge into the bright new world of tomorrow, we somehow have passed up the little fellow; we remember him only when we see headlines, "Disaster-Calamity"—or maybe when we find ourselves weeping over someone we love.—JOHN S. MORRIS.

My Model T

DEAN A. SMITH

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1947-48

"TURN HER OVER AGAIN. SHE'S BOUND TO START THIS time." Turn her over, he says. I'd like to turn her over, right to the junk yard. Then suddenly, with a wheeze, a cough, and the deafening roar of a mighty motor, she starts and immediately becomes the best damn Ford Henry ever built. That's my Model T. I don't know why my Model T was superior to any other car; she just was. I could tell it the first time I saw her.

I found my Model T sitting alone and forgotten in an old barn miles from the nearest town. She was covered with cobwebs, and the hornets had been using her for a home. All four wheels had sunk deep into the dirt floor, so that her rusty frame nearly touched the ground. No one could remember exactly how long she'd been sitting there, but the last time Old Man Woods had her out was in the summer of '32 when he went to a funeral down South somewhere. Old Man Woods is dead now, and the only person I knew from whom I could buy the Model T was his widow, who lived all alone in a small house on the edge of town. When I confronted her with the question, she said that she would have to write her son out in California about it. After days of waiting she received her answer and told me she would sell the old Ford for twenty-five dollars. I bought it.

Never having owned a car before, I had no idea of the many problems that would arise. I knew how to drive, and I thought that all one would have to do was just get in and drive off. Not so with a Model T. In the first place, my Model T didn't have a starter, or at least not a mechanical one. It did, however, have a crank. I suppose everyone has heard stories about how a Model T will "kick" when it is being cranked and break the cranker's arm. Well, those stories are all true. A Model T is really a very sensitive machine, and when offended she sometimes becomes a trifle violent. This fact brought about many methods of starting these old Fords, but mine had a formula all its own. It was a particularly difficult one, and on most occasions my Ford had to be coaxed into starting. This was done by turning on the key, pushing up the spark, and vigorously turning the crank. Once the motor started I raced around to the driver's side, pulled down the spark, and got in. There I would push one of the pedals on the floor-board, depending on which way I wanted to go, and drive away.

Contrary to public opinion, these old Fords consumed or leaked tremendous quantities of gas and oil. Since oil was the more expensive of the two, I went around to all the filling stations and collected all the used oil they had drained

out of other cars. The economy of this type of oil was fine, but the lubricating power was poor. After about a week of my using this "high grade oil," my Model T developed a few knocks. I took her to several garages, but all that they said was, "Get that wreck out of here." My old Ford finally became so bad that I had to work on her myself. Fortunately this was the summer the W. P. A. was putting an alley through our block, and in no time at all I had plenty of help. The extent of the help was limited, however, to supervision only; they would sit around under a tree and direct me as I lay under my dripping Ford. Almost everyone in town came along at one time or another to give me words of advice, but about the only thing I accomplished was to kill the grass in the back yard with the oil and grease I spilled. When my neighborhood and I put my old lizzie back together again, they said that she ran like a new one; but I thought she made a lot of strange, new noises.

I don't believe my Model T had an innate knack for turning a pleasant motor trip into a hike, but once in a while she developed one. On Sunday afternoons when it didn't look like rain, I would pack my old Ford with boys, and we would take off for parts unknown. We would always venture from the main road deep into the country where the wooded hills and the twisting road made every turn a thrill, especially at twenty-five miles an hour. On the main highways the Model T was the slowest car on the road, and the farther she went the slower she got. Everyone could pass her. But once she got her tires on a good old dirt road, the life returned to her cylinders, and once again she became the queen of the road. She would roar down the hills, through fields, across creeks and never give a hint that she was tired. She did have a little trouble going up hills, especially steep ones. This was due to the band system she possessed instead of gears. When the low band became worn, the only one left was reverse, and it was usually pretty good. The thing to do then was to back up the hill. Everyone would pile out and guide me as I cautiously backed up the narrow and rutty road. These roads were seldom used, so we had little interference from other cars. If one did show up, we would keep him behind us and then go tearing along at top speed, showering him with dust. That would teach him to use our roads. We always tried to be home before dark because it seemed that the brightness of the lights was directly proportionate to the speed of the Ford. Since we could go no other way than slow, the lights were always rather dim.

Having nothing better to do one day, I painted my Model T. You'd be surprised how much orange paint added to this already wonderful car. It really didn't cost much to paint her either, since I only spent thirty-five cents for some paint and a brush. My Model T didn't have a top, so there wasn't much to paint, but as it turned out it really didn't matter what color she was.

It all ended with the scrap drive at our high school. The object of that was to go out after school and collect as much junk as possible and pile it on the lawn in front of the school. One night, while I was carefully decoyed into a show, my pals slipped into our garage and rolled out my Model T. The

next morning as I walked to school (I didn't drive because it was only a block and a half from home) I was surprised to see all the fellows out in front of the school laughing, and what's more, they seemed to be laughing at me. Stepping into the school yard I saw the joke, for there sat my Model T, orange and beautiful, covered with junk until nearly all that was visible was the radiator cap. The principal of the school thought it was quite nice of me to donate my car to the cause, and he told me he would give me seven dollars and a half worth of defense stamps for her if I turned her in for junk. I knew my answer, but my father thought that was where she should be—in the junk. Well, I left her there and finally they took her away, but if anyone ever asks me about her, I'll be glad to tell them that she was the best damn Ford Henry ever built—my Model T.

Doubt Gets You an Education

JAMES F. GRANT

Rhetoric 102 Proficiency Exam—1948

WHEN A PERSON IS ATTEMPTING TO ABSORB AN EDUCATION, he should have faith in the things propounded to him by his instructor, but for his own good and the increase of his knowledge he should reseerve a particle of doubt. It is all very well to take what is offered, but to really gain insight into a subject there have to be doubts in the mind and independent research to verify or discourage those doubts.

In the universities of today very few instructors have the time to delve as deeply into all the aspects of a certain idea as they would wish to. For a student to really acquire a comprehensive knowledge, he has to take some of the instructor's words with a grain of salt and endeavor to find out for himself just what it is that doesn't ring true.

If, during the entire history of mankind, people had continued to believe fully the teachings and precepts of those who had gone before them, the world would still be at the intellectual level of the Stone Age. All of the world's great thinkers in every field have been led on in their search for new knowledge by doubting some facet of the teachings of earlier scholars.

A complete education of any sort cannot be acquired by unequivocal acceptance of age-old tenets in perfect faith. The same principle applies not only to formal education but to many things in the life of an average individual. "Believe nothing you hear, and only half of what you see," sounds perhaps a little exaggerated, but it really is an excellent idea.

If a person develops the habit of regarding with a bit of skepticism things which are represented to him as verities, that person will acquire a more complete and well-rounded education than the one who blindly accepts everything told to him. To be skeptical and to attempt to verify those skepticisms is to be a better educated man.

The Bahai Faith: Its History and Principles

JEAN MARGOLES

Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1947-48

THE CHAOTIC STATE OF THE MODERN WORLD HAS brought disillusionment to many people. The machinery of civilization seems to be working toward destruction rather than progress. Nations, religions, and classes are battling each other, and cooperation seems to be a mere pipe dream. During the past century of confusion, a relatively unpublicized religious movement which claims to hold the answers to the problems of the world has been slowly gaining power. Known as the Bahai Faith, it claims to be a divine revelation; its adherents are people from innumerable classes and cultures who believe that the hope of the world lies in the acceptance and practice of a modernized religion.

The Bahai Faith sets forth the principle that religion, in order to be effective, must change as civilization changes. It accepts the divinity of the ancient revelations and utilizes the teachings of the prophets of all the great religions. To these, Bahaism adds the teaching of its recent prophet, Baha'u'llah, to whom it credits divine revelation. The modern viewpoint of the Faith is that future revelations will take place as the need arises, that religion will continue to change.¹

The movement began in Persia in 1844, with the rise of a teacher known as The Bab. At the age of twenty-five, The Bab advanced the claim of being the Herald of a greater teacher who was yet to come. The Bab said that the mission of the Messiah would be the establishment of a universal religion, the brotherhood of man, and universal peace. He spread his teachings throughout the East for six years, and at the end of this time, thousands were awaiting the arrival of the great prophet promised to them. However, the Persian priests and noblemen were terrified by the growing strength of The Bab. They conspired together and instituted a reign of terror culminated by the death of The Bab in 1850. Twenty thousand followers were put to death with barbarous cruelty, martyrs to the cause.²

In 1863, shortly after the martyrdom of The Bab, the promised teacher appeared. He was a Persian nobleman known as Baha'u'llah, or "The Glory of God." He announced his mission after he and a group of followers had been banished for their persistence in practicing their religion. He traveled

¹ Shoghi Effendi, *The Faith of Baha'u'llah* (Wilmette, Ill., 1947), p. 1.

² Charles Mason Remey, *The Bahai Movement* (Washington, D. C., 1912), p. 5.

from one Moslem country to another, continually harassed by religious persecution. Finally, Baha'u'llah, his family, and a number of followers were imprisoned in the Turkish penal colony of Akka. The group suffered greatly at the hands of Oriental monarchs, but the restrictions imposed on them were gradually relaxed. "His teaching brought freedom of thought and enlightenment to all peoples who heard it."³ During his imprisonment, he continued to send forth his teachings all over the world. He formulated the laws and ordinances of the Faith, expounded its principles, and proclaimed his message to the rulers of both the East and the West. After having completed his mission, he died in 1892.⁴

Baha'u'llah's eldest son, Abbas Effendi, known as Abdul Baha, was appointed by him as his lawful successor and the authorized interpreter of his teachings. Since early childhood, Abdul Baha had been closely associated with his father. He had voluntarily shared Baha'u'llah's exile, and he remained a prisoner until 1908, when he was released as a result of the Young Turk Revolution. Immediately following his release, he made a three year trip to Egypt, Europe, and North America. On this trip he spoke before vast audiences, telling about the teachings of Baha'u'llah and winning friends to the Faith wherever he went. He returned home to Palestine and remained there until he died in 1921.⁵

"Through his unique devotion, purity of life, tireless effort, and unfailing wisdom, the Bahai message slowly but surely penetrated to all parts of the world."⁶

The thousands of martyrs who died for the Bahai Cause had a great deal of faith in the aims and purposes of their religion. The Bahai Faith has passed through the preliminary stages of persecution and public apathy, and it deserves intelligent appraisal. Bahaism has a fundamental purpose in revealing the essential oneness of religions. The basic principles of all religions are harmonious, and their teachings illustrate the same truths. They differ only in non-essential aspects. Moreover, the foundation of a universal religion would be the foundation of inter-religious, inter-racial, and international brotherhood. It is a practical basis of unity, and one which the world needs. "The aim of Baha'u'llah . . . is not to destroy but to fulfill the revelations of the past, to reconcile rather than accentuate the divergencies of the conflicting creeds which disrupt present day society."⁷

Not only are the aims of Bahaism unique in the history of religion, but also the teachings extend beyond former limits. The society, as well as the individual, is provided with maxims by which it must be regulated. "The Bahai teaching has what may be termed three moralities. It has, first, a personal morality, then, a morality for institutions, and last of all a morality for society as a whole. . . ."⁸

³ *Ibid.* ⁴ Effendi, *op. cit.*, p. 4. ⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 4-5.

⁶ *The World Faith of Baha'u'llah* (Wilmette, Ill., 1944), p. 6.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 2.

⁸ Horace Holley, *The Modern Social Religion* (London & Toronto, 1913), p. 190.

In regard to teachings for the individual, the faith holds that each man and woman constitutes a divine creation and a potential worth which no other individual has the right to deny. Self-expression is an obligation and a privilege of which every person may take advantage by means of noble conduct, great thoughts, or inspiring art. In addition, the ability to recognize good qualities and possibilities in everyone is the mark of a great spirit. The main purpose of each person's life should be spiritual development of his individual self. Thus, the immortality of the soul and the realization that body and mind are merely environmental agencies to the soul form the foundation of Bahai theology. In line with this idea, health and education are important and should be sought by everyone because they affect the soul's usefulness and power of development. In regard to materialism, an individual conscious of his soul will use his resources for public service and feel concern for his material possessions that they may be used in a correct way. Egoism is changed into service, and man's power runs along unselfish channels. Furthermore, no man must hold prejudice against or despise another, because all are created equal before God. In his relationship to society, man must be unselfish, constructive, and useful. Not withdrawing from his present religious organization, we must try to revitalize his religion by bringing it to realize the importance of change and evolution in religion. As a citizen, he must obey the laws of his country whether they are right or wrong, always trying, however, to extend social consciousness until the whole world is included.⁹

Bahaism teaches that enlightened self-interest is the foundation of social ethics as well as personal morality. The moral problem of the institution is dealt with in full. The prosperity and permanence of any religious or political organization is not the end for our personal loyalty. Instead, the cause of humanity demands our devoted loyalty. Therefore, only so far as institutions serve men and women do we owe them anything.¹⁰

The code of ethics already formulated by society is transcended by the Bahai teaching. Bahaism offers, fully developed, a universal social consciousness in which a new social morality can develop, overstepping old lines of Church and State. It is a world-deep and race-wide consciousness in which cooperation displaces competition. Every nation, race, and religion is brought within the wide circumference of complete social consciousness. Peace is insured by the establishment of an all-powerful international government; freedom from want is insured by regulation of economy.¹¹

In formulating its own administrative order, the Bahai Faith attempts to live up to the teaching which it expounds. The foundations of the administrative order are now being laid by local and national councils which are elected by the members of the Faith. In the future, a World Council will be

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 191-195.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 196-198.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 202-206.

formed which will be called the Universal House of Justice. In conjunction with Shoghi Effendi, the present spiritual leader, this council will coordinate and direct the affairs of the Bahai community. Its permanent seat will be in the Holy Land, near the resting places of its founders.

The administrative order, divine in origin, rests on the laws and ordinances which Baha'u'llah laid down, and functions in accordance with the holy scriptures of the religion. One of its most important points is the establishment of Bahai Temples in each community. In addition to being places of worship, these Temples must also have a School for Orphans, a College for the Higher Arts, a Hospital, and a Home for the Cripples. Although the administrative order has been attacked from time to time, it has remained vigorous and has succeeded in maintaining the unity of the widely scattered groups of adherents, enabling them to initiate enterprises throughout the world for the purpose of extension and consolidation.¹²

The establishment of these Bahai communities is a way of saying that the past, with its local hatreds, prejudices, and distrust, is gone. Bahaiism can be regarded in no other light than as a world religion which is working for the birth of a world-encompassing civilization. In the words of Shoghi Effendi, "National rivalries, hatreds, and intrigues will cease, and racial animosity and prejudice will be replaced by racial amity, understanding, and cooperation. The causes of religious strife will be permanently removed, economic barriers and restrictions will be completely abolished, and the inordinate distinction between classes will be obliterated."¹³

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¹² Effendi, *op. cit.*, pp. 5-6.

¹³ *Faith for Freedom*, p. 9.

Amerika

ROSALYN SALTZ

Rhetoric II, Theme 4, Summer, 1948

FRANZ KAFKA'S *AMERIKA* HAS INSPIRED AN AVALANCHE of brilliant literary criticism. Psychoanalytical, religious, and various other types of interpretations have been eagerly offered to explain the meaning of this fantasy which Kafka has created. It is questionable, however, whether any systematic interpretation, except in a very general way, could apply to this novel. It is doubtful that Karl Rossman's improbable adventures in a strange and mythical America could have been the result of any completely planned intellectual symbolism. The haunting, dream-like quality of the novel as a whole suggests, instead, a deeply emotional impressionism. Possibly, Kafka himself understood only in a vague way exactly what he was attempting to represent.

Although no intricate and reasoned philosophy of life is discernible in Kafka's *Amerika*, a vague, central, mystic theme pervades and governs the entire story—the theme of man's helplessness in shaping his own destiny. Karl Rossman, the immigrant boy, struggles valiantly to better his position, but he is cast down in every instance by forces which he is powerless to fight. This is most clearly seen in his adventure as a lift-boy in a hotel, where in spite of the benevolent aid of the managress and his own conscientious efforts to advance, he is discharged in disgrace. Even when he seems to find his permanent place, in the limitless "Theatre of Oklahoma," the theme of a higher law governing his destiny is evident. The "Theatre of Oklahoma" is a well-ordered organization with firm provisions for every conceivable type of activity. It does not expect people to come to it for employment, but with tremendous recruiting drives goes to seek employees.

More obscure, yet persistent, is a subordinate theme involving punishment for an unknown crime, perhaps the crime of attempted independence from the higher law of fate. For example, Karl Rossman is cast out by his sick uncle when he unknowingly acts against the uncle's unspoken wishes. Later, two ruffians whom he has befriended enslave him within the tenement room they occupy with their fat and lazy mistress. He must serve every whim of the disgusting woman and her two admirers. It is possible that only through this complete degradation and surrender could Kafka allow his hero to understand his complete helplessness and be properly punished for the crime of not recognizing earlier the inexorable law of fate. Whether or not this is the explanation, Karl Rossman is allowed to end his adventures on the threshhold of a new and more hopeful life—the great "Theatre of Oklahoma" enfolds him within its strict but pleasant organization.

Apart from the mystical theme itself, *Amerika* is an intriguing and absorbing novel because of the way it has been written. Kafka, who never left the continent of Europe, carefully describes an America with huge castles in the suburbs of New York, with rustic inns and gardens along the highway, and with the Statue of Liberty holding an upraised sword. The very inaccuracy of the description adds freshness and charm to Karl Rossman's adventures and at the same time aids in the construction of the fantasy. Although the theme is somber, the settings, adventures, characters, and dialogue in *Amerika* are humorously and matter-of-factly described in a manner that reminds one of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Because of Kafka's delightful style, it is not necessary to ponder over his symbolism in order to enjoy the book. But any interested reader is at liberty to read into the various situations those symbolic messages to which he is most responsive.

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House

BOB WILBERT

Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1947-48

ERIC HODGINS HAS WRITTEN A COMPLETELY AMUSING bit of satire, *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*. The book, which developed from a short story in *Fortune* magazine, is the story of the Blandings, who, tiring of the city, began to dream of country air, chickens, and the carefree life. With their decision to buy and remodel an ancient farm house, Mr. and Mrs. Blandings become veritable sheep among a wolf-pack of architects, contractors, and real-estate men. Their dream of a twenty-thousand dollar home ("ten-thousand for the house and ten-thousand for remodelling") rapidly became obvious to them for what it was—a dream. The Blandings soon found that their romantic old farmhouse was in reality a leech of sorts, sucking the money from their pocketbook. The house was not even fit for remodelling and had to be demolished.

With the final crash of the last supporting timber, Mr. Blandings learned that he had obliterated a relic of history at a cost to himself of \$9,525 and had nothing but a bit of unproductive farm land to represent his once fond dream. There remained nothing for the Blandings to do but to build a new home on their thirty-five-acre dud. The author toys with the creation of the Blandings' dream house, plummeting the couple from one catastrophic situation to another, allowing them temporary rest only at the end of his tale.

Mr. Hodgins is primarily a factual writer, the author of *Fortune* exposés and books of "scientific popularization." The Blandings book reveals a new

forte, attesting to the fact that the Hodgins way with words should not be squandered on less creative reporting. If you have ever bargained with a street vendor or hidden the desire for a bargain in a used-book shop under blasé affectations, you will appreciate through kinship the unconcern of the Blandings on the first encounter with their dream house and its country-slicker salesman.

"On a clear day you can see the Catskills," said the real-estate man. Mr. and Mrs. Blandings were not such fools as to exclaim at this revelation. Mrs. Blandings flicked a glove in which a cobweb and free-running spider had become entangled; Mr. Blandings, his lips pursed and his eyes half closed, was a picture of controlled reserve; strong, realistic, poised. By the way the two of them said "Uh-huh?" with a rising inflection in perfect unison, the real-estate man knew that his sale was made. . . . He computed five per cent of \$10,275 in his head and turned to the chimney footing.

"You'd have to do a little pointing up here," he said, indicating a compact but disorderly pile of stone in which a blackened hollow suggested a fireplace which had been in good working order at the time of the Treaty of Ghent. Mrs. Blandings, looking at the rubble, saw instead the kitchen of the Wayside Inn: a distaff plump with flax lying idly on the polished hearth; a tempered scale of copper pans and skillets pegged to hang heads downward near the oven wall; a boot-jack in the corner and a shoat glistening on the spit.

What Mr. Blandings saw broke through into speech. "With a flagstone floor in here it'd be a nice place for a beer party on Saturday night. You could put the keg right over in that corner."

He laughed a mild laugh which meant to say that if his thought was frivolous so, indeed, was the whole occasion that had called it forth. The notion that he might buy this old farm-house, or any other, anywhere, ever, was light, gossamer nonsense; a whimsy; a caprice; it was his pleasure to give it a momentary fiction of solidity.

The real-estate man refused to take Mr. Blandings' suggestion so lightly. "You could at that," he said, awe and rumination mixed in his voice, as though he had just heard a brilliant restatement of nuclear theory. He quickly did five per cent of \$11,550 in his head; aloud he said: "You haven't seen what's on the other side, either."

Accompanying the book are illustrations by cartoon-satirist William Steig, whose drawings are in perfect harmony with the naiveté of the Blandings adventure. Technically fine, the book is well-organized and shows well the uncanny timing the author possesses. Hodgins seems to know exactly how long he may play with a situation without tiring the reader. The author's style can be compared with that of Robert Benchley or E. B. White, though the comparison is slight, for the charm in the writing lies in word-choice rather than in utility of the comic situation. The author's keen sense for the humor in the human responses causes a laugh and a chuckle for every brick amassed as "Mr. Blandings builds his dream house."

How to Learn a Foreign Language

Ivo HERZER

Rhetoric 101 Proficiency, 1948-49

WHEN YOU DECIDE TO LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE you may choose two approaches: first, by trying to build up your knowledge, vocabulary and speaking ability much in the same way as children do, that is by starting from the simple and common words, disregarding grammar; second, by trying to tackle this task as an intelligent adult, which means that you should endeavor to obtain a comprehensive picture, a general idea of the whole language, in as short a time as possible. The procedure in the second method, (which I believe is the more successful one) is as follows:

Get the shortest grammar-book you can find and by all means go through it in not more than seven days. Do not study it. Disregard irregular verbs, nouns, and the like. Try to grasp the idea of the language by memorizing such points as auxiliary verbs, articles, plurals, simple verb forms, and any peculiar rules or forms you may perceive.

Your next step would be to take a more detailed grammar-book with some exercises. You should also get hold of some newspaper, listen to the spoken language and try to create, so to say, a linguistic environment. That means that you would write the more difficult words in big, block letters on a piece of paper and have that paper always handy; let it be near your bed so you will see the words before going to sleep and on getting up. Meanwhile, your knowledge of grammar will become wider, and you will be able to take still another grammar-book. Do not study a grammar until you know it "by heart." Pass to another book, because thus you will repel that greatest enemy of studies—boredom. Get rid of books with sentences like: "Mary likes Tom. Who likes Tom?" Read advertisements and cartoons instead, even if it may require a more extensive use of your dictionary.

You must never forget, however, that the basis of your studies is repetition. Never tired and undaunted, you will push on along the thorny path of language and when, some day, you catch yourself whispering one or two sentences in that language, even carrying on a whole imaginary conversation with yourself—then you will know that you have acquired something of the spirit of that language. You will also know that you have won the most difficult battle in your study of the language.

My Advice to the Class of '52

C. E. LEHMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1947-48

IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO GET TO COLLEGE, OVER seventeen extra years, in fact; so perhaps my outlook is a little broader, a little more mature than the average college student's. That is why I feel I may presume to offer a little advice to the Class of '52.

First of all, take college seriously. Have fun, develop a social life, but don't let your outside activities become more important to you than your studies. Presumably you are in college to prepare a foundation for your life work or at least for your way of living, so prepare a good, solid foundation by doing some serious study. It has often been said that college education's main purpose is to teach one to think. That may sound rather unimportant right now to you; you probably feel that you know how to think, but believe me, after fifteen years in the business world and three and one-half years in the Armed Forces, I can say with some authority that very few people can think. Most people today are guided through life not by thought but by emotions. They are not able to think their problems out. They don't know how. And as a result, the world today is in turmoil, and we are faced with problems such as the climbing divorce rate, the increase of juvenile delinquency, the weakening of the home, and mounting crime of all kinds.

Secondly, take advantage of aptitude tests, especially those of you who are undetermined as to what field of study you wish to follow. Aptitude tests were of considerable help to me in getting started on the right track, and I know they will help you, too. However, don't expect miracles. Aptitude tests are not so exact that they can tell you one precise vocation that is the only thing for you. But they can tell you in what general field your greatest interest lies, and it follows that the field of work you are most interested in will be the field of work you will most enjoy and in which you will be most successful.

Thirdly, try, if you can, to forget the importance of money, and map out your course of studies so that you will be taking the subjects that you are interested in, not the subjects that you think may result in big money after you graduate. In other words, don't major in Electrical Engineering just because you have heard that electrical engineers make lots of money, when within yourself you have always had a desire to be a teacher. You may enjoy the income of an electrical engineer for awhile, but sooner or later you will "sour" on that type of work, and the income will mean less and less to you, while the desire to do something more to your liking will become stronger and stronger. For fifteen years I followed a line of work for the money that was in it, and because my brain became more or less atrophied, I thought for some

time that my life was set. Then the war came along, and through the stimulation of changed environment and broader horizons, I began to think again, and by the time the war was over I realized that I was in the wrong business, that my interests were elsewhere, and that if I was ever going to have a full and happy life I'd better change and change fast. I found that doing what I wanted to do had become far more important than a large income. Fortunately, I was able to return to college and resume my studies. You may not be so lucky, so be sure you are preparing yourself in the right field of work for you—not for your parents, not for your friends, but for you.

College years will be happy years for you; and if you are able to follow my few pointers, I think the years that follow college days have every chance of being full and happy, too.

No Name

ROBERT FULTON

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1947-48

The old lady stood over the boy lying on his back in the park.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Writing," he said.

"What are you writing?" she asked.

"A criticism," he said.

"But you have no pen, no paper, no notes," she said; "and anyway, who ever heard of a boy writing a criticism on his back in the park?"

"The sky is very blue," he said.

"With what is your criticism concerned?" she asked, smiling faintly.

"I am writing a review of the book, *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* by Anatole France," he said.

"Anatole France?"

"Yes."

"Sylvestre Bonnard?"

"Yes."

"Never heard of them."

The boy turned as though listening for something.

"What sort of crime did this fellow Bonnard commit?" she asked.

"He committed no crime," he said.

"Then what did he do?" she asked.

"He was a philologist."

"A philologist?"

"Yes, a kind, patient, sympathetic old man who studied literature."

"But again, what did he do?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"He must have done something," she said.

"He loved people," he said.

"Loved people?"

"Yes, he thought people were fine and good."

"He must have been crazy," she said.

"What a beautiful day it is," he said.

"Ah—this fellow, France, did he have any purpose in writing such a book?"

"Purpose?"

"Of course; if you are going to write a review, you must explain the purpose of the book," she said.

"Well," he said, "France wanted to paint pictures, word-pictures of people, all kinds of people, so that anyone could thumb through his book and decide upon what kind of person he or she would like to be."

"That is ridiculous," she said.

"Listen to the birds," he said. "How honest they sound."

"How could he write such a book?" she asked.

"By comparison," he said.

"By comparison?"

"Yes, he had Sylvestre meet all kinds of people under all kinds of circumstances; and in that way, he made it easy for us to choose our hero."

"Who is our hero?" she asked.

"Sylvestre," he said.

"Anyone else?" she asked.

"Jeanne, a very young girl whom he befriended," he said.

"The old wolf," she said.

"Oh, no," he said laughing, "she was the daughter of Sylvestre's childhood sweetheart."

"Oh, it is a love story," she purred.

"Yes."

"A happy love story?"

"Yes."

"It speaks of death, too, doesn't it?" she said suddenly.

"But of life, too," he said.

"There is despair, hate, jealousy, and greed in this book, isn't there?"

"There is also hope, faith, love, and kindness," he said quietly.

"It must be a strange story," she said.

"It is the story of people," he said.

"Well," she said, straightening herself, "don't lie there all day, young man. Why don't you begin writing your review?"

"I have written it," he said.

China Bound---The Hard Way

WILLIAM B. HOLWICK

Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1947-48

WITH THE FIRST TINTS OF DAWN, OUR SAMPAN LAID alongside the huge bulk of the junk that was to take us to China. As we gained the deck, our senses were numbed by the overpowering odor of fish. The fourth and last man of our party came aboard, and the Chinese captain gave orders to get underway.

The deck became a riot of organized confusion. Three sailors jumped to the hand windlass at the bow and started to heave the anchor, three others ran to the poop and lowered the rudder into place, and the remainder of the crew hoisted the sails. The rusty-red canvas sails were swung from their vertical positions and opened like enormous Oriental fans. The booms were secured, and the sails climbed the masts accompanied by the squealing of tackle and the rhythmic, grunting chant of the sailors. The breeze bulged the sails, and we gained momentum gradually. The junk began the characteristic movement of all junks, a slow, upward heave to port followed by a crashing descent to starboard.

As this was our first time aboard a junk, we roamed about satisfying our curiosity. The junk was approximately ninety feet long and thirty feet wide and drew about seven feet of water. The hull, built of overlapping boards, bore a striking resemblance to a dilapidated frame house. The bow deck swept to a point several feet higher than the main deck. The bow was blunted and high. The design caused the unusual forward motion. Two boards projecting from the bow supported the anchor tackle. Green eyes painted on each side followed the ancient custom of giving a ship eyes to see the course. The overhanging poop rose high above the rest of the junk in a sheer curve.

The rudder was a heavy, timber rectangle just under the poop. In port or when changing course abruptly, the rudder was hoisted clear of the water by tackle and lowered into a new position. The helm, located on the sloping poop, was so massive that it required two burly seamen to man it. It was useful only in varying the course ten or twenty degrees. However, there was a purpose behind this. The junk was flat-bottomed without a keel, and the heavy rudder with its limited maneuverability compensated for this.

Four stubby masts stuck into the sky. When not in use, the sails were secured to the bottom boom, swung vertical, and lashed to the masts. The canvas was stiffened by narrow strips of bamboo, called battens, sewn to it. The sails, one to a mast, were controlled by tackle secured to the boom. Small lines leading to some of the battens contrived to pull the sails to any angle necessary to catch all possible wind.

Finishing our examination topside, we descended to the holds, which extended from the bow to the leading edge of the poop. They were very capacious and filled to hatch level with loose rice.

The captain called and invited us to his quarters. We walked aft and squeezed through a tiny hatch under the poop into the crew's quarters. The odor was nauseating. The deck, the clothes, the bulkheads, and the crew reeked of fish oil. The overhead was so low that we had to creep along doubled over. The crew slept on straw mats along the bulkheads. Charcoal braziers served the dual purpose of heating and cooking. We crept on to the captain's cabin, dodging the bundles of personal possessions dangling from the supports.

Another tight squeeze and we were in the cabin. A bank of oiled paper windows greeted our eyes. Fresh air reached our noses, nausea struck us, and it was every man for himself. After staring over the window-sills at the Yellow Sea for half-an-hour, we slumped to the straw matted floor and dozed off.

We awakened at sunset. A sailor entered with a fish oil lantern and hung it from the bulkhead. For the first time, we took an interest in our surroundings. The cabin was about twenty feet long and extended the width of the junk. In one corner was a low wooden platform used as a bed; in the opposite, a Buddhist shrine. The center was occupied by a low table.

The captain entered, followed by two women carrying food. As our stomachs were very empty, we began to eat with gusto. We shoveled the food into our mouths with one hand and poured black tea down with the other. Our lieutenant started a conversation in the Oriental trade language, a corruption of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean. Since all of us were reasonably fluent in the jargon, we all joined. The food was a baked concoction of rice, vegetables, and three kinds of meat. One kind was slivered white meat tasting like chicken; the next kind tasted and looked like beef; the third, juicy, tender, and pink, tasted like rabbit. I asked the captain, "What is the meat?" He answered that it was *tok*, *geh*, and *tako*. *Tok*, meaning chicken, was the white meat; *geh*, dog, was the beef; that left the pink meat, or *tako*. *What was tako?* Our interpreter leaned over and hissed, "Octopus!" Under ordinary circumstances I would have revisited the windows, but the meats were delicious, and I was hungry. The captain announced that we would reach Tsingtao about dawn. We ate our fill and turned in.

As we lay down to sleep, we chatted about the day's events. We had no doubts of reaching our destination. Maybe the junk was crude, slow, and ungainly, but the design has been unchanged for several thousand years. That meant it must have some good points. As I was lulled to sleep by the roller-coaster motion, I recalled the U. S. Army recruiting posters' slogan, "You will receive travel, education, and experience." I was certainly receiving all that, but why did it have to be the hard way?

Third Parties

ROSALYN SALTZ

Rhetoric II, Theme 3, Summer, 1948

CURRENTLY THE NEW AMERICAN THIRD PARTY, LED BY Henry Wallace, is being attacked bitterly and often irrationally by many American progressives on two grounds: (1) the third party is Communist dominated and therefore "Un-American"; (2) it is dividing American liberals who would otherwise present a solid front against the Republican Party in the November elections. It is not my purpose here to either substantiate or refute the charge of Communist influence within the third party. The second basis for attack on the present third party is probably much more important, because of its implication in regard to the attitude of American progressives toward any future third party. This attitude could, obviously, by negating the possibility of progressives' leaving the Democratic Party at any time in the future, make permanent the present alliance of progressives with Southern reactionaries and Northern machine politicians within the Democratic Party. In making this alliance permanent, the Democratic Party would become simply a huge political machine with no purpose other than that of attaining public office.

When attacking Wallace's third party on this second basis, progressives display a lack of understanding of the nature and historical role of American third parties as a means of insuring democratic expression of opinion by the American people. Historically, third parties have arisen for at least one of the following three reasons: (1) to present a third solution to a problem when many Americans could accept neither of the alternatives suggested by the major parties; (2) to dramatize issues which many Americans have considered vital and which both major parties have ignored; (3) to serve as spokesmen for advocates of an alternative solution to a particular problem when both major parties have advocated essentially the same solution to this problem. In all three capacities, third parties have merely filled the need of a segment of the American people for representation. When the views of a substantial number of American voters have not been incorporated into the policies of either of the two major parties, a third party has arisen. It should be clear then that third parties do not themselves split major parties; that is, third parties have not *caused* ruptures within major parties but have simply *resulted from* such ruptures.

The third party led by Henry Wallace falls primarily in the third of the above categories. Both the Democratic and Republican Parties advocate a "get tough" policy toward the Soviet Union. Both have accepted the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan and vie with one another in verbal attacks

upon the Soviet Union. As a corollary, both advocate restraint upon Communists and "fellow-travellers" within the United States. A substantial number of American voters have been opposed to this foreign policy, believing that the present crisis is due to mistrust and fear on the part of both the United States and the Soviet Union and that our present attitude can only heighten this mistrust and fear. Henry Wallace is merely the voice of the opposition which openly arose within the Democratic Party after the pronouncement of the Truman Doctrine. He is not the cause of this opposition. Little will be gained by opposing the third party on the ground that it exists and will therefore disunite American liberals; the third party exists because American liberals have for some time been disunited in their views in regard to American foreign policy. The alternative to America's present foreign policy which Wallace presents should be accepted or rejected on the basis of its merits, and acceptance or rejection of any future third party should be decided on a similar basis. Thus, at any future time, a third party may arise when basic differences exist among the American people and when these differences are not reflected in the policies of the major parties. It would, therefore, seem that the essential criterion for accepting or rejecting any future third party should be the validity of its position on these basic differences and not the effect of the birth of the new party upon the existence of the old.

Rhet as Writ

Women should stay at home and propagate their children and husbands.

* * * *

Women are fickle. Some women go with 2 or 4 different men at once. I know one girl who kissed good-night 8 different boys at the same time.

* * * *

A draft like the one proposed, however, would bring a group of boys into the service with nothing but grips.

* * * *

My parents' strong shoulders became my backbone.

* * * *

Then he would turn away and shut his olfactory sense to my heated retorts.

* * * *

The day begins at 7:00 A. M. when revelry blows.

* * * *

On the other hand, it is one of life's marvelous adventures to discover hidden within you capacities qualifying you for carrying on the constructive work of insuring lives, of enabling people to guard against the hazardous uncertainties of fat and circumstance.

* * * *

An infinitive is *to* plus a *verb*. Example: He *to was* a great fighter.

Honorable Mention

Robert A. Cataldo—The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

Melvin Churovich—Tornado

James Clayton—The "State"

James E. Elliott—What a Church Should Do

Ethel Isaac—Comic Books: A Good or a Bad Influence?

Stanley Koren—The Band that Came to Dinner

C. E. Lehman—Cosmetics Through the Ages

Uzochina Nwabu—Why I Chose the University of Illinois

Jane Phillip—Free Movies

Arthur Sabin—How an Automobile Is Assembled

Roselyn Saltz—Bryan: Demagogue or Prophet?

James E. Schafer—Bruin Pulls a Fast One

Dean A. Smith—How to Steal a Car

Roger Williams—Ford's



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing

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Alone

ARDIS MILLER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

IT WAS A TYPICAL DECEMBER DAY IN THE CITY. THE department store windows blazed with their colorful Christmas displays; the busy shoppers bobbed along, laden with their purchases; and on the corner a jolly Salvation Army Santa Claus jangled his bell to the melody of car horns, rattling street cars, and happy voices. Every heart was bubbling over with the holiday spirit; it was the time of peace on earth, good will to men.

The joyful mass of people brushed by me, completely unaware of my existence, for I was alone in the throng. Alone, completely alone and friendless. I wandered aimlessly down State Street, gazing disinterestedly at the shop windows and watching the happy faces reflected in the glass. I had only to put out my hand and I could touch one of my fellow men, but these people were nothing to me, and I was nothing to them. If the street had been deserted, I thought, I would have felt less alone.

As darkness descended, the intensity of the blazing lights increased, and the street was gowned in a red and green robe of reflections. I wandered past a cocktail lounge, and from the amplifier over the door came the brassy strains of a popular song. Inside, sophisticated young ladies smiled enchantingly at their happy escorts. A jovial bartender energetically shook a cocktail shaker, and an attractive dice-girl smiled as she reaped the house's winnings. For these people the world was warm and cheerful, but for me there was only the darkness of a winter sky and the frightful loneliness that imprisoned my heart.

Then a light snow began to fall, and it seemed that the entire population was going home. Busses and trains were crammed with package-laden shoppers and newspaper-reading business men, all of them weary, but cheerful, at the prospect of the approaching holidays.

I walked and walked down State Street and then over to Michigan Boulevard. As I walked, the hustle and bustle of the city disappeared, and even the buildings were disguised by a curtain of white. The wide thoroughfare had become deserted, and a strange silence engulfed the great city. It was like existing in a vacuum—complete and utter silence, no motion, no life, only the gentle caress of a million snowflakes. I raised my head and looked at the dark sky with its graceful white flakes pirouetting to the ground. In their hurried descent some of them nestled in my hair; others settled quietly on my shoulders. Under my feet others of their multitude formed a soft and glittering carpet.

This was my world, gentle and quiet, devoid of noise and haste. Here, although I was the only person on the street, I was happy. My loneliness had left me, and I was free to lift up my heart, as well as my head, and smile. There

was nothing to detract from my bliss, no one to make me feel alone and unwanted. The world was mine and mine alone, and I loved every glittering particle of it. I knew that with the dawn would return the throngs with their blasting horns, loud voices, and hurrying feet, and that the roar of the metropolis would soon make me friendless again. I knew that the serene beauty and peace of that night must end with the first rays of light, but it didn't seem to matter. I no longer felt alone.

On Being the Oldest in the Family

MILDRED ARY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

IT IS ONE OF MY FIRM CONVICTIONS, DRAWN FROM PERSONAL experience, that parents, when starting a family, should invariably begin with twins. The first eight years of my life were happy, carefree and sisterless. Then things began to change. Someone must have informed the stork that he had been neglecting us. At any rate, this unpleasant individual began supplying me with baby sisters—three in all, and at three-year intervals.

At the appearance of Esther, the first little visitor, I was thrilled completely. As I was only eight, the few small services I was capable of were indicated by such commands as, "Mickey, run and get the baby oil, please," and, "Mickey, will you warm the baby's bottle for Mother?" It took Esther a long time to become even partially self-sufficient, but it was all a grand experience for me.

Then, just when she reached this stage, another little guest was welcomed—perhaps not with so much fervor as the first, but still welcomed. Janet turned out to be a perverse character who slept while people sat around trying to bathe and feed her, and cried while these same people tried to sleep. I was older now, and the little requests ran to such things as, "Mickey, will you fix the baby's formula now?" and, "Will you rock her tonight so Mother can sleep for a while?" and, "Will you give Janet her bottle and her cereal?" Soon, *ad infinitum*. Still it was interesting and I labored diligently. But by the time Janet was able to spoon her own cereal and navigate under her own power, I was beginning to think sisters were more trouble than they were worth.

At this advantageous moment, the third little intruder was received, but I couldn't truthfully say I welcomed her. By now I had reached the level of experience and maturity where Mother felt that I was "a great help." Bottles, baths, diapers, formulas, outings—I led a gay and useful life. Now Joan has reached the age of self-sufficiency too, and no more sisters are impending.

I love my little sisters devotedly, but my one wish is that I had been the youngest!

Campus Lingo

GORDON JOHNSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

MANY NEW WORDS AND PHRASES HAVE BEEN ADDED to the English language, especially at the colloquial level and in the campus dialectal area, because of foreign students. Leading linguists and philologists have reported that this is one reason why our language has become increasingly confused. The following examples are presented in an attempt to help eliminate this confusion:

Jeet (of Lower Slobbovian origin) is perhaps the most frequently used of all words that make up campus lingo. Translated into English, the expression means "Did you eat?" Its wide usage is the result of the fact that college students are always hungry. The word is used in the expression "Jeet yet?" or "Jeet dinner?" Of course, at other times during the day, the phrase may be altered to "Jeet breakfast?" or "Jeet lunch?"

D'jhu (early Babylonian) pronounced "Ju," means "Did you?" An example of this is: "D'jhu attend classes today?"

Wareyafrum (believed to have come from an early Semitic origin) means "Where do you come from?" or simply "Where are you from?" This phrase is used by almost every new acquaintance. Therefore, it is essential that you fully understand the translation of the phrase.

Harya (from the Comanche) is a common form of salutation meaning "How are you?" as in "Harya this morning?"

Hoozher (originated in Western Mongolia, but generally accepted to be more immediately from the state of Indiana) is now used as a modern interrogatory form: "Hoozher friend?" You are never confronted with this question except when accompanied by another individual. The word *Hoozher* can be used many other ways besides "Hoozher friend?" For example: "Hoozher instructor?" or "Hoozher best girl?"

Woncha and *Coodjya* both of Abyssinian origin) mean "Won't you?" and "Could you?" These are used to a great extent when asking for something, as: "Woncha dance with me?" or "Coodjya lend me a dime?"

Kamanin (Indo-Chinese origin), pronounced "Kuh-mah-nin," is an invitational form meaning: "Come in" or "Enter." Almost everyone uses this phrase when answering the door while eating a ham sandwich.

Swati (origin, remote Hindustan), pronounced "Swat-eye," is a modern condensation of "That is what I—." It is used as in "Swati thought" or "Swati told you."

English has always borrowed freely from other languages. These recent noble, global importations merely continue our long and glorious linguistic tradition.

The People, Maybe

STANLEY ELKIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

IT IS GETTING LATE. TOMORROW MORNING HAS BEEN here for a few hours already. Everyone else in the house is asleep. Have been for a long time. The only sound is the sound of my typewriter tapping its steel fingers against the paper which moves along graciously in the roller, accepting without question whatever syllables my fingers impose upon it.

I have just completed Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes*. For six hours I have been reading sentences without periods, questions without question-marks, and words like American, France, and George Smith without capitals. It was as much trouble for me to read it as it was for Carl Sandburg to write it. I think that the only way for me to review the book is in the style that Sandburg wrote it. The following illegitimate prose, or poetry, is the result of my contact with *The People, Yes*.

. . . .

THE PEOPLE, MAYBE

The people, yes?

No. Not yet. I don't think so.

Soon maybe. But not yet. Not just yet.

What combinations of names spoken of reverently in lending libraries and rhetoric classes can take two billion people,

different people, different people, different people, and say of them: "Here is the answer. Step right up folks. Here is the answer and it's guaranteed. Definition of the people in two hundred eighty-six pages, complete and unabridged"?

grosset & dunlopp, blakiston, harcourt, brace, viking, doubleday, rand & mc nally, henry holt, all good men, respected in their field with war and peace, you can't go home again, tom sawyer, and forever amber under their belt— Would they? Could they?

Should they say: "Here is the answer. Step right up folks. Here is the answer and it's guaranteed. Definition of the people in two hundred eighty-six pages, complete and unabridged."?

Sandburg speaks :

“Watch closely, Nothing up my sleeve. And yet
folks [to Sandburg all human beings are folks]
I will produce out of the thin air a working
definition of Everyman in a few well chosen
paragraphs.”

The onlookers become silent. They are awed at the
statement. A little boy tugs at his mommy’s skirt
and whispers, “Can it be done mommy? Can it?”
The magician works quickly.

He comes up with a definition, as promised, but
the crowd is restless. They are not satisfied
with the results. “Can it be done, mommy?”

“Yes. But not yet. He tried hard but he failed.”

It can be done but not for a few centuries yet.

Man is not yet complete. He is still in his
adolescence. He’s growing fast though. Vitamins
like the harnessing of the atom
and proteins like the idea of one world
may do a lot to speed up the process.
It is difficult to take a picture of a
baby and from it determine what the
adult will look like.

This is what Sandburg has done.

• • •

You can do much with a wrong assumption
if they do not catch you
and if you believe sincerely in that wrong assumption.
Sandburg could not have believed, for throughout the
book his theories undulate. His philosophy :

“Man is here to stay . . . unless he goes someplace else.”

“Man will yet win out . . . unless he loses.”

“Man is a great guy . . . except for some.”

It is not very convincing . . . unless . . .

• • •

The people, yes?
No. Not yet. I don’t think so.
The people, maybe.
Yes.
The people, maybe.

Dwight Reformatory

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric X2, Assignment 25, Extension

PEOPLE WHO HAVE OCCASION TO VISIT DWIGHT Reformatory for Women see in it a model institution built on the cottage plan, with well trained, understanding house-mothers in charge of each unit. They see a large expanse of farm country, healthy live stock, and modern farm equipment. They read the record and appreciate that the institution has the reputation for having the lowest percentage of repeaters of any institution of its kind in the country. But that does not tell the whole story. The institution has a heart. I was to learn that through an unforgettable experience.

The Regional Director of the United States Public Health Service discussed with me the possibility of housing, in one of the cottages at Dwight, the troublesome young camp followers who were venereally infected prostitutes. We were convinced that these girls needed psychiatric and social treatment as well as medical care and isolation. Dwight had a psychiatrist on its staff, and it had a competent social worker available on the grounds. Miss Hazard, the superintendent, was also a social worker who for many years had been identified with the Chicago courts. She understood the problem. She and her institution seemed ideal for the project if we could interest her in undertaking it. I was selected to talk with her, and try to "sell" her the idea.

It was a piercing blue-cold day when I visited, late in September. It had been raining continuously since early morning, and it looked like an all day affair. The heavy purple clouds still hung low in the sky. As I stepped off the train a friendly, middle-aged woman recognized me, and we were soon on our way in the institution's car. The rain had softened the mud roads, making them slithery. It was difficult to keep the wheels moving in a straight line, and at one point in the road the car seemed to sink up to the hubs of the wheels. It was the driver's skill alone that brought the car out of the mud after the wheels had been spinning in place for several minutes. At the door of the Administration Building, a young crippled girl invited me to come in.

"Miss Hazard is expecting you," she said as she opened the door for me to enter. "Go up those stairs and walk to the end of the hall." She pointed the way for me.

It was a long flight of stairs, straight up, without a break. Miss Hazard's apartment was at the end of the long, narrow hall leading off from the top of the stairs. No one else lived in that part of the building. Her apartment door was open, and she called out, "Come right in and sit down! I'm giving my pooch a bath. We'll be through in a minute."

I stepped into the room and closed the door behind me. The living room was most attractive, with walls of a soft wedgwood blue. Sparkling white, ruffled curtains at the double windows made the room look particularly feminine. A rose-colored couch cover and a striped blue and rose covering on a lounge chair gave the room a lively air. A crowded book case, a magazine rack, and comfortable looking chairs were scattered about the room. Landscapes and a few black and white etchings told their stories from the walls. The whole room had a "lived-in" feeling. Cozy, and nice to be in. I was there by myself for fully five minutes and I had time to look about. I was prepared to meet a "lady's lady."

Miss Hazard's cheery voice came from an adjoining room, "Don't get discouraged. Both pooch and I are getting washed up. We needed it after being out this morning. There now." She was addressing her dog. He came bounding out of the room looking more like a drowned squirrel than a cocker spaniel. He paraded around the room, then stopped in the middle and proceeded to shake himself vigorously, jetting the water from his fur. Then he slouched to the corner and lay down on a small rug. Miss Hazard came in shortly after, extending her hand for a friendly handshake.

"The mud has been so bad that I decided the only way to cut down on the chores of housekeeping was to clean up the occupants. There won't be a train until 4:30, and we'll have plenty of time to visit." She disappeared again, returning with a tray of hot coffee and chocolate chip cookies. Delicious hot coffee! In a very few minutes we were like old friends.

No, she did not look especially feminine. She wore a black jersey dress with starched white collar and cuffs. The straight lines of her skirt made her look even taller than she was. She had on a pair of black oxfords—square-toes and flat heeled. Her black hair was parted in the middle and drawn down over her ears to the back of her head, framing her egg-shaped face. She had quite a pointed chin, but her smiling lips softened the line, and her expressive brown eyes made her seem young and alive. I noticed her hands as she busied herself with the coffee things. They were strong, mannish hands—short, stubby, and wide.

"Now, tell me what queer notion Dr. Brown has on his mind." She was ready to discuss the proposal.

I proceeded to explain my mission and she listened without interrupting me. When I finished she said, "My first responsibility is to the people sent here by the courts, and my first consideration is for their good. I don't think your program will work. We have murderers here for life; we have women, young and old, serving long prison terms—thieves, forgers, and the like. Well, you know there isn't any other place to send women who commit felonies. I get them all. Don't let the word 'reformatory' fool you. This is the state's prison for women. When you send prostitutes here they won't be accepted by the group. Queer, but true, our people have their own set of moral standards, and

I'm afraid the two groups won't mix. They won't get along. Secondly, your people will be here voluntarily; they will have freedom that the others cannot have; their stay will be comparatively short. They become a privileged class. I will have to think about it. I don't think it will be right, but I will think about it, and—."

We were interrupted by a long, loud ring. Miss Hazard went to the telephone. I could hear the excited voice of the girl at the door.

"Relax, Rosemary, let them come up." Miss Hazard was giving directions to Rosemary. "No, they won't kill me! Quiet now. Don't let them think you're afraid." Miss Hazard turned to me and said, "I've just been notified that the women assigned to work in the pig pen are on a rampage. They are on their way up here."

She saw the panic in my eyes.

"Do you want to go?" I shook my head to say, "No."

"You'll be all right if you sit right near this back door. You can step out to a lower landing and to the street any time you want to."

Miss Hazard took her seat on the couch and picked up her knitting basket. I did not know until afterward that she had a gun in that basket.

We could hear the heavy tramping, the shuffling feet, and the clashing of metal, in the corridor. Above the clatter we could hear angry voices, cursing, swearing, threatening, "We'll fix her!" "We'll show her!" "Just let me get my hands—!"

It was quiet for a second. Then a gruff voice called out. "Open that door, or we'll bust it down!"

Miss Hazard did not leave her seat. With no sign of excitement or concern in her voice she said, "What's the matter, Mary? My door is open. Come in."

The door was pushed open with a muddy shovel. Never have I seen such a group of angry women. They were all shapes and sizes. I do not know how many were there, but the corridor was jammed full, and others were on the stairs. I could see clearly only the three that were bunched in the doorway. Mary, the woman Miss Hazard had addressed, was a heavy set, square faced woman with large features. She looked Slavic. She glared angrily at Miss Hazard. She was carrying a long, three-pronged pitchfork. Her clothing was covered with mud from her waist down. Her hands and face were dirty. Her lower lip protruded and quivered. The second woman was a tough looking person, probably in the middle forties. It was she who had pushed open the door with the shovel which she still brandished in the air as though ready to use it at the first signal. The third was a little wiry woman probably still in her twenties. Hers was rather a pretty face, but hard. Her bleached blond hair was matted with mud. She carried one rubber boot in her hand, letting the mud and water drip to the floor. She was wiping the mud from her face with the hem of her skirt. I could see only the tops of the heads of the other

women through the open door, but towering above them were their garden tools—pitchforks, hoes, shovels, and long-handled wire brushes.

Miss Hazard remained calm even though fists were shaken in her face. The women all talked at once. The words that were distinguishable were, "We'll kill Miss Ella." "We're warning you." "You'll get it if you get in our way!"

"Well, Helen, what's up?" Miss Hazard addressed the question to the woman with the hoe. Before there was any opportunity for a reply she added, "Come on in, come in, Gertrude, over here. And there's a seat." She motioned to the women individually to take seats in the room. Then she turned to the blond girl and said, "You sure look a sight."

Helen moved forward sullenly as Miss Hazard pointed to the lounge chair. Then she stopped, hesitated, looked around at the other women who were quiet now, and placed her hoe in the corner outside in the hall. Miss Hazard pretended not to notice this action and continued to talk to Helen.

"There's plenty of room for everyone to sit down someplace." Each girl as she entered the room parked her tool in the hall, although somewhat reluctantly. Then Mary took the floor.

"G —d— Miss Ella! We've been in the pig pen since five o'clock this morning trying to catch the pigs. Miss Ella says we had to get them, or else. G—, we'll get her first! Look at us—just look at us! Look at Helen!" She pointed to the blond girl who was still holding the muddy boot in her hand. "She fell on her face in that filthy pig pen and the mud's gone clean through to her inside!"

Helen stood up and a gob of slimy mud slid down her leg from under her skirt, to the floor. Helen began to cry. Miss Hazard put her arm around Helen's shoulder and said, "Go into my bathroom and get scrubbed up. You'll find my bathrobe in there. You put it on and we'll send for some clean clothes for you." Helen shuffled across to the bathroom.

"And the rest of you," continued Miss Hazard. "You're pretty, too." There were a few crooked smiles. The dog came forward to the middle of the room and began to shake himself again.

"Look out girls, or you'll get another kind of shower!"

All eyes were focused on the dog. The tension was broken. They were no longer an angry mob. They were a pathetic, dejected group of women—cold, dirty, uncomfortable, and helpless. But soon the experiences of the morning were being retold as jokes. How Mabel sat down in the puddle with the pig in her lap was told with hilariously funny gestures. They were all laughing now. Then Helen emerged from the bathroom. She had washed her hair, which hung string-like and straight to her shoulders. She had draped the blue quilted robe dramatically around her. Barefoot, with one hand on her hip and swinging her body grotesquely from side to side, she came forward extending her hand for a "fancy handshake." She strutted about the room, her head tilted high, much to the delight of the others, who were laughing

freely now. Miss Hazard took her cue from the new attitude of the group. "Listen, girls. Now about those porkers. We haven't any other meat for tomorrow, and tomorrow is Sunday. Those pigs are your pork chops. Do you want them or don't you want them? It's up to you."

Mary started, "By G—"

Miss Hazard ventured another approach. "It's still raining. Why don't we wait until this afternoon? It might stop by that time and then we can get the pigs. You can get cleaned up for lunch, and you'll be clean at least for a little while. Well, I never thought I'd see the day when a bunch of pigs would floor you girls. You live and learn!"

Mary felt challenged then. She wanted to prove that she deserved her place as leader of the group. "Oh, yea? You wait. We'll show those porkers who's boss. You just watch us! . . ." Then, "Gee, Miss Hazard, we sure made a pig pen out of your place. Say, Helen, you're clean, and so is that lazy piece of cheese, Liss. What about you two cleaning up the joint?"

"O. K., if you want to." Miss Hazard was agreeable to the idea.

When the last girl left the apartment, Miss Hazard went to her private phone and called Miss Ella. I could hear her conversation. "Listen, Ella, who are you sore at, for heaven's sake? Why take it out on the girls? You can't catch pigs on a day like this and you know it. We'll have fish tomorrow and like it. The girls will be down this afternoon and will tell you they will go out after the pigs. You tell them not to because the weather is too bad. Say it as though you knew they were human, too." She listened to the voice for a moment, then continued, "Yes, it is good discipline. Will you ever learn that there is no place for cruelty in this outfit? You had better come and see me before the day is over."

Miss Hazard turned to me. "I suppose it's natural that people who decide to work in an institution like this do so to get rid of their own guilt feeling by helping with the punishment of others, but it makes doing business here quite difficult sometimes. Well, now, where were we?" She was ready to pick up the subject of my visit.

I was still breathing hard, still somewhat scared. I had not regained my equilibrium. Of one thing I was sure. If Miss Hazard did not believe the project proposed was a good one, it could not be. I could have no quarrel with a woman who so well understood her group that she had changed an incident which might have resulted disastrously for her into a hilarious house party.



I, Claudius

ELEANOR SIFFERD

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

IN THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, EMPEROR Claudius holds a rather obscure place. It is a historical fact that he once wrote an autobiography which was lost centuries ago. In *I, Claudius*, Robert Graves attempts to rewrite that story as the Emperor himself might have dictated it. The result is an elaborate canvas of the history of Rome from the reign of Augustus in the first century B. C. through the elevation of Claudius himself to the throne in A. D. 41.

I, Claudius is not a formal history, but resembles a family chronicle written in a conversational style. By writing the story in the first person, the author succeeds in maintaining a certain pleasing informality throughout the book. Graves assembles his work with careful reference to two of the principal Roman authorities, Suetonius and Tacitus. He includes interesting minor touches such as the pretense of writing in Greek, the amusing soldier's jests, and the frequent use of colloquial verse.

In this book, Claudius, a rather decent fellow, unfolds the story of the corruption and degeneracy of the Roman Empire during the period when Rome was a place of extravagance, violence, and evil. He tells of the growing impotence of the upper class as the group tried to preserve the illusion of power. That society is subtly portrayed in the fascinating character of Livia, whom Claudius calls "both admirable and abominable." Obsessed with an uncanny lust for power, she encouraged the poisoning of a potential candidate for the throne so that her husband, Augustus, might ascend as the emperor. During his reign, Livia, the grandmother of Claudius, gained such a hold over her husband that she literally ruled Rome for more than sixty years.

Although the story deals essentially with the collapse of the Roman Empire, in effect it has a much deeper significance. The reader finds himself comparing the Roman times with our own troubled era. Certainly Livia can be compared with recent and contemporary world leaders who have shown that they value power and material wealth above common decency and respect for the individual. *I, Claudius* is filled with such parallels, both subtle and obvious.

Even an attempt to write about a time of such historical dispute is an act of courage. Robert Graves nobly succeeds in painting a vivid portrait of Rome in its glory and in its eventual downfall. Especially remarkable is his ability to combine fascinating history with an interesting narrative, into which are injected deep and significant questions to challenge the reader. *I, Claudius* is a book which is well worth reading.

A Date to Remember

JAMES HARDESTY

Rhetoric II, Final Examination

JUNE 8, 1948, MIGHT WELL PROVE TO BE AS IMPORTANT A day in American history as July 4, 1776. On June 8, 1948, the United States Senate passed a bill which, in a sense, would allow the United States to raise a Foreign Legion. For the first time in American history, the United States would have a truly mercenary army.

Machiavelli, the Italian author and diplomat, stated that the raising of a mercenary army was a sign of national decay. The state has lost its appeal to its citizens if it cannot raise an army at home but must instead raise one from outside its borders.

A classic example of a country which as it decayed put more and more trust in an army of mercenaries is the Roman Empire. Until the time of Marius in the first century B. C., the Romans had had a citizen army. Marius, however, raised an army of Sicilians and other non-Roman Mediterranean peoples in order to conquer the Numidians. After Marius, practically all of the Roman Legions were composed mainly of non-Romans. These soldiers felt no love of Rome. In fact, many of them came from lands that had been conquered by the Romans only a few years before. If anything, these men hated Rome far more than they loved it. However, this army, partly because of its size and partly because of its lack of loyalty to Rome, became a major force in Roman politics even before the birth of Christ. These men gave no thought to the welfare of Rome, but instead joined whichever general or politician could offer them the most money.

With the exception of the Swiss mercenaries who fought in France and Italy, the record of mercenary troops has been just as bad throughout history. A case in point is that of Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. During that period Italy was divided into many small city-states which were constantly battling for supremacy. Because they were small, they resorted to the hiring of mercenaries to raise large armies. The record of these troops is one of the blackest pages in Italian history. They would first be fighting for one city, then for another. It was not at all unusual for them to change sides in the middle of a war.

Thus it can be seen that foreign mercenaries present two concrete dangers. One is their complete lack of loyalty. Can you imagine an "American" army composed of Germans, Poles, Letts, etc., fighting such a campaign as American troops did in the Philippines in 1941-1942? The second danger is perhaps merely an outgrowth of the first. Because of their lack of any real patriotic feeling, mercenaries would be willing tools of any power-mad maniac who

might wish to seize control of the United States. Mercenary troops of the Praetorian Legion placed many a Roman Caesar on the throne. The Swiss guard of Louis XVI fought to the bitter end to perpetuate his corrupt reign. Can we have any assurance that the same thing would not happen here in America?

The answer is no. If the United States needs a large army, let it be raised in the same manner as armies were raised in the Civil War and in both World Wars—by conscription of the citizens. Any other method is a definite gamble, and not a very safe gamble at that.

Deep Sea Diving

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme B

THE ART OF DIVING BEGAN WITH MAN'S DESIRE TO explore the ocean's bottom and to obtain food. Excellent swimmers could descend to a depth of thirty feet and remain there for two or three minutes. The desire to descend to greater depths and remain there for long intervals resulted in the invention and development of modern diving equipment.

A diving crew is made up of the divers, line handlers, telephone talker, and pump operators. This crew operates from a diving barge or salvage tug which is moored over the spot to which the diver must descend. All members of a diving crew are thoroughly trained in the science of diving, and usually the members are qualified to exchange duties.

The divers must meet rigid qualifications. They are given thorough physical examinations, and they must pass numerous mental tests. They must be alert and well versed in all phases of undersea work, which is most strenuous and often dangerous.

The diver's suit is of sturdy construction. The first article of apparel is a heavy, rubberized, canvas suit which resembles a pair of large coveralls with built-in feet and no front opening. The diver slips down into the suit through the neck opening. A breast plate is placed over the diver's head and attached to the neck opening of the suit in a water-tight manner. Then the lead-solid shoes are laced on, a weighted belt is buckled around the diver's middle, and rubber bands are slipped onto the cuff of the sleeves to make them watertight. The last article to be put on is the helmet, and it is donned just prior to entering the water. The helmet is a sturdy, dome-shaped shell that is slipped over the diver's head and screwed onto the breastplate. The air lines enter the helmet, and on the exterior of the helmet are various valves which control the supplying and exhausting of this air. The helmet also contains a telephone, and there is a glass window for vision. The dressing of the diver is performed by

members of the crew. The complete suit weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

When the dressing is completed, the diver enters the water, assisted by the line handlers. He adjusts the air supply so that he has a slightly negative buoyancy, and begins his descent to the bottom. The rate of descent depends on the diver's ability to adjust himself to the increase in pressure. Rapid descent is often accompanied by pain in the ears, but this is relieved by chewing vigorously. As the diver descends, the water pressure increases, and the diver must increase the air pressure in his suit accordingly.

Upon reaching the bottom the diver finds various conditions. The bottom may be hard or waist-deep mud. Under the best conditions there is little or no light and the diver must use his sense of touch to a great degree. A good sense of direction is also essential, because it is quite dangerous to become lost.

The diver's trades are many. He must be a welder, driller, burner, carpenter, and a handler of concrete. All these tasks are performed below the water's surface by the use of special equipment.

The diver's stay on the bottom is determined by his depth. A diver may remain on the bottom for four hours in shallow water but only one hour in very deep water.

The diver's ascent is a slow, precise process. While he is on the bottom, nitrogen from the air enters the diver's blood via the lungs. This nitrogen is in a liquid state and causes no trouble. But as the diver ascends, the liquid nitrogen must be passed off through the lungs. If the ascent is too rapid, the liquid nitrogen turns into its normal gaseous state and creates bubbles in the blood. This condition is known as the "bends," and it is often fatal to its victims. Therefore the diver must ascend slowly, and he must also stop at various depths for definite periods to permit a gradual release of the nitrogen.

The dangers of diving are numerous. The diver must remain alert and must follow the rules prescribed for him. Air lines are often severed by jagged wreckage. When this happens, there remains about six minutes of life-supporting air in the suit, and in this interval the diver must reach the surface. Divers are sometimes trapped when their lines become entangled in wreckage and debris. If a diver uses too much air, his suit will become over-inflated, so that he will lose control of his arms and ascend rapidly. This is known as a "blow-up." The suit may burst on nearing the surface, and the diver may drown before the line handlers can pull him onto the barge. On the other hand, a total loss of air in the suit while on the bottom results in a "squeeze," in which the diver is squeezed into the helmet, with fatal results.

The diving profession is not an easy one. These men who work in the ocean depths are to be admired. Their feats during the late war, particularly, will be long remembered. The task of raising an 85,000 ton ship from the bottom of a harbor seems to be an impossibility to the average person, but to the divers of a salvage unit it is merely a matter of time and strenuous labor.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

ROBERT A. CATALDO

Rhetoric II, Theme 13

THE YEARS 1919 AND 1920 SAW PERVADING THE AMERICAN scene an aura of red hate, reaching a fever pitch with the so-called Red Raids of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. With the co-operation of local police, Palmer's agents arrested hundreds of Communists, many times entering private homes illegally and removing the occupants to jail, destroying private property, and spattering many reputations, so intense was the feeling against this hated philosophy.¹ And the sympathies of the American people were with these overzealous acts of a police force of an agency in the government.

It was against a backdrop such as this that one of the greatest criminal cases of the time was unfurled: the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, cobbler and peddler, and self-confessed Anarchists, whose fates stirred the world.

During the light of day on April 24, 1920, the payroll of the Morrill & Slater Shoe Company in the town of South Braintree, Massachusetts, was stolen, and the two men who were assigned to guard it were slain. On May 5 two Italians were removed from a streetcar by the police of the adjacent city of Brockton and charged with participation in the crime.²

At the time of their arrests, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were involved in hiding fellow Anarchists and in organizing protest meetings. In the evening of the very day of his arrest, Vanzetti was to have been the principal speaker at one such meeting.³

In the preliminary investigation the prisoners were taken to the Quincy jail and paraded before a battery of eye witnesses in a manner not in conformance with customary procedure, which facilitated their indictments for the crime. Usually, suspects are identified out of a group, but here Sacco and Vanzetti were scrutinized singly and were made to simulate the positions of the murderers at the scene of the crime.⁴

The trial began at the county seat in Dedham, Massachusetts, on May 31, 1921, more than a year after the occurrence of the crime which the defendants were alleged to have committed.⁵ The courtroom was filled early, and hundreds of the disappointed who were not able to get inside milled around outside, waiting for a look at these men who espoused the hated doctrine of

¹ "The Red Raids," *Nation*, CXXIII (September 22, 1926), 268.

² "Truth About the Bridgewater Holdup," *Outlook*, CL (October 31, 1928), 1053.

³ "Red Raids," *loc. cit.*

⁴ "Truth About the Bridgewater Holdup," p. 1055.

⁵ "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," *Nation*, CXXIII (September 22, 1926), 263-66.

Communism, as they were escorted by a cordon of seventeen policemen from the jail to the courthouse.

Red hysteria was rampant, and it was allowed to dominate in the courtroom. The prosecution played on the prejudices of the jury, and it focused its questioning on the philosophies of the accused, on their participations in Anarchist displays, and on their flight to Mexico in 1917 to avoid military service. This line of questioning elicited from the foreman of the jury, a retired police chief of the Quincy force, in a moment of passion: "Damn them, they ought to hang." The real problem of attempting to prove the guilt of the defendants for a specific crime seemed to have become second in importance to conviction because of political views; the case had degenerated into the Commonwealth *versus* the Anarchists.⁶

The opening question in the cross-examination of Vanzetti by District Attorney Katzman revealed the vein in which the case was to be conducted: "So you left Plymouth in May of 1917 to dodge the draft, did you?" Sacco was asked: "Did you go to Mexico in 1917 to avoid being a soldier for this country that you loved?"⁷

After examining one hundred and sixty witnesses in the preliminary investigation, the State finally settled on five witnesses against Sacco who identified him as being in the murder car—Mary Splaine, Frances Devlin, Lola Andrews, Louis Pelzer, and Carlos E. Goodridge (who had a previous criminal record for giving evidence under a false name). All their testimony was in turn contradicted by witnesses for the defense. Mary Splaine, who had been unable to identify Sacco in the Quincy jail only forty days after the crime, now made positive identification, needing a whole year of reflection and mental gyrations to make her identification positive.

Lola Andrews' testimony was contested in the courtroom by a conversation she had had with a Quincy storekeeper shortly after the crime. "I said to her, 'Hello, Lola,' and she stopped to answer me. I said, 'You look kind of tired.' She says, 'Yes. They are bothering the life out of me. I just come from jail. The Government took me down . . . to recognize those men and I don't know a thing about them. I've never seen them and can't recognize them.'"⁸ She, too, had needed a whole year to reflect on what she saw before she was able positively to place Sacco at the murder scene. It was of Lola Andrews that the District Attorney said: "And then there is Lola Andrews. I have been in this office, gentlemen, for now more than eleven years. I cannot recall in that too long service for the Commonwealth that ever before I have laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews." At the preliminary hearing, one of these same witnesses had identified as being present at the

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 264.

⁷ Felix Frankfurter, "Case of Sacco and Vanzetti," *Atlantic Monthly*, CXXXIX (March, 1927), 419.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 413.

murder one "Tony the Wop," who at the time of the crime was in a Buffalo jail.⁹

Against Vanzetti the State had two witnesses who claimed to have seen him at the scene of the murder. One, Dolbeare, could only testify to having seen him hours before the murder, leaving only the other, a man named Le Vangie, to claim to have seen him on the spot. Le Vangie's testimony, like that against Sacco, was contradicted. Two men, named Kennedy and Kelly, in opposition to Le Vangie, said a man almost the antithesis of Vanzetti was in the driver's seat, the position Le Vangie ascribed to the defendant Vanzetti.¹⁰

The testimony favoring Vanzetti was overwhelming. Thirty-one eyewitnesses testified positively "that no one of the men in the murder car was Vanzetti," and thirteen defense witnesses placed Vanzetti in Plymouth selling fish on the afternoon of the murder.¹¹ Sacco, on that same day, said he had been in the office of the Italian Consulate in Boston seeking a passport to his native Italy, and he offered, unavailingly, to prove it.¹²

The testimony that proved most damaging to the accused came from Captain Proctor, a ballistics expert with the State Police. It was Proctor's contention, both before and after the trial, that one of the bullets found in Beredelli's body came from a Colt .32 automatic, but he could not, would not, and did not claim that the bullet had emanated from the Colt automatic found on Sacco at the time of his arrest. Proctor notified the District Attorney that if the direct question of the bullet's coming from Sacco's gun were put to him in the courtroom, he would have to answer in the negative. Aware of the public's (hence the jury's) ignorance in such matters, Proctor entered into an agreement with the District Attorney whereby the question would be rephrased and the answer would make it appear to the lay jury that Sacco's gun was the murder gun. The question was put to Proctor thus:

"Have you any opinion as to whether bullet number 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence [Sacco's gun]?"

To which was answered: "I have."

"And what is your opinion?"

"My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol."

This testimony, while actually beneficial to the defense, was distorted and used as a most damaging weapon.¹³

The trial lasted seven weeks. On July 14, 1920, after five hours' deliberation, the verdict of guilty in the first degree against each defendant was brought in by the jury.¹⁴

Despite conviction, death was to elude the unfortunate Sacco and Vanzetti for six years, during which time their frequent requests for a new trial were

⁹ "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," p. 266.

¹⁰ Frankfurter, *op. cit.*, pp. 414-15. ¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹² "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," p. 265.

¹³ Frankfurter, *op. cit.*, p. 425.

¹⁴ "Sacco and Vanzetti, a Federal Lynching," *loc. cit.*

denied, even in the face of new evidence that included a confession by a member of the notorious Morelli gang of Providence that the Morelli gang had committed the crime.¹⁵

It was the same Judge Thayer who had presided at the trial, not without prejudice, who reviewed the new evidence as it was put forth in subsequent motions for a new trial.¹⁶ This noble magistrate, in denying one such motion for reopening of the case, said: "The evidence that convicted these defendants was circumstantial and was evidence that is known as 'consciousness of guilt.'"¹⁷ (Is the nature of circumstantial evidence such that it can prove guilt beyond the "shadow of a doubt?" And what is this "consciousness of guilt?")

This "consciousness of guilt" meant that the conduct of the defendants after the murders indicated that they were murderers. At the time of their arrest, Sacco and Vanzetti were asked the question, "Are you a Socialist, a Radical, a Black Hand?" By the nature of this questioning the suspects thought they were being arrested for a political crime and they lied in their answers; they had not been told of the suspicion of murder that had been lodged against them.¹⁸ It was these lies during the earliest moments of the whole affair that were offered as evidence of the "consciousness of guilt" in their conduct. A closer examination of their actions from April 24, the day of the murder, until their capture two weeks later, could have given an altogether different label to their actions. Sacco and Vanzetti maintained the same jobs, the same home addresses, and, as already mentioned, both were supposed to attend a protest meeting in the neighboring town of Cocheset on the very evening of their arrest.¹⁹

The case was engendering world wide repercussions. By actual count twelve leading Paris journals on August 5, 1927, devoted four times as much space to it as to the breakup of the Geneva Conference.²⁰ Ramsay MacDonald, former (and later) Prime Minister of England, said, "This whole affair is too terrible; I hope the reputation of the United States will be saved the horror of this execution."²¹

On August 10, 1927, after six years in prison awaiting execution, Sacco and Vanzetti were led to the death chamber at the State Prison at Charlestown, where the death sentence was carried out, ostensibly for the crime of robbery and murder.

What kind of justice is it that permits the levying of a penalty against a law violator greater than the one prescribed by the law? The penalty for the

¹⁵ "Cobbler and Peddler, Whose Fates Stir the World." *Literary Digest*, XCIII (April 23, 1927), 6.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* ¹⁷ Frankfurter, *op. cit.*, p. 416.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 418.

¹⁹ E. G. Evans, "Sacco and Vanzetti," *Survey*, LVI (June 15, 1926), 364-65.

²⁰ "Massachusetts the Murderer," *Nation*, CXXV (August 31, 1927), 192-93.

²¹ *Ibid.*

crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti were convicted is death; the penalty assessed them was death, plus six horrible years in jail. And the crime of which they were surely guilty, that of being Anarchists and agitators . . .

Did justice triumph?

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One Person I Can't Forget

JACK ROLENS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

WHEN I FIRST MET HER I SAW ONLY A BLUSTERING, old-maidish teacher who seemed rather to be feared than liked. In most of the people I asked about her, she had inspired a kind of awe. To account for this seemingly unreasonable awe of others, I asked to be placed in her English class. I wished to know the person that she was; I think I shall never forget the person that I found.

"Take out fifty sheets of paper," were the first words I heard her say, even before I was settled in my seat the first day. From then on till the end of the semester, I heard these same unreasonable words time and again. This was the world she lived in, a world that never waited and always demanded. In her day there were sixteen working hours—into which twenty-four hours of work had to be crammed. How she managed to hold up under the strain which she endured I shall never know.

Every particle of her being was alive, vitally alive. Most people exist, but she was alive. In her eyes there was a sparkle, in her mind a thought, in her heart a flame, and in her soul a yearning which never slept. She lived in a world of students who were growing in mind and soul. It was a world that could be built and molded into a greater tomorrow, for she had within her grasp young clay which could be shaped and young minds which could be kindled into flame.

"If you don't like the politician, oust him from office. If you don't like the environment, clean it up." This was an example of her creed. Do, do, do!

"But before you do it, know the facts." This was her code, and she saw in every person who passed before her a "doer." I think it was her fanatical love for people and all the things that are good in this world that drove her. She was honest because she followed her code with unfaltering faith.

She watched closest for the dreamers in her search for clay. "If you can't dream, how can you aspire to build a better world?" She cultivated the dreamer, urged him and encouraged him to dream even greater dreams, and above all "to do."

But what was her reward? I think she found her reward in accomplishment. When she saw the fire beginning to burn brightly and began to sense the ache tugging at another's inner being, she felt reward enough to her own heart, for she belongs to yesterday and tomorrow.

I know these things, for I dream myself the dream she had.

"I thanked Him that my flame was there
Nourished by hope, and love—and prayer.
I knew my flame must surely spread
To those whose hearts were cold and dead
Or else go out. . . ."

John the Barber

KENNETH MILES

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

I HEREBY NOMINATE JOHN THE BARBER AS THE CHIEF detractor from the luster of college life at the University of Illinois. As I have previously foolishly exposed myself to the questionable talents of this Green Street businessman, I feel that I can judge him with some accuracy. This tonsorial pervert has proven to me conclusively that he is, at best, a fourth-rate clipper of locks. As I discovered to my sorrow, pre-haircut instructions as to just what and how much the customer wants trimmed, in John's case, consistently fall on deaf ears. The skill of this barber may have progressed past the soup-bowl-on-head technique, but I see little difference in the results of his handiwork and those of that primitive method. John's system is swift (he usually takes almost five minutes to complete his nefarious work) and quite disorganized—the whole process resulting in complete chaos in what hair remains. I believe an alarmingly clear analogy could be drawn between the finished product emerging from John's emporium and a mature porcupine with outstretched quills. I contend that the preying on defenseless students by this comb-and-shears villain should be terminated.

Short Stories of the Tragedy and Comedy of Life

Selections from Guy de Maupassant

CAROLINE TAYLOR

Rhetoric II, Theme 11

GUY DE MAUPASSANT WAS A VERY UNUSUAL MAN. TO appreciate this fact it is necessary to begin by knowing how he died.

Death did not come as a quiet panacea for the troubles of life. Death was not the last and final event of Maupassant's life. Like the inconstant trickster it is, death has no characteristic form. It can be sweet or tragic, sudden or lingering, but never the same twice. For Maupassant death began almost as soon as life, although not as conspicuously. It began to haunt him infrequently at first and only in the far recesses of his mind. That is where he slowly died, in his brilliant, clever mind. Slowly, like water dripping from a cracked vessel, Maupassant's reason left him, until near the end he lost all reason and became ravingly insane. It is brutal to say, but perhaps this slow relinquishing of reason made him the man he was. History has intimated as much.

There was nothing brilliant about his beginning. Like many normal writers of his time he began as a disciple and pupil of a recognized master. Flaubert was the fortunate one to bring Maupassant to public view. From Flaubert Maupassant gained much. Perhaps the care in detail, the style of arrangement used by Maupassant can be entirely attributed to Flaubert. It has been done. It is true Flaubert was gifted, as *Madame Bovary* attests, but it is also true that Maupassant was far more brilliant. The cleverness of description shown by Flaubert is marvelously displayed by Maupassant. Without the unique characteristic lent by his insanity Maupassant would have won some fame. With that spark of intangible something attributed to his insanity, he was a genius. Some call this spark realism, some insidious but clever satire, and some daring. Whatever it was and is, it lives as a unique gift in writing.

I can not say I like Guy de Maupassant's work. If I am honest I will confess I hate him for every word he has written. I hate the sordidness, the crafty, hateful deceiving natures he has given those moving in his stories. He saw beneath the fine idealistic veneer we so glibly lay over our true feelings. Maybe that is saying too much too strongly. Maybe those ugly glimpses of the devil in us are not truly ourselves. If not, then the guilty sensation Maupassant has filled me with is the essence of his genius. It is comforting to know the world considered him insane. It would be too disturbing to think he was the sane judge of our inner selves and we the ones guilty of insanity.

My First Fight

STANLEY ELKIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THE AFTERNOON SUN CAME TEASINGLY THROUGH THE school windows with warm invitations and promises that could be redeemed at three o'clock. The teacher, aware of her competition, did not try too hard, and long division gave way to thoughts of green grass and summer breezes. Intimations of soft-ball games entered the classroom with the rays of the sun. Outside, in the playground, a group of high-school boys shouted to each other as they played ball, and the children experienced vicariously the joys of the game. Lessons lay dormant and three o'clock stood just off stage waiting to be announced.

The classroom clock is an ever present witness to primary education. It knows by heart *Elson's First Reader*, the multiplication tables through nine, and the pledge to the flag. It is a friend or an enemy depending upon the time of day. Just then it was a friend and sang out proudly that it was three o'clock. I filed toward the exit with the others. Tom, class hero unlimited, was several feet in front of me. In order to catch up with him, I took longer strides than my ten-year-old pace allowed me to take comfortably.

"Hi, Tom," I greeted him.

"Hello." It was not a friendly *hello*; it was perfunctory, superior. Tom seemed to see no further reason for continuing the conversation and turned to walk away.

"Are you going to the empty lot to play ball, Tom? Would you mind if I walked along with you? If you're short a guy, maybe I could play." I knew that I was pushing myself, but it's no fun to be lonely when you're ten years old and the sun is shining.

Tom looked at me and laughed. The tone of his laughter was in the same vein that his hello had been. It was a superior, mirthless laugh that played with his face a while and then settled into a twisted smile. With the smile serving as a background for his words he said, "Yeah, you can walk with me. I don't think you'll be able to play with us though—Jew!"

My immature mind did not understand the deep tragedy of the statement. I could not comprehend the purge of a million Jews in Nazi Germany, nor understand two thousand years of proud history. I only realized that the sun was shining and school was out for the day. I did not intend to allow religion to interfere with first base. "I am not Jewish," I told him.

"You are. You're a dirty kike!"

"I'm not."

"You are."

"I'm not. I'M NOT!"

"Jew-bastard!" He was laughing now.

Tears began to blur my vision and I felt a dull ache in my throat. My nose ran. "You're one," I said.

"Ha-ha-ha. Tell it to the rabbi. Good-by, kike!" He walked away, laughing.

My body convulsed with sobs, and tears ran freely down my cheeks. He had not touched me. No blows had been exchanged, but the pain in my body was terrible. Hurt welled up within me, contorting my features; not a physical hurt, but a pain that had its origin in my feeling ashamed. I cried. I cried as a mother might cry for punishing her child without cause, for although he had not touched me, no blows had been exchanged, the pain in my body was terrible. I had denied being a Jew. I was completely beaten up.

Why I Chose the University of Illinois

UZOECHINA NWAGBO

Rhetoric 101, Exemption

WHEN I GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL IN DECEMBER, 1941, I tried to convince my parents that I should be given a chance to study overseas. My father felt that the cost of training in a foreign country was prohibitive, so he sent me to the Higher College, Yaba. This college is a University College affiliated with the University of London. After my second year I passed the London Intermediate Examination in science, but I did not like the idea of completing the degree course as an external student. My idea of a university training is that it should make one creative, and it should help one discover himself.

Two months after I left the Yaba Higher College, a young student returned from the United States to become the assistant editor of one of our leading daily newspapers. He soon transformed the outlook of this newspaper and was introducing new features. He was not the first Nigerian to have gone to study overseas. Many Nigerians have been to study both in Great Britain and France, but none of them had been able to make a lasting impression on Nigerian society. Mr. Ojike, the American-trained editor, began to organize different study groups, teaching people how to write short stories and books. He also organized mass-education classes in which such subjects as economics, sociology, and art were taught to people who had not the privilege to go to a high school. Later two more students returned from the United States, and these students organized trade schools to teach people all sorts of trades. They

also began to urge people to go to the United States and make use of the large opportunities which their institutions offered. My father did not need to be talked to to be convinced that there might be some good to be derived from training in a foreign university. These American trained students had convinced him, not by words, but by their deeds.

Having decided to come to the United States, I asked Mr. Ojike to recommend a University for me. He described various universities which he knew; some of them were small, others were large and had a college campus. I decided that I should go to a university which had courses in different fields of learning and whose student body included people from nearly all parts of the world. The University of Illinois was the only one of the universities he recommended which, I believe, satisfied these requirements. Moreover I was thrilled by the fact that it is situated in one of the few states of the Union which is known to nearly every school boy in my country. Abraham Lincoln's biography is studied in all Nigerian schools, and most of the books written about him contain the sentence, "He was born in the backwoods of Illinois." I was also happy to choose Illinois because it was towards the west, in the prairie region where there is plenty of space and fresh air. Most towns in my country are built on the "garden-city" pattern and each house is surrounded by a large garden. The University of Illinois campus would thus present a sight not very different from what I am used to at home. I did not want to go to New York or the other universities situated in large towns because I would always feel lost in the mass of skyscrapers, and my longing for green fields, fresh air, and a starry sky would always make me homesick.

Yes, I chose an American university in preference to all others because, if for nothing else, it will make me discover myself, it will make me creative, and will help me develop confidence and use initiative in my struggle in life. It will not just turn me out a "walking encyclopaedia." And above all, I chose Illinois because it has a collection of people from various parts of the world. In this it is universal, as is implied by the meaning of the word "university." It was with joy that I discovered in President Stoddard's address to freshmen that this was the true aim of the University of Illinois.

The Banca

A banca is a kind of boat or canoe made from a hollowed-out log and is used by the people of the Philippine Islands. A banca is narrower than an ordinary canoe and is also much longer than a canoe. The length of a banca is about fifteen feet and the width is about one and one-half feet. Most of the bancas are equipped with an outrigger, which is a long bamboo pole that is extended about six feet along one side. The outrigger is used to balance the banca and makes it almost impossible to over-turn. Bancas are propelled with a short paddle in the same manner as a canoe is paddled. The narrowness of the banca gives it more speed and makes paddling easier than that of a canoe or row-boat. Some of the larger bancas are equipped with sails and a few of them are even fitted with outboard motors.—WILLIAM T. WEITZ.

The Band That Came to Dinner

STANLEY KOVEN

Rhetoric 1, Theme 10

TO US FIVE, DICKY, GORDY, SHELLY, RONNY, AND MYself, it was the beginning of another era. That telephone call from South Haven, which had occurred only an hour earlier, had already set in motion the idea that this might possibly be that one lucky break about which all musicians dream; new vistas had opened themselves to us, and, because we were very young, we visualized our small musical aggregation as the center of national attention in the very near future.

My parents, I must confess, were not quite so enthusiastic. Late that night, well after I had gone to bed, I could still hear them discussing, in subdued whispers, the advisability of such a project. In fact, all during that last week in May, they confined themselves to hushed controversies about the band job at Simson's Resort in South Haven, Michigan, and I began to fear that the promised break might not materialize after all.

But it did. A prolonged telephone conversation with the parents of one of the other fellows relieved them of a number of anxieties, and, grudgingly, they consented, with the mystic and all-embracing warning to "watch myself." All that remained was to make ready for the trip.

Those were weeks of hurried, mad confusion. A summer tuxedo had to be fitted (I gasped at the thought of it, my first); our band leader, in what seemed to me the last, frenzied stages of insanity, called hurried and frequent rehearsals, during which old music was rehashed, new music learned, and catchy novelty numbers arranged; and there were the goodbys to all the relatives, at least a thousand of them, each with a sound piece of advice on how to conduct myself when away from home. (I still think a number of them frowned on my parents for permitting "so young a child" to embark on such a reckless life.) At the end of those four weeks, I was most certainly a bundle of nerves. I felt dizzy, bewildered, as helpless as an infant on the Sahara, and not a little frightened at the sub-human tactics which had been described to me as the workings of the business and musical worlds.

I remember the trip to South Haven very clearly, from the moment I bade my mother a solemn farewell to that fateful instant when we disembarked at Benton Harbor where we were to be met by a motor-bus which would carry us to the resort. The large, gray-hulled excursion boat was packed to capacity with every possible species of screaming, filthy, snivelling child; every sort of ample-bosomed, perspiring mother; and every weary, brow-beaten father imaginable. Propped up on our instruments in a corner of one of the ship's

holds, we anxiously calculated the passage of time and looked enviously at anyone who seemed to be enjoying himself. To make a disagreeable situation even more sordid, the sea became rougher and rougher as the trip progressed; angrily the waves slapped at the sides of the ship, as if they hoped we would never arrive in one piece. Slowly, the floor beneath us began to heave and sway, and our stomachs followed suit. Lemons made their appearance along the decks and corridors; little children, propped up against the railings by their long-suffering mothers, pierced the air with their wails of disaster—but in spite of all, miraculously, we escaped.

We arrived in Benton Harbor on a calm sea; the skies were cloudless and brilliant, and the boat was a scene of quiet anticlimax to the agony at sea. We descended with a calm sense of relief, though slightly shaken from a digestive point of view. After an interval of perhaps forty-five minutes, during which we sat uncomfortably on our baggage in the broiling sun, the expected bus rattled up the street and stopped in front of us with a disheartening jolt. Identifying ourselves, we clambered in and more or less collapsed on the leather-cushioned seats.

At last we were on our way down the highway, lurching past rustic farm-houses, wide pasture lands, and leafy, overhanging trees on either side of the road. Our spirits slowly began to revive, and as we drew into the outskirts of South Haven, we were once more smiling in eager expectancy.

Looking out of the window as we drove up the long, winding driveway, I caught my first glimpse of Simson's Resort. Small, compact, with an immaculate main building, several smaller guest houses, and a stucco recreation hall, the entire resort reflected an atmosphere of peaceful and quiet relaxation.

It was growing dark as we entered the musty office where Ruby and Sam, the two brothers who enjoyed joint ownership of the resort, conducted their business affairs. Ruby had a jocund, always-smiling look, heightened by a swarthy complexion and a large, neatly-clipped moustache; his brother, by contrast, seemed to scowl perpetually, his beady black eyes scrutinizing everything too minutely for comfort.

"Well, boys," Ruby boomed, his voice cordial and unaffected, "we're glad to see you made it. I bet it was a rough trip for you, huh?"

We nodded in assent, to which he replied, "Well, then, I'll show you to your room, and you can see about getting some sleep."

Each of us thanked him from the bottom of our hearts and followed him out of the office into the main building, where we were shown to our quarters. I could hardly begin to describe our place of lodging at this point, since we were all so over-fatigued that, upon conveying our baggage and instruments to the room, we all fell into bed with a unanimous sigh. That was the only night I did not notice the juke-box playing too loudly in the next building.

The next day, and, in fact, the next week, was a period of pleasant accom-

modation; new faces, scenes, and situations blended into a picture of contentment for the five of us. Shelly, our band leader, was particularly pleased.

"Gee whiz, fellas," he exclaimed after lunch one day, "did you notice the great food they serve us? My mother doesn't bake any better. And the service we get—you'd think we were kings!"

Dicky chimed in, "Yeah, and the 'rec' hall is the greatest. We've even got a halfway decent band-stand. Boy, wait'll my folks hear the news."

"That's all O. K. as far as you're concerned," I interrupted, throwing a wet blanket on the conversation, "but what about my piano? It sounds like it hasn't been tuned since Hoover went out."

"And that ain't all," Ronny added. "What about the contract? I thought we were supposed to get one the day we arrived."

"Oh, don't worry," Shelly advised, "We'll get it. They just overlooked it. You're living, ain't you?"

The days went on, each as sunny and warm as the one before. The cool breezes from nearby Lake Michigan were delightfully refreshing as the evenings drew on. During those evenings, we played as we had never played before. The waitresses from the resort came over *en masse*, and gradually we began drawing the crowds of adolescents from the town who were looking for a free place to dance. Our only worry was the contract, and subsequently it began to appear that our fears were justified. The owners began to resent our mornings and afternoons of leisurely recreation and asked us several times, in an extremely subtle tone, if we would mind "bussing" tables at meals in addition to our evenings of playing in the recreation hall. No indication was made that our salary was to be increased; consequently, a feeling of resentment began to grow among us.

As the delicate question of the contract had still not even been hinted at by our employers, and as conditions began to look threatening, we approached Ruby one day.

"Can't say anything about it, boys," was his placid reply. "You've got to see my father about that."

Reluctantly, we put our question to old Mr. Simson; his answer was, to say the least, ambiguous. It appeared that we were not old enough to apply a valid signature to a written contract, and as our parents were in Chicago—well, you understand.

No more horse-back riding, no more swimming or just seeing the sights in town—this was the verdict of our employers, and since we were over a hundred miles from home, what could we do?

The worst blow of all, however, fell when we were required to change our quarters to the out building in which the kitchen help was housed. Our room in the main building had been comfortable and, most important of all, clean; our new room was neither. Flies speckled the one glass windowpane in the unit; the walls of corrugated cardboard were thin and certainly not conducive

to airiness. To make things still worse, we were fed at least appropriate hours, and the food somehow just wasn't the same; also, we were soon requested to devote all of our time to "bussing" and were told to forget about the music we were hired to play. This was the last straw; an "eleventh-hour" conference was hurriedly called among us. Sullenly we decided it was best to leave before our employers had us washing floors.

We packed slowly, laggingly; after all, we were really attached to the place although we had been mistreated there. As we trudged laboriously up to the office to inform the brothers of our decision and to collect our pay, I cast a rueful glance back at the recreation hall where we had all had such a wonderful time. That piano was really not so bad after all, I thought to myself.

We marched dolefully up the dusty road past the neat row of houses that had been our home for over a month and a half; slowly, I began repeating to myself, "This has been good experience; it really has. After all, I want to be a musician, and what better way is there to learn?"

That was when we were very young. . . .

I Love My Country

DAVID McCONNELL

Rhetoric 101, Theme B

I AM A FARM BOY, SIMPLE IN WORD AND THOUGHT. MY love for my country is great because this country is mine. I am a stockholder in the soil, the resources, and every other factor which makes up the heart and soul of this magnificent land. The rolling hills, the lush valleys, the flowing rivers, the green trees, the barren deserts, the jagged mountains and the clear, cold lakes all belong to me because I live here and I am free. I am free and so are my fellow countrymen—banded together, working, playing, and living with each other in the land we love.

Because I love my country, I become very depressed when my countrymen mistreat our God-given materials. When greedy men tear down the soil, ruthlessly cut the timber, and refuse to conserve the riches of nature, it hurts me deeply.

Perhaps when I said "God-given" materials, I spoke wrongly. These things are only being lent to us. That Great Being, whoever He may be, is, in a commercial sense, a very poor business man. He lends His world, bit by bit, without demanding security or interest from those to whom He lends. He will, however, demand His interest in generations hence. The stocks He lent will become depleted, and our descendants will have nothing left in which to invest their lives. The soil will no longer supply vitamins and minerals. Malnutrition, causing poor teeth, weak bones, and disease, will prevail.

It has been said many times that "poor land makes poor people." We must bear this in mind if our health standards and life expectancy charts are to continue to show improvement. We must see that our forests are re-planted, our soil is kept out of the rivers, our rain is retained where it falls, our fields have returned to them, in some form, the nutrients that are taken out. All these things and many more must be done if our civilization is to remain great.

I am just one person, weak when campaigning against many, but I am willing to devote my life to helping save and reclaim my country and your country. In this devotion I will try to save your children and my children. In my back-woods, left-handed, awkward manner I am saying that I will do my part to help save the country I love.

Four Daughters

CHIIJOKO KATANO

Rhetoric XI, Assignment 2, Extension

OUR HOUSEHOLD WAS BLESSED WITH FIVE CHILDREN. After a son, Mother and Father had four daughters. The Japanese, like the Chinese, feel a son is worth two daughters. It must have caused great anguish to my parents to find each succeeding child a female. Of course, this never bothered the four of us girls. In fact, I believe Joe missed a great deal by not being born a daughter too. He always refused to join in our fun, for his greatest fear was being a sissy.

One of our favorite pastimes was the playing of stage. If Mother did not hear us stomping through the house or fighting over some trivial matter, she would find us playing stage in the backyard. The stage was the cement walk beyond the back stairs. Talents were unrestrained in this hidden setting. Hollywood movie stars could not compare with our performers.

The audience would sit under the walnut tree about ten feet away from the stage. The seat was an old wooden bench or, more usually, good solid earth. Nature was preferred, for during intermission we could play with the cool sand or watch an ant with an enormous load scurrying back to its nest. The audience consisted of the two youngest girls of the group, Margie and I. We were considered too young to be good performers. No celebrated actor could have had a more faithful or enthusiastic audience. We laughed, clapped, or screamed religiously.

The program varied very little. New acts were added only after seeing an impressive motion picture. Michi would tap dance to the tune of "East Side, West Side." Three steps and seven steps composed most of the dance, with a shuffle here and there to break the monotony. She even sang, in spurts and

between breaths, while she tapped. To us, she was as limber as Ruby Keeler and, with lipstick and rouge smeared over her face, much prettier.

Aiki, the oldest daughter of our family, specialized in impersonations of the great *femme fatales* of that time. Mae West, with improvised bosom and hips, strolled onto the stage. With rings on every finger flashing in the sunlight, she would wave her hand and murmur in a husky contralto, "Come up and see me sometime, big boy!" Or Greta Garbo would grace the stage with Joe's baggy brown pants and jacket. With eyelids lowered and a candy cigarette hanging limply from her extended fingers, she would sigh, "I vant to be alone-a."

The gayest and naughtiest song and dance number ever presented by this all-star cast was Clara Bow's "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." Two smiling faced, wiggly girls would prance on the stage, singing in childish voices, with as much zip as Clara Bow herself. We would see two panties made of flour sack flounced before us with a zestful "Boom-de-ay." And at this precise moment, we would squeal with delight.

Mother's call usually ended our blissful state. Audience and performers would reluctantly file into the house, and be again just the four daughters.

April Morn

Clank, clank, clank went the old cow bell. No one so much as moved an eyelid. "Rise and shine, the weather's fine, lash up and stew," called out the obnoxiously cheerful bell ringer. The response was a little short of instantaneous. In fact on this bright spring morning when the sun shone as brightly through the open windows, the response was nil. "Rise and shine, rise and shine," clank, clank as the bell ringer bounced cheerfully from man to man. The response was as before. All down the long line of bunks not so much as a spring squeaked. On every bunk there was a large sag in the springs, and in every bunk there was a large bump above the sag. The bumps had no arms or legs, no top or bottom, no front or back, and they didn't even snore; they were just bumps. The bell ringer was disgusted with his fellow man. To salve his conscience he delivered himself of one final blast, "Gentleman, to hell with all of you." With this he clanked cheerfully out of the room and down to breakfast.—WILLIAM REHM.

Decor

An ancient tapestry formed the back-drop for a low teak-wood table. The legs which supported this table were elaborately carved dragons with short, stubby legs ending in hideous claws. Their sleek, supple bodies slithered upward to cling fiendishly to the table-top while their ferocious, snarling jaws, exposing odious fangs, seemed suspended in mid-air. On each side of the table was an exquisite Chinese chair. A lamp rested atop the table. The base of the lamp was a huge, jade Buddha. The bulky, ancient idol with eyelids closed, lips slightly smiling, hands relaxed and legs folded loosely under his massive body, suggested complete repose. Crowning the Buddha's head was a silk lamp shade in the shape of a pagoda. This fantastic shade was heavily embroidered in multi-colored Chinese figures that seemed to have no rhyme or reason. There were serpents, lotus blossoms, graceful birds, quaint bridges and Chinese characters robed in richly patterned gowns.—JEAN THEURER.

Tornado

MELVIN CHUROVICH

Rhetoric 1, Theme 5

IT HAD BEEN A DISMAL MORNING. ONLY A PATCH OF PALE yellow-orange on the eastern horizon marked the rising of the sun. Even this inkling of color soon faded, and the gray became steadily colder and darker. Throughout the day the clouds gathered overhead. Each minute found them more ominous than they had been the minute before. The leaves hung motionless on the trees; only the clouds moved. Everyone was quiet, for it seemed that the slightest sound would bring the skies thundering down.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a vicious splattering, as the rain began to fall in a heavy downpour. Faster and faster it fell, with its torrential ferocity matched only by the rapidly mounting fury of the wind. Together they lashed at everything in their path. The rain beat on the roofs and windows while the wind ripped at the trees and buildings. Above the din of the storm came a distant rumble which grew quickly into a roar that exploded on the helpless community like a tiger slashing and clawing its victim. Great trees crashed and buildings were shattered to matchwood before the onslaught. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the tornado sped away. Everything was quiet again as the people emerged from their cellars. They were too stunned to voice the anguish and discouragement that showed plainly in their drawn faces. They simply stood and stared at the scattered wreckage that once had been their homes.

Rhet as Writ

Title for a theme: "The Upper Birth vs. the Lower Birth."

* * * *

Our cat is as old as my sister who is fourteen and is still in good health.

* * * *

Sex education should begin for a boy or girl as soon as he or she reaches the age of puberty.

* * * *

The gentleman was a very extinguished looking character.

* * * *

Mercy killings would provide a solution for many grave problems which the modern state is obliged to face.

* * * *

The individual instructor is a very important man. He is the principal clog in the educational machine.

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Honorable Mention

Deane Baker—Was I Justified?

Max Burky—Western Texas

Dean Bussart—Confidential Report

Vincent D'Orazio—Why I Don't Like Poetry

John Hoagland—My Favorite Writer

Karl Kudlub—Heil, Hitler!

Jack Rolens—On Letter Writing

E. A. White—Patience



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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes GEORGE CONKIN, MARY HOMRIGHOUSE, VIRGINIA MURRAY, JOHN SPEER, DONA STROHL, and ROBERT MOORE, Chairman.

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Night and Early Morning

STANLEY ELKIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

The sun left San Francisco, westward bound, hours, many hours ago.

In Las Vegas, Nevada, roulette wheels and heads spin.

Chicagoans, abed, dream of tomorrow and the day after

Tomorrow,

While in New York, milkmen wipe sleep from their eyes

And the morning papers lie in a bundle before the stands.

The great city stretches and yawns, and turns over in bed

To have another go at the night.

But dawn doesn't take no for an answer

And comes creeping up slowly out of Long Island,

And is welcomed by birds in Central Park

And the Homicide Squad in Brooklyn,

Both glad in their own way that the night is over.

Up to 210th street now, the Bronx ;

The Yankees took a double-header from Boston yesterday

And the local citizenry passed a good night.

In Brooklyn, where time is measured by the arrival and

Departure of the BMT, the box office at Ebbets Field is

Already open and ready for business.

Meanwhile, in Queens, doors slam after kisses on

The cheeks of wives.

The morning grows up and enters puberty.

It is of age now,

No longer the exclusive property of milkmen, howling babies,

And workers on the night shift,

It stands on its own two feet directly in the sunlight

So that people might see it and recognize it.

The people shade their eyes from the sun and set out to do

Morning things.

And what is a morning thing ?

It is eating breakfast, and making beds,

It is reading the *Times*

And punching a time clock.

Or having a hang-over.

Along rural routes morning slips away from night
And enters quietly,
Unnoticed by any
Save the rooster
And fertile fields.
The morning is a noiseless thing and changes from
Black,
To blue,
To gray,
To gold
Without disturbance and makes its appointed rounds
Anonymously,
Touching field and meadow
And the south forty
With its gentle sun-fingers.
The farmer looks the morning in the face and says,
"It'll be a good day."
Or,
"It'll be a bad day."
Or,
"It might rain. It ain't rained for a long spell.
That wheat needs some rain."
And he sets out to do morning things.
And what is a morning thing?
It is shaving and winding a watch,
It is feeding the horses and the hens
And milking cows
And giving the hogs breakfast.

. . . .

In the city where telephone books bulge with the names of people
Who live near you
And are not neighbors,
On farms where you call people by their first names
For miles in any direction,
The morning grows old.
The morning grows old
And you cannot stop it.
You can only stand and watch,
And wait.
And come noon,
It slips away forever. . . .

Kafur

CHARLES W. ECKERT
Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THE BRUTAL STENCH OF ROTTING FRUIT, DEAD CATS, offal, bilge, putrefied eggs, and ancient vegetables, which permeates almost every oriental side street, came in with me as I lifted the latch on Kafur Al-Zaman's "Genuine Japanese Shop" and entered. As I stood hesitantly in the front of the shop, a sound of shuffling footsteps issued from somewhere back of the main counter, and presently a small man appeared, framed against a backdrop of oriental bric-a-brac which littered the walls. With a slight nod and a pleasant, wrinkled smile, he greeted me. That was the first time I saw Kafur Al-Zaman.

Of course, at that time, he was just another shop owner to me, and I, for his part, was a naive "G.I." with a desire to buy a few pocket-size examples of Japanese culture. I came to know Kafur intimately in the weeks that followed for several reasons. One was the necessity of doing business on a black-market basis, since our occupation currency was no good to the Koreans. Another was a mutual interest in cameras and art. Many were the trips I had to make down the labyrinth of evil-smelling streets to Kafur's old shop with my pockets bulging suspiciously. I brought Kafur soap, cologne, cigarettes, perfume, and tooth paste. In return he gave me credit towards the teakwood carving I wanted and a great deal of interesting conversation. Our friendship grew with every visit because of my intense interest in his life and background and his returned interest in the stories I told him of America. Our conversations ranged through a list of topics from art to the army but always ended by my asking him for one of the thousands of strange and adventurous stories he knew. When I asked him for one, he would smile indulgently, and, composing his face with an air of reflection, would tell me of his youth or of his life in India. As he warmed to his subject, his eyes would glow faintly with the lost dreams of his youth, and, although his stories touched on fury, hunger, and lost hopes, his face would remain the studied mask of an oriental statue. Only his eyes would reflect the sadness and irony that most of his stories held.

I usually visited him at night, after his shop had been closed, and we would sit and talk in his dingy little room, which always smelled of the fragrant Chinese orange-tea he brewed. In the candlelit darkness, the sound of his deep voice and the rich odor of the tea were the only real things. All the rest, the tales of Indian rituals and fabulous Chinese temples, of Buddhism and oriental customs, were fantasy and imagination to me. Both the atmosphere of the room and his stories etched themselves on my mind with a vividness that still persists.

I shared with him the strangeness of a destiny that leads a man from Siverck, Turkey, to Karachi, India, and from there to a dark curio shop on a crooked side street of Seoul, Korea. I felt the heavy sadness in his voice as he told me of a tragic accident in India that had burned his home, killed his young wife, and left him to wander through Southern China with nothing left except his youth and a change of clothes. Kafur's stories and his hospitality drew me like a magnet back to his shop, and the weekly visits made the boring routine of army life more bearable.

When my orders came to return to the "States," they came suddenly and gave me time to make only one last visit to Kafur's. It was in the spring of the year, and as I walked down the crowded, narrow street, I looked at the stores and people with a renewed interest, realizing that it was the last time I would see those sights. Rivulets of dirty water trickled down the steeper streets, for the day was warm and the last of the winter snows was melting. It surprised Kafur a great deal to see me in the daytime, and when I told him of my orders coming through, he seemed genuinely happy for me. I had only a few minutes to talk, and I told Kafur that I had to go back to my barracks to pack. As I stood by the door, ready to leave, Kafur shook my hand warmly and wished me good luck and a happy voyage home. As I left the shop, I promised to send him a letter and a canister of good tobacco from the "States," and then, after a final handshake, I left. The street outside was bright and warm, but I felt very depressed as I walked away, for I knew that a rare friendship had ended.

Curtain

RICHARD MINOR
Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

WHILE ENJOYING A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL PLAY, HAVE you ever thought about the trials and tribulations the director of the play must have gone through in producing his masterpieces? In the event that you don't realize the miseries of a director, I shall attempt to explain, from my own experiences, just what you must endure if you are to be a successful director.

Your first task involves many long nights of reading and re-reading, of laughing with comedies, of crying or sighing with tragedies, of considering and weighing and thinking, until, at last, you have selected your play. You have considered the size of your cast, the acting material you will have, the size of the stage, the properties needed, and the time you will have; and your play meets all these requirements. Now you are ready for casting.

Casting is the selection of actors who will play the parts of the characters in the play. To the director, it means the making of new enemies. Some individuals can't seem to realize that others are better suited to certain parts

than they. When you have judged and worried your way through casting and have issued the scripts to the characters, you begin the nerve-racking job of rehearsals.

As director, you arrive at rehearsals an hour before the prescribed time in order to get the stage and a few temporary properties in readiness. When the actors arrive, usually half an hour late, you begin the practice, instructing the characters on the pronunciation of words, the proper voice inflection, facial expressions, body actions, gestures, and on and on. During these rehearsals, you make certain that the cast are learning their lines and their cues.

Meanwhile, as director, you have selected a publicity committee for the advertising of the play, and you're directing that committee in its work. You have studied the play with respect to make-up, and are instructing the make-up committee on the various kinds of make-up needed for each character. You are consulting with the lighting man and the sound-effects man on the types of lighting and sound effects which will be necessary.

Also, you are working with the properties committee, which is responsible for any and all properties to be used in the play. These persons must acquire such things as costumes, furniture, and the personal properties of each character. They may be required to find and get anything from a herd of live pigs to a dozen ladies' corsets from the seventeenth century. And you must tell them what to get and see that they get it.

After some weeks of rehearsing, your big night finally arrives. You have worried throughout the day about "those little scenes which didn't go so well," and you've called desperate, last-minute rehearsals. You've made certain that the ushers, the ticket-sellers, the announcer, the between-acts entertainers, the coat-checkers, the curtain-pullers, and the prompters, who sit backstage and help any confused actor who forgets his lines, all know their instructions perfectly and are ready to carry them out.

And now, thirty minutes before curtain time, you are frantically directing the make-up crew, the stage crew, the lighting crew, and the sound-effects crew, all simultaneously. Your panic mounts as the reports begin to come in on lost, broken, or forgotten properties. You wonder if you'll ever regain your sanity, as you hear, "One of the pigs is loose in the girls' dressing room," or, "I can't find my pants."

When, at last, you have taken care of all the little problems, and have implored, pleaded, threatened, coaxed, reasoned, and cursed those of the cast who are stiff with stage-fright and are bent on fainting or "going home" into seeing it through, you call, "Curtain," and your play begins.

Throughout the presentation of your masterpiece, you are slaving backstage. You direct the changes in scenery, costumes, and make-up, and give the actors "pep-talks" between scenes and acts. You listen carefully as each character goes through his part perfectly. You have been a thorough and merciless director, and the results are apparent.

You are filled with pride and relief as that last line is given, the curtain is drawn, and the audience roars with applause. Your play is finished. Your play! You're a normal human being again. You can eat, and sleep, and think. And you realize that you've passed the test; you're a successful director.

Return

MYRON GREENMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

THE DRY, SCORCHING SUN BEAT DOWN UNMERCIFULLY on the dead body of Marlin York, casting a long, black shadow on the golden sand, where he had found quiet peace. A withered brown cactus, the only other object in view, stood ten paces away, burying its lonely roots in a small mound of sand.

Four days ago, Marlin York had been sitting on the ground beneath an old tree in front of his mother's dilapidated house. From time to time he would stop staring at the bare earth in front of him and would, instead, part his lips in an idiotic expression of glee, and with child-like earnestness try to grasp the few rays of sunlight filtering down through the branches of the tree. After a while, he rose from his dejected stupor and shuffled up the front stairs into the house. He careened along into the kitchen, where his mother was in the midst of taking steaming hot bread out of the clay oven. He tried to sidestep the pile of stove wood lying in the middle of the room. Instead, he fell heavily, clumsily against the handle of the peel with which his mother was drawing the bread out of the oven. The fresh baked loaves fell to the dirt floor.

"You stumbling wretch!" his mother screamed.

"Get out! Get out!"

The boy sensed the intention of his mother's words even though he could not fully comprehend their literal meaning. He lurched quickly out of the room, afraid that his mother might once again hit him with the broom, and fled down the stairs. He ran blindly, trying to wipe out that deep-rooted, sickening fear that had always been inside him. It was strange to see the lone figure of the boy outlined against leveled earth and wide sky as he hobbled on and on and on. He rested now and then, but the old terror still gripped him. He was blind in a world of savagery and hate. He felt his feet grow heavy with the added weight of the desert sand adhering momentarily to them. And then there was nothing—nothing but an idiot's loss.

The dry, scorching sun beat down unmercifully on the dead body of Marlin York, a long black shadow on the golden sand where he had found quiet peace. A withered brown cactus, the only other object in view, stood ten paces away, burying its lonely roots in a small mound of sand.

The Rugged Individualist

JOE BREWER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

FOR YEARS I'VE HEARD THE PRECEDING GENERATION lament the passing of the rural characters of old—the men that lived and labored from the Post-Civil War Period to the First World War—those rustic, but skillful individuals who earned their living by the brawn of their backs and the craft in their fingers. Then was a time when "men were men," unpampered by the present-day power driven machinery and implements which try to make every man's work equal every other man's work. I took all these reminiscences with a grain of salt, for I've heard it said that the generation following Adam and Eve originated the phrase, "The good old days were better."

But when I met Fred Drum, I stopped collecting salt and decided that maybe we of the present generation are on the way down hill. Fred Drum, a New England jack-of-all-trades who served as my boss on a farm several summers ago, was eighty-nine years old that year and could still outwork any of us farmhands. His experience was unlimited; in his day he had been a farmer, railroad section foreman, cook, blacksmith, saw-mill operator, house-mover, well-digger, carpenter, plumber, and county road superintendent. For two years he drove a ten-horse team for the Barnum & Bailey Circus. He and his brother spent several years in the hills of Massachusetts, cutting pine trees and making charcoal in crude clay ovens. Needless to say, he preferred the old slow-but-sure way of doing every task. He was superstitious; he wouldn't kill anything during the period of the waning moon, and he planted his crops on a lunar schedule. He knew just how his thoughts were cast on every issue; there was never a change. This was true, probably, because his father and grandfather had long since formed the mold that made the man, and you couldn't change his thinking with a team of horses—not with a strong team of horses.

Mr. Drum's wisdom matched his age. I can still see him give one of us a squelching glance through his one good eye, spit tobacco juice from between the two brown stubs that guarded the entrance to his mouth, and utter one of the sage statements that became so familiar that summer. "B'God, don't force it, boy. Oil's cheaper than machinery." His every sentence invariably began or ended with the New England interjection, "B'God." In fact, after a few days of working with him all the farmhands referred to him as "Mr. B'God."

That wiry little man has a spirit and constitution that demands admiration. When I went back to see him last Christmas, he had just returned from

the hospital after a nearly fatal operation. I later learned that he had left the hospital against the doctor's orders. At eighty-nine he could still say, "I can't be spendin' my whole life in a hospital; I've got a wood lot to clear and some logs to cut, B'God."

I can't help thinking that when men like Fred Drum fell their last tree and become part of the legend of the old days, this country will have lost a great deal of the independence, ambition, and will-to-work that made the nation progress.

The Symphony

WILLIAM KRAY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

THE SYMPHONY IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF INSTRUMENTAL music and reached its zenith during the classical period at the same time as the sonata.

In the year 1600, the first operas and oratorios were written. This year was also the beginning of independent instrumental music and the symphony. The word *symphony* was first used to signify the short instrumental introductions and incidental pieces played during the performance of an opera. It was applied to the introduction and endings of the vocal solos, and gradually, longer instrumental pieces were written. The music which preceded the opera came to be known as the overture. In the course of time these early overtures were played apart from the operas, and, as soon as they assumed an independent existence, composers began to lavish more care upon them. This marks the first serious steps in the direction of the symphony; therefore, it might be easily said that the symphony sprang from the overture. The art-work or plan of the symphony closely agrees with the three-movement overture which, like the three-movement sonata, long prevailed until Joseph Haydn introduced a fourth movement into his symphonies. The four-movement plan came to be very generally—though not exclusively—adopted by other writers of symphonies and sonatas of that time; the most shining examples we have are Mozart and, later, Beethoven.

Since the time of Haydn, the symphony acquired a distinct art-form, and as understood at the present day, it consists of four movements and is precisely similar to a sonata, but is of larger dimensions and development. The first movement is usually quick, lively, and joyful. The Italians have a good name for this movement, and it is still in use—*Allegro*. It is the most important movement of the entire composition and is written, in nearly every case, in binary form or style—that is, with two subjects. The first subject gives a melody which modulates into a different key; the second subject, beginning in that key, returns to the original key, using some of the original

melody, as well as others. After this comes (1) the development of the two subjects, (2) their reappearance both in the original (tonic) key, and (3) a coda, or finishing touch. The first movement is preceded, at times, by a slow introduction. These introductions often assume large proportions, and are then very important. The next movement is of a slower nature, and it is in this movement that the composer displays his most beautiful melodic writing and his most delicate and enchanting imaginative ideas. The third movement is a stately French dance known as a minuet, which Haydn introduced. Mozart also used the classic minuet, but with Beethoven, it gradually changed into a quicker and more lively movement, which became the "scherzo"—a musical joke, a play upon notes, exhibited by the constant recurrence of some little figure of a few notes. The last movement is a lively finale, usually written in the binary style described earlier, except that an extra section being added to the movement gives the impression of a majestic and more final ending.

With respect to the instruments used, the ordinary symphony orchestra consists of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two or four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, kettle-drums, and the strings—first and second violins, violas, celli, and bassi. The proportion of strings varies very greatly according to the size of the hall or other place where the orchestra performs. Sometimes there are six first violins, six seconds, two violas, two 'cellos, and a bass; sometimes there are as many as fifty strings or more divided in the same proportion. The number of wind instruments is almost invariably the same—one instrument only to each part. For special purposes other instruments are required, though new instruments have been added only very slowly from time to time. Originally, when Haydn began, there were often only two oboes and two horns added to the strings, with trumpets and drums for the loud passages. A flute and two bassoons were afterwards added. The clarinet likewise made its appearance about the same time, by slow and tentative degrees, though in but few of Haydn's symphonies do we find it. Mozart was the first to employ the clarinet in a symphony, and Beethoven regularly used it. Beethoven was the first to use trombones, and in his later works, he used four horns. Undoubtedly, it goes without saying, Beethoven not only helped develop, but also stabilized the symphony and the orchestra that performs it. However, we cannot now think of a symphony without associating its name with all three of the great classical composers—Haydn, who gave it birth; Mozart, who gave it careful guidance during its youth; and Beethoven, who gave it a definite plan.

By the end of the eighteenth century instrumental music took its stand as the highest form of pure or absolute art without the help of any accessory idea such as the aid of words in vocal music, or scenery and dramatic action in opera. Music, in the symphony, told its own tale and carried its own conviction.

Euthanasia

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS FROM INCURABLE, PAINFUL diseases are crying out for release from their misery. For their sake a satisfactory bill legalizing euthanasia should be passed without delay.

Euthanasia means the termination of a person's life by painless means in order to end incurable physical suffering. Thousands of patients doomed to a slow, agonizing death are beseeching their doctors to put them out of their misery. The choice which these sufferers present to their physicians is not a choice between life and death, but between two kinds of death: a lingering, horrible one or a quick, painless one. Those doctors who comply with their patient's wishes make themselves liable to prosecution by law and to professional ruin. Although it is a doctor's solemn obligation to relieve suffering, it is legally impossible for him to acquiesce in a patient's plea for euthanasia.

Because medical science has been able to prolong the life span of man, many more people are able to live to the age at which incurable diseases tend to strike. For example, statistics show that the death rate for cancer—responsible for the largest number of slow and painful deaths—has been doubled in the last thirty years. These figures show that the need for euthanasia is becoming greater all the time.

As yet, science has been unable to produce a drug that gives any more than a transient relief from pain. After a few injections of a pain-killing narcotic, the body builds up an immunity to it. Morphine, which at first gives four hours of relief from pain, soon has no effect whatsoever. As a result, many sufferers desiring euthanasia are forced to live in pain and mental anguish, not knowing when they are going to die.

A committee of New York doctors has proposed a bill for euthanasia which is remarkably simple. Suppose John Doe is suffering severely from a disease for which there is no known relief or cure. If he is sane and over twenty-one, he can, if he wants to, make application to a court for euthanasia. It is required that he submit an affidavit from his physician testifying that his illness is incurable. A three-man board, two of whose members are doctors who check his condition, is appointed by the court to investigate. The third member is a lawyer who makes sure that the patient signed the petition of his own free will.

If the court receives a favorable report from the board, a permit is issued; and after a few days the three members of the board visit him again. In the event that he may have made an impulsive request in his suffering, the board asks him if he still desires euthanasia. If he repeats that he still wants

merciful release, a physician of his own choice injects an overdose of morphine into his veins, in the presence of the board. His pain immediately subsides and he becomes drowsy. In a few seconds he drops into unconsciousness and his suffering is ended forever.

The chief opposition to euthanasia is to be found in clerical circles. Some clergymen contend that euthanasia is immoral. They point to the Bible, which states: "Thou shalt not kill." This seems to be sidestepping the real issue. The proposal is to make it legal to administer a quick, painless death to those already doomed. The bill for euthanasia has also found many advocates among the clergy. A group of fifty-four Protestant and Jewish religious leaders which met in behalf of the bill jointly announced that, in their opinion, voluntary euthanasia is not at variance with moral and religious concepts. It might also be added that no doctor is compelled to administer euthanasia if it is against his religious scruples. He need only submit a patient's request for euthanasia to a court, which will then provide a doctor who favors the law.

In actual practice, there can be no more criticism of legal euthanasia than there is now of legal abortion to save a woman's life. Euthanasia should certainly be legalized in order to bring relief to the many sufferers doomed to a lingering, agonizing death.

The Advantages of Being a Hermit

CHARLES W. ECKERT
Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

THERE COMES A FRUSTRATING, HALF-MAD MOMENT IN every rhetoric student's life when he or she faces a blackboard upon which are scrawled a group of cryptic phrases, known in the trade as "assigned theme topics." The titles usually run like this: "Should the Federal Government Subsidize Wool-Raising?" "My Favorite One Thousand Books and Why," or "The Two Franklin D. Roosevelts—Man and Aircraft-Carrier." But these are only examples. The topic I am forced to write upon for this theme is "The Advantages of Being a Hermit." I suspect that no more than one in ten thousand Americans meets a real, live hermit in his lifetime, but, luckily for you, I am one in ten thousand. The hermit with whom I am acquainted (and remember, Mr. Instructor, you asked for this) is an Octopus named Homer. Well, what are you gaping at? It so happens that Homer is the only hermit I've ever known.

You see, Homer lived in the Pacific Ocean in a simple, little cave. He was

no ordinary octopus. Not Homer! He was a hermit, a social outcast, and a free-thinker all in one. His mental pre-occupation kept him so absorbed, in fact, that he seldom left his cave. He existed solely on seaweed and crustacea which he ate out of a rusty helmet that had been thrown overboard by one of Magellan's conquistadores in 1521. His only friend was a simple-minded little guppie named Humphrey, who idolized Homer and thought him the wisest octopus imaginable. Humphrey was so gullible that he believed everything Homer said without question.

"Do you know," asked Homer in a kidding mood one day, "that I can make the world end any time I want to?"

"No!" gasped Humphrey, completely awed by the statement.

"Well, I can," said Homer. "Just like that," he said, snapping a tenacle. When Humphrey went home, he told Homer's wonderful boast to his father, who was a Red-Herring named Boris.

"Vot's dis?" asked Boris aghast. "Dot five-star no gootnik! Dot Leech! He's corrupting your mind mit lies, already!" And with that he raced towards Homer's cave, calling other fish as he dashed along. Poor Humphrey didn't know that the fish had been hoping to find something incriminating about the eccentric Homer for a long time.

Arriving outside Homer's cave, Boris screamed, "Liar! Fraud! Chip-Skate! Come out before we comink in after you, already!"

Homer stuck his head out of the cave and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Lies! Dot's what's wrong!" screamed Boris. "Ferry-tales, yet! So you tellink my little Humphrey you can makink de voild end, huh?"

"Dah . . . Yeh!" echoed a Sulphur Bottom Whale named Walter. "Dah . . . You tink you're a wise guy, huh?" he mumbled.

It is to Homer's credit that he recognized the seriousness of the situation immediately. A lot of the fish hated him. One wrong word, one verbal slip, and his life was not worth a kettle of seaweed. He glared at the mob with a look of contempt and shouted "Fools! What do you know of my supernatural powers?"

The mob quailed uncertainly before his flashing eyes and lofty voice. Only Boris was equal to the occasion. "Haukay," he said with a triumphant gleam in his eye, "Den perhaps you tellink us, mister know-it-all, chust ven de voild is endink."

"Gladly!" replied Homer. "The world will end in less than fifteen seconds!"

Then, glaring at the mob, he strolled back into his cave and rolled a huge boulder in front of the entrance. His sole purpose in making the frightening statement had been to gain time in which to hide far back in his cave. But exactly eleven and one-half seconds after he got the boulder in place, the floor of the ocean erupted, the sea was shattered into a million droplets, and the most unearthly flash and concussion imaginable penetrated the area.

By sheer coincidence, you see, this story took place near a little atoll called Bikini, and the U. S. Navy had just conducted the first atomic bomb test on the water's surface. Needless to say, Homer was the only survivor, and, although he still has recurrent radioactive headaches, he is living like a king. The fish-folk all worship him as a prophet, and his fabulous reputation makes the Oracle at Delphi and the Cumæan Sibyl look like tea leaf readers by comparison. Thus ends the story.

Progress a la Lodge

THEODORE SWAIN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THE SEVENTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION provided for the direct election of Senators by the people of the several states. Transportation, communication, and the average level of education had so far advanced beyond the visions of the Founding Fathers that the old system was outmoded, even dangerous. So the outmoded system was changed. We have likewise passed that point in our history where the Electoral College system of electing Presidents serves efficiently. In view of this fact, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, has proposed an amendment to modernize the Presidential election system.

The Lodge plan would abolish the Electoral College as it now exists but would retain the state units of electoral votes and the formula at present used for determining their number, i. e., one electoral vote for each Senator and Representative to which the state is entitled. The main difference would be in the dividing of the electoral vote of a state in proportion to the popular vote, instead of giving all of the state's votes in a block to the candidate receiving the highest popular total. Another feature of the plan is that only a plurality, not a majority, of the electoral votes would be needed to win. This would prevent the election from becoming dead-locked and thrown into the House of Representatives, as could have happened fairly easily in the past election.

To determine the merits of this plan, it is necessary to consider the flaws in the existing method, to decide whether the proposed plan would remedy them, and also to give consideration to the other major proposal on the subject, namely, the direct popular vote. Critics of the present system point out that it is possible, and in fact has happened more than once in the past, for a man to be elected President while receiving fewer votes than his opponent. Further, making the winning or losing of large blocks of electoral votes dependent on a relatively few popular votes (as in large states where the vote is close) tends to give abnormal influence to blocs of voters, notably racial or economic groups. Also in a state traditionally of one party, the voters of the opposite

party are, in effect, disfranchised in that their vote can never have any effect on the national result unless half of the state's voters can be persuaded to join them. This is rather difficult for a Republican in the South or a Democrat in Maine or Vermont.

The replacing of this system of a direct popular vote would do away with most of these flaws, but some other problems would arise in their stead. At present we are very much aware of the State's Rights issue and, in the Anti-Poll Tax Bill, its relation to the right of the state to set qualifications for voters. Under the popular vote plan this right would have to be taken away and the voting qualifications would have to be set by the Federal government. Obviously if a state let its citizens vote at the age of eighteen (as is now the case in Georgia) that state would gain a greater than average influence on an election's outcome. Also if some states were to allow illiterates to vote and others did not, the latter states would be at a numerical disadvantage at the polls. One other point to be considered is that this proposal would reduce the influence of the smaller states. At present the less populous states have slightly more electoral votes than they would have if these votes were allocated on a strictly proportional basis. This is due to the fact that every state gets two votes (one for each Senator) plus its proportional number (equal to the number of Representatives). This is the basic compromise in our Constitution, and it is unlikely that the smaller states would wish to give it up.

The Lodge plan, by retaining the electoral vote formula, maintains the spirit of the Constitution and makes unnecessary Federal qualifications for voters; splitting the electoral vote in the state in proportion to the popular vote insures that no voter is disfranchised, prevents a candidate who trails in popular votes from being elected, and restores to their proper position of influence the big vote blocs. And by providing for the winning of the election by a plurality, the Lodge plan avoids the confusion of projecting the election into the House of Representatives. In short, the Lodge plan presents a just, fair and practical method of correcting the outmoded method we now use to elect our President.

“Wild” Animals

Animals in the woods aren't out looking for trouble. They don't have to look for it. Their lives are nothing but one trouble after another. The sentimental view is that wild animals live an idyl, doing as they like, browsing on herbs and flowers, wandering happily along woodland glades, and sleeping where night overtakes them. Another view regards them as ravening predators, wantonly destroying everything that comes in their path. Actually, the poor things must live in a constant state of terror. Excessively unpleasant things can, and do, happen to them. They can starve or freeze in winter. They are fly-ridden in the summer. Men and other animals constantly harass them. Their young may be taken from them in any number of ways, all violent. They know trouble too well to be interested in unduly making any more. I pity all wild animals, and I can't be afraid of or angry at anything that arouses my pity.—NORMAN SMULEVITZ.

Symphonio

PATRICIA WIRTH

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

THE RAIN WAS SLOWLY TRICKLING DOWN THE WINDOW panes, forming little crystal rivulets that merged and created an intricate pattern resembling a mass of Christmas tree tinsel. It was one of those leisurely Sunday afternoons that some prosaic folk tend to call "gloomy" or "dreary"; but as I settled down in my father's huge, overstuffed chair, equipped with a book and an apple, it seemed as if all were right with God and his world. I started to read, not feverishly or hurriedly, but taking time to savor the beauty of the words. The fire crackling in the huge fireplace was all the company I needed, and I felt a sense of companionship I could not explain.

It must have been then that I dozed off, for the next thing I knew, I was running frantically through a dense forest. I could hear the thunder off in the distance rumbling like kettle drums. I ran and ran, not knowing what I was running from but sensing a deep fear that twisted my heart and set me to panting. Just as I felt I could not move another step, I stumbled into a clearing and fell gasping on the soft green sod. How long I lay there was beyond my comprehension, and in my dream world it seemed as though eons passed.

At last I regained some of the strength that had been sapped from me by my frantic and furious chase, and I rose to my feet as a French horn sounded away over the hills. I felt compelled to follow the sound, and I set off to find it. Haltingly at first and then more surely, I started up a gently sloping, green mound. A brightly colored bird, whose plumage identified it as one of a tropical species, darted ahead of me while the beat of its wings created a flute-like murmur.

As I reached the crest of the hill, I looked down into a secluded valley, and I could not fathom why I'd never seen it before. It wasn't hidden by a forest nor sheltered by a steep mountain. I stood pondering my plight when suddenly I heard the sound of the French horn again. I peered down into the mist of the valley, and slowly I made out the form of a tree. I glided down the hill toward the tree and became aware of an increasing brightness. Finally I stopped in awe; the tree was silvery and the moisture from the mist set it glittering as if it were made of a million little diamonds, each one reflecting a strange, champagne-colored light. Out of the haze came a fawn that paused under the tree. Just as I moved nearer, I felt a breeze stirring. As it reached the leaves of the tree, it set them to rustling, and the sound was as resonant as the chime when clear crystal is struck. The fawn sprinted away as the

French horn sounded once more. The thunder of the kettle drums rumbled in the distance, and as I ran after the fawn, an oboe started to warn me. I didn't see the sheer cliff just before me until too late; as I tried to hold myself from falling off the edge, I lost my balance and began to fall into a bottomless, black pit. I screamed, cymbals crashed, and I woke up with a start to find perspiration standing in little beads on my forehead and the palms of my hands slightly damp. For just an instant after my awakening, I still felt a very real fear of something utterly unknown to me. I pondered about my dream, one which I had had many times before and one that came to me at times when I felt most at peace with the world. What was I afraid of? Why did the music of certain instruments play such an important part in my dream? Why did I never catch the fawn and thereby gain the answer to the entire riddle of my dream? These are things I suppose I'll never know, but they will go on haunting my "favorite" dream, which I have grown to call lovingly, "Symphonia."

Approach to Australia

Imagine yourself in an airplane flying in from the Pacific to a God's-eye view of that great southland—"the land down under." Three thousand miles of coastline, in a glorious freehand curve from Cape York to Cape Howe, sweep down into the Venetian glass of the Coral Sea, deepening to the cobalt blue of the cold Tasman. Threaded with many coastal rivers, serrated by beautiful harbors, from torrid zones to temperate, the coast covers thirty of the parallels of latitude. It is jewelled with prosperous towns in a filigree of roads and railroads. And then in the distance, as though it were reaching up with a warm handshake of welcome, there appears out of the horizon a metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere, a city of warmth and sunshine, a city crowned with the glory of its beautiful surroundings, the city of Sydney. Australia.—MAX BURCKY.

Sydney, Australia

Sydney is the darling of Australia's heart, racing to the rhythm of a large American city. It is a city of a milling two million in a vast spider-web of narrow streets about a resplendent harbor, and with a beautiful bridge that is a symphony of clamoring steel. I could paint for you Sydney at sunrise, when the smiling blue of its harbor makes all nature young; or I could paint for you Sydney at dusk, with the ribs of its bridge black on the sunset, a shadow across nature. Its harbor, among the three most famous in the world, is lined with beautiful mansions whose tile roofs of red, green and blue gleam like jewels in the brilliant sunshine. During the week, Sydney is a busy intersection of highways and byways of trade. On Sunday it dreams of its own heaven with browned limbs in the warm sands of Manley and Bondi, the merriest surf-beaches this side of Paradise. The huge combers curl over in a sparkle of light and laughter, tossing the surf-boards and chasing the bathers along the sun-gold beaches. "Meet you under the third breaker at Bondi," says Sydney on Saturday when it closes shop and heads for its favorite sport and relaxation.—MAX BURCKY.

Edward Ellsberg's On the Bottom

JIM SAMPSON
Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

A NAVY SUBMARINE HAS SUNK IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN several miles off the East coast! It is reported that some of the crew may still be alive and no effort or expense will be spared in order to save these men. The submarine is lying six hundred feet under water.

At this point Commander Edward Ellsberg begins the true story of the thrills, methods, hardships, and perils of deep-sea diving in connection with raising the sunken *S-51*. In writing the book, Ellsberg has described the technical operations, the courageous work of navy divers, and his own personal experiences "on the bottom" to form a plot filled with interest and high adventure. The action is so vividly presented that one feels as though he were actually taking part in each episode.

As the problem of raising the submarine unfolds, the many details which make such salvage operations complex are developed. The *S-52*, sister submarine of the *S-51*, is brought to the scene of the disaster, and by becoming familiar with the location of parts and features in this ship, the divers prepare themselves for work on their objective in the dark water six hundred feet below. Many plans are put into effect. An attempt to buoy the submarine to the surface by pumping air into it results in the first of many failures. Gigantic pontoons are used with more success. Here, too, however, the sea exhibits its treachery, and many carefully planned and executed operations end in heart-breaking disappointments or, as is often the case, skirmishes with sudden death. In describing these plans and operations, Ellsberg writes in a simple and interesting style that the reader can readily follow.

In regard to thrills, one can obtain a fair idea of the many exciting incidents that take place by such situations as a many ton cast iron pontoon ripping loose from its mooring cables and surging crazily about among the helpless salvage ships during a violent storm, a diver's being trapped with a broken air connection by a cave-in while tunneling in the loose sand under the *S-51*, and the race against the sea when rushing the leaking submarine to port as a storm is just beginning to whip up the waves. The sudden meeting between a diver and a floating corpse and the events which follow inside the totally dark submarine add both horror and humor to the story. The author brings in a touch of pity when he relates the probable story behind the unusual discovery of two of the *S-51*'s dead crew. The two men were found suffocated on the deck of the submarine in a small, air-tight escape hatch which they could not open from the inside.

By cleverly weaving such situations into his pattern of facts, action, and danger, Ellsberg has created a story of a great salvage operation that will be read with interest for many years.

Love Among the Coffins

STANLEY KOVEN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

IT IS DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND WHATEVER POSSESSED Evelyn Waugh to write *The Loved One*, for in its entirety there is not one passage, one incident, nor one character which smacks of a sincere attempt to create. A total lack of sympathy, good taste, and, above all, integrity is more than apparent in this sordid tale of death and hypocrisy in Hollywood. The coy yet obvious manner in which the story unfolds is certainly no credit to an author of such considerable repute and capabilities as Mr. Waugh.

Essentially a satire, this novel satirizes nothing but its author's own short-sightedness. Our movie colony has much to be parodied; yet Waugh has lashed out at none of the basic issues which demand criticism. Instead, he wanders aimlessly about in a limbo of clichés, pretentious description, and immorality. He is obsessed with the business of death, with the consequences of human ignorance. This in itself would be worthwhile were it not for the fact that his characters are not endowed with any semblance of virtue, thus defeating his own purpose. Consequently, what is subtitled "an Anglo-American tragedy" reverts to nothing more than a localized farce, its impact shattered by the weakness of its characters.

The whole grotesque travesty of Whispering Glades Funeral Home and the strange, quiet people which inhabit it could have been done far more subtly and deftly by Robert Nathan; Aldous Huxley might easily have transformed it into a polished, if not momentous, piece of literature; William Faulkner might even have molded it into the tragedy which was the author's original intention through the skillful use of contrast and characterization of which he is so capable. In the hands of Mr. Waugh, however, none of these hopes are realized, and the reader is faced with a hopeless jumble of bizarre and inconsequential detail which leads him around in a never-ending circle.

It would be comforting indeed to know that this book is merely a careless lapse on the part of a writer who has previously done such fine work as is evidenced in *Brideshead Revisited* and countless shorter works. As we all know, the public is far too prone to forget the good and remember the bad, and we can't forget that public, can we, Mr. Waugh?

Appero - Tappero

R. R. TAPPERO
Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

OF ALL THE PROPOSED REFORMS SPIT-AND-ARGUED over nowadays, the one which would most readily and most favorably affect me would be a change in the alphabet.

I am scoured by a fate of deferred order. Simply because my name is Tappero instead of Appero, I must endure great anxiety. Had the alphabet been differently arranged, all this could have been prevented. As it is, the letter *T* is far down the line, and all other things being equal, I'm still twentieth in precedence.

To all Aarons, Abbotts, and even the Jones this may seem trifling. They can afford to feel superior. Their alphabetical order is assured by tradition.

It's not that I am not duly proud of my name. On the contrary I carry the usual reminders of it on my person nearly all the time. Cuff links, belt-buckles, monogrammed handkerchiefs, and other personal articles continually serve to remind me of the tradition of Tappero.

To illustrate the inconvenience, however, picture me at any meeting, class, or congregation where a roll might be called. I sit tensely, foregoing discourse, sneak-reviews, meditation, and other temptations of idle moments while the person calling roll sounds the names beginning with the *A*'s, *B*'s, *C*'s, etc., until he comes to the *T*'s. At this climax, you would suppose that I could feel more at ease, but, in fact, the opposite is true. Names such as Tabor, Tacconi, Taggart, Tappans, and so on precede mine until I become unnerved at the thought of possibly having been overlooked. When Tappero is finally called, a state of hyperneurosis often paralyzes my larynx, and the person calling roll must scrutinize his list of names for possible mispronunciation, fumble a few times with accents on improper syllables, and then scan the room apologetically for some sign of recognition. By this time, I manage to raise my hand, and invariably am met with a glowering reprimand. Ah, timid soul!

One instance illustrates the disadvantage I labor under. While undergoing a period of indoctrination in the United States Coast Guard, we recruits were being chosen for technical training. This selection was based upon a minimum test-score which I had managed to pass with a mark identical to several other applicants. Naturally there were certain quota limitations for this training, and only twelve men could be chosen. Alphabetically I was the thirteenth! My spirit, all that tremendous morale built carefully by early morning marches to spirited band music and the ministrations of a very considerate boatswain's mate, was broken.

You may propose that I change my name to Appero. Truly it would facilitate matters somewhat; however, in the larger sense it would be impractical, expensive, and ungrateful. Besides, someday there might be a will probated in my favor, and if there are any Apperos richer than any Tappers, I don't know them. And I'd be left out anyway.

The Giant Eye

CHARLES PONTIUS
Rhetoric 102, Theme 7

(Outline)

Thesis: The two-hundred inch telescope recently installed on Mt. Palomar, despite the many problems involved in its construction, now promises to add greatly to astronomical knowledge.

- I. George Ellery Hale is chiefly responsible for the development of the telescope.
 - A. He worked to improve telescopic instruments.
 - B. He helped to secure financial backing for the Mt. Palomar telescope.
 - C. He helped to arrange for the construction of the telescope under the guidance of an Observatory Council.
- II. The construction of the mirror and the telescope tube presented many difficulties.
 - A. The type of telescope had to be selected.
 - B. The mirror presented problems at each stage: casting, rough grinding, polishing, and finishing.
 - C. The telescope tube required complex machining, assembling, and adjusting.
 - D. The final assembling of the mirror and tube at Mt. Palomar offered further problems.
- III. The completed telescope now promises to add greatly to astronomical knowledge.
 - A. The telescope was to have begun operation in 1948.
 - B. The first projects will begin extended analysis of the structure and behavior of the universe.

The Giant Eye

MORE THAN SEVENTY YEARS AGO, IN HIS BOOK ENTITLED *Journey to the Moon*, Jules Verne described a giant telescope which was to follow the path of a projectile carrying people to the moon. In his description, Verne pictured this telescope as a huge reflector about sixteen feet in diameter and weighing fifteen tons. He estimated its cost as being approximately \$400,000.¹ Today, modern science has produced a huge telescope which exceeds the fondest dreams of even the most imaginative writer.

The origin of this giant telescope dates back to the days of Galileo and the tiny, homemade telescope with which he first discovered the moons of Jupiter in 1610.² In more recent years, credit is given to George Ellery Hale for actual development of the telescope. As a thirteen year old boy, Hale first became interested in astronomy when he procured a four-inch telescope and made observations of the sky from his own backyard. He was deeply enthusiastic over the possibilities of astronomy and decided upon this field as his life study. Through his wealthy father, Hale studied astronomy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and soon had constructed a twelve-inch telescope to enlarge his studies of the sun. From this small instrument, he made several startling discoveries, but soon realized that a bigger telescope was needed. His next undertaking was the establishment of the Yerkes Observatory with a forty-inch telescope, in Wisconsin. Still dissatisfied with the limits to his work, Hale was soon dreaming of still larger telescopes. These dreams led him to the development of a sixty-inch instrument at Mt. Wilson. The science of astronomy was now progressing by leaps and bounds until even the sixty-inch telescope had its definite limits, and astronomers were dreaming of a still larger one. Hale visited the Carnegie Institute, and, after many arguments, procured a special grant to construct the hundred-inch telescope which is now doing excellent work at Mt. Wilson.³ This newest instrument solved many of the riddles bothering astronomers, but also provoked new questions which were extremely interesting and demanded solutions.

In 1928, Hale suggested the idea of a still larger instrument and finally convinced his friends that such a telescope was feasible. Determined to carry through his idea, Hale visited the Rockefeller General Education Board, seeking funds to sponsor his latest brain-child. Hale wanted this newest observatory to be built by and for a group of astronomers so that any of them could use it, but the Rockefeller Board would grant the money only to some educational institution. They finally reached a compromise in which

¹ Woodbury, David O., *The Glass Giant of Palomar* (New York, 1940), p. 3.

² *Ibid.*, p. 24. ³ *Ibid.*, pp. 7-93.

the California Institute of Technology received a grant of \$6,250,000 for the construction of a two hundred-inch telescope.⁴ Construction of this newest telescope was to be supervised by an Observatory Council composed of prominent men from every field of science.

The first problem before the Council concerned the type of telescope to be constructed. Two types were most widely used. One was the refracting type in which a convex lens focused light at some point below it, usually on a photographic plate. The second type was the reflecting type in which the light was reflected by a concave mirror back to a plate at its focal point. The refracting type was discarded because some light was lost passing through the convex lens, and, also, the image was enlarged, making it rather fuzzy when photographed. Since these disadvantages did not occur in the reflecting type of telescope, it was chosen, and the first problem was solved.⁵

With the type of telescope to be used chosen, the next problem was to decide what material to use in constructing the mirror. Four possibilities were presented to the Council. These were fused quartz, pyrex, glass on metal, and metal alone. The latter two were discarded because of the immense weight involved. Fused quartz was finally chosen because its rate of expansion was less than that of Pyrex.⁶

The General Electric Corporation was awarded a contract for construction of the huge disc from fused quartz. Work was started immediately on small discs to devise a successful means for casting the larger one. The General Electric engineers succeeded in making various small mirrors up to about sixty inches, but beyond this point experiments failed, so the Council had to revert to a Pyrex disc. The casting job was undertaken by the Corning Glass Works.⁷ They were extremely successful in casting smaller discs and were soon ready to start on the two hundred-inch slab. To reduce the weight of the huge disc, the back portion was to be ribbed in construction. Cores were needed to produce these ribs, and another problem presented itself. The intense heat of the molten glass caused the cores to break loose; so a special means of fastening the cores had to be derived. This was accomplished by fastening the cores with metal bolts and passing cooled air around the bolts. The big disc was poured at last and ready to anneal. The annealing process required a period of ten months, during which time the big disc had to cool very slowly.⁸

At last the huge disc was completed and ready for shipment to California. Special cratings of wood and steel encased the giant mirror, and it was loaded edgewise on a railroad car for shipment. Thousands of people lined the railroad to see the huge disc on its way across the country.

Upon arrival in Pasadena, California, the mirror was moved to the opti-

⁴ "World's Largest Telescope to Bring Universe Closer," *Science News Letter*, LI (April 19, 1947), p. 243. ⁵ Woodbury, *op. cit.*, pp. 70-73.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 116-123. ⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 124-150. ⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 165-200.

cal shop at California Institute of Technology, to begin the job of grinding and polishing. This was to be the most painstaking part in the construction of the mirror. First, the glass disc was set in a metal disc, and then the rough grinding began. Over two tons of glass were removed in giving the mirror its preliminary parabolic shape. With the finish of the rough grinding process, the entire optical shop was immaculately cleaned from top to bottom. Then the polishing process began. The opticians changed clothes upon entering or leaving the optical shop, and the shop itself was cleaned twice each day with a magnetic sweeper. All air entering the shop was filtered, and the temperature was regulated to variations of less than one-half of a degree. This was necessary because a three degree change in temperature would expand the glass and the cutting tool at different rates, causing distortions in the polishing. A jeweler's rouge was used in the final polishing and a wave of light used to measure errors. The final surface was true to one-millionth of an inch. The opticians estimated that one-third of an ounce of glass was removed each week in the final polishing process.

The next step after polishing was finishing the disc to give it a reflecting surface. Aluminum was used as a reflector and sprayed on to the disc in a fine, even coat. After the basic aluminum coat had been successfully applied, a second layer of clear, fused quartz was applied to prevent the aluminum from tarnishing and to permit cleaning.⁹

While the glass disc was being ground and polished, work on the telescope tube was also progressing. The Westinghouse Company had been selected to construct the tube and its mounting. The mounting was to be a horseshoe-shaped affair so that the telescope could be pivoted as low as the horizon. The tube was to be held by a huge yoke fastened to the horseshoe. Since the great weight of the telescope would cause tremendous friction, a special bearing was devised and given the name of "oil-pad bearings." Oil is forced over the bearings at three hundred and seventy-five pounds per square inch to keep the metal parts from touching. The horseshoe was machined under strains which were equal to the weight of the telescope so that it would always travel in a perfect circle, regardless of the weight upon it. The horseshoe had to be built in three sections so that it could be transported to its destination. Since this telescope was to be so large, a tube was built at the focal point which would enable an observer to operate the instrument from a position alongside the telescope. Members of the telescope were machined to an accuracy of one-thousandth of an inch. The entire telescope was to be rotated by electrical motors. These motors were connected to one circuit and adjusted so that one change in motion would automatically bring adjustments from all the other motors.¹⁰

⁹ "Newest Wonder of the World," *Popular Mechanics*, LXXXVII (March, 1947), 126-130.

¹⁰ "How High Is the Sky?" *Westinghouse Engineer*, VIII (July, 1948), 98-102.

With the completion of the structural telescope came the problem of transporting the two-hundred-inch mirror from the optical shop in Pasadena to its final resting place atop Mt. Palomar, one hundred and sixty-three miles away. The huge mirror was loaded on a special low-bed trailer and pulled by a diesel tractor developing one hundred and fifty horsepower. Another tractor of the same size followed the load to push on steeper grades. The first lap of the journey to Escondido, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, was completed in thirteen and one-half hours. The last lap of thirty-three miles contained almost every hazard known to highway travel. The road crossed four bridges and wound its way up the mountain from sea level to 5,600 feet above sea level. Heavy fog, sleet, rain, and snow covered the road, slowing the convoy with its precious cargo to an average speed of seven miles per hour. On November 19, 1947, the mirror had finally reached its destination and the two parts were ready to be joined together.¹¹

In January, 1948, the huge telescope was finally completed and ready for its first peek into space. Many minor adjustments remained, but already a catalogue of work was being arranged for the giant. Important observations were to begin in June, 1948. Possibly the first project to be undertaken by astronomers with their new baby will be an analysis of the structure and behavior of the universe.¹²

Standing in regal splendor atop Mt. Palomar, the 500-ton monster points its huge eye to the sky in defiance of all the difficulties which the laws of nature cast before the progress of our advancing knowledge.

¹¹ "Moving the Eye with Diesels," *Diesel Power*, XXVI (February, 1948), 48.

¹² "Astronomers Take First Peek with Giant Scope," *Science News Letter*, LIII (January 31, 1948), 70.

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Criticism

Let an author beware. If he wants me to enjoy his writing—or even read it—he must be vivacious, but not frenetically, fatiguingly over-active. He must use vivid, exact, artistic, appropriate words that paint his sunsets in realistic azure and salmon, not in indigo and blood-red. Above all, he must be entertaining. He must interest me—unless he is saying something so supremely worthwhile, according to a sane, intelligent, vital method, that I will put up with his maundering for the sake of his message, and do, even though unwillingly, the work he himself should have done, the work of adding life to his prose and spark to his smouldering.—LARZ ANDERSON.

Discord

CHARLES W. LEKBERG
Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

A TALL, BRONZED CHANTEUSE ADVANCES TO THE CENTER of the floor. Appreciative masculine eyes, discerning feminine eyes, gaze. Her slim form, her classic features, her bewitching smile are plainly evident. Here is exciting sophistication wrapped in a dazzling new Maggie Rouff creation. Such perfection in womanhood hardly seems real. This is Saturday evening in the Pump Room.

Cat under her brawny arm, Sophie hulks to the door of the farm-house carrying a porcelain slopjar. She enters the cheerless kitchen, flings the scrawny cat in its box, and noisily sets down the receptacle she is carrying. Her husband greets her with insolent silence. This is Saturday evening at the Olsson's.

The atmosphere of the Pump Room is excited, but hushed; the inimitable Blanche is nearly ready. Her crimson lips part and—ah! Honeyed streaks of exquisite tone flow from ear to ear; the spell is cast. Important things are now important, real things now unreal. Unadventurous, dull thoughts are stifled. From a husky throat to a tender, pliable group of listeners rolls the ecstasy of a full, luxuriant tone, mournful with the melancholy and exultant with the extreme in melody.

The wind fights bitterly to enter the unprotected windows of the kitchen. The place is chilled as a tomb. Breaking the dry silence Sophie screeches, "What t' hell's achin' ya, Oskar? I tolja ta git outa that chair an' git some wood fer that stove." Oskar stares stonily at the woman he married fourteen years ago. Whatever shred of romance was theirs at the time of their marriage no longer exists. He feels no affection for this awkward, draft-horse of a woman. She could no more please him than a vulture could please a robin. She was a washed out, sexless woman with no passion but that of dominating poor Oskar.

The applause following Blanche's superb rendition did justice to so noble a woman. Surely, here *was* a person, one to be enjoyed and thought of often. This celebrity was the toast of social circles everywhere. Certainly the world was grateful to Blanche; such interpretation, such entertainment was hers and only hers. She was serving society well.

Oskar moved grudgingly to the cellar door, opened it, and descended to procure the wood. He paused at the bottom of the uneven wooden steps. He despised Sophie and all she stood for. God, how he did! But what was there to do but comply with her orders, do as she commanded? Husband is legally bound to wife. He was serving her well.

The "State"

JAMES CLAYTON
Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

ILLINOIS STATE CHAMPIONSHIP HIGH SCHOOL BASKET-ball tournament—those words mean excitement and bring enthusiastic talk to every basketball fan in the state. Once a year Huff Gymnasium on the University of Illinois campus is host to this spectacle of amateur basketball. When Lewis Omar, athletic director at Oak Park, invited thirteen teams to participate in the first "State Championship" tournament in 1908, he could hardly have hoped for his "brainchild" to grow into the magnificent show it is today. The tournament has grown from its humble beginnings to include the representatives of every section of the state. Almost all of the first contestants were from the Chicago area, with Peoria travelling the farthest, but last spring the sixteen schools had fought their way to the finals from every part of the state—from Rockford in the north to Marion in the south, from Quincy in the west to Robinson in the east.

The State Tournament in Champaign is one of the most colorful events in amateur basketball anywhere in the world. Each March, hundreds of fans converge on the home of the University of Illinois to cheer their teams to victory. Thousands of others are denied the right to attend the tournament because of the lack of seating space. If a gymnasium large enough can be found, the tournament would draw in the neighborhood of forty thousand fans to each of its seven sessions.

People dream for years of coming to the "State," and when they finally get to come, they fill the whole community of Champaign-Urbana with a festive air. They come in trains, in buses, in shiny new cars, and in old "jalopies"—any way to get to Champaign. They bring all their pep and spirit with them. They wave flags, shout, and do everything imaginable to get others to notice them and to realize that their town is playing in the "State." They mill and fight outside the gymnasium, struggling to get inside if they have tickets, or if they are in the unlucky majority, trying to buy a ticket from someone.

Finally they work their way into the interior of Huff gym, and instantly they are overcome with the color, noise, excitement, and general joy of the hundreds already assembled. Long before game time, every available seat is occupied. The aisles are jammed and people are practically hanging from the rafters. Down on the floor, small groups of girls dressed in fancy costumes try, usually unsuccessfully, to draw the attention of the fans and persuade them to do some organized cheering. These cheerleaders are the sparks of the tourney. They work the crowd into its mad frenzy and then

keep it there until the tournament is over. Some of them are acrobatic, like the vivacious "Joline from Moline"; others are quieter, like the cute little "Panthers from P'Ville." They scream for "their" boys; they laugh when "they" win; they cry when "they" lose.

Even the building itself adds to the excitement. On the south wall hangs a large map of the State of Illinois with a small light representing each participating school. As a school is defeated, its light goes out, until finally only one remains—the State Champion. In the west balcony typewriters pound noisily and voices drone on and on. The press and radio sections are sending out the report to the thousands of fans eagerly awaiting the news in all corners of the state. Flash bulbs are shot off continually as the photographers record the scenes of another State Championship battle.

The excitement builds up with every game, but then dies down a little as another light goes out. Usually the frenzy reaches its peak during the semi-finals on Saturday. Then the teams are battling for the right to play in the finals that night; but when the big game rolls around, practically everyone is too exhausted to add much to the noise, so they sit back and watch intensely.

The most touching part of the tournament, however, is hidden from the prying eyes of the fans. Deep in the heart of Huff gym, down under the playing floor, are the dressing rooms. There are found the boys who make the tournament what it is. There are the boys who come from every place in the state—some from rich homes, others from poor shacks; some whose names are known to nearly all the fans sitting above them, others who have never been heard of before and who never will be heard of again. But here, in the State Tournament, they are all equal. They are all going out to play and win the championship game. Each day, every one of them dies a thousand deaths, as he hates himself for missing an important shot or for making a bad play. Finally the end comes. The losers rush heartsick from the floor and make their way to the confines of the dressing room, there to brood in silence and to replay for the first time the game about which they will talk for the rest of their lives. Here are the most touching scenes of the tournament. Strong, determined young men crying like babies—each blaming himself for the defeat of his team. After one game of the 1948 tournament, one player, who had been the star of the opening day session, sat and cried unconsolably for twenty minutes because he thought himself to blame for the loss.

The other side of the basement is an entirely different picture after the game. There the winners are to be found, leaping, shouting, crying for joy. They are the heroes. Tomorrow, they may be just another bunch of forgotten boys, but today they are the heroes. Tomorrow they will play again and again, until only one team remains. Then the curtain will ring down, and another "State Tournament" will go into the books.

Königstadt

WARREN ZIEBELL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 5

IT WAS A WONDERFUL MORNING! EVEN THOUGH THE SUN had not yet risen and quiet feathers of snow were still drifting down, I just knew it was going to be a very wonderful morning. Old Gerd also felt the coming splendor of sunlight on a clear white world. He extended his hand and helped me up beside him in the sleigh; then turning his head this way and that, he sniffed the air and prophesied, "Schöner Tag heute!" This accomplished, he shook out the reins, clicked his tongue, and our eager mare joyfully lunged into the traces and danced off down the road.

Sitting there in the cold, brisk morning, I pulled the sleighrobe tighter around me and was glad to be alive. Trudi, our mare, was making music. She seemed to find an immense amount of joy in shaking from the bells of her harness tinkling peals of music to the crunching time of her hoofs upon the snow. Oh! how she loved to dance; lifting and placing each foot, she displayed grace and rhythm that would shame most ballet dancers.

As we approached the first pines, white robed sentinels of the forest, the snow ceased falling, and the brightening sky began to make details visible in the surrounding country-side. The wood-cutter's white-capped piles of wood stood clustered about like a group of cattle belly-deep in snow. The crowded second-growth of Christmas trees under their white blanket looked like a mass of winter mountains in Lilliputian land.

Buried deep beneath the robe beside old Gerd, with Trudi's music in my ears, I sat and wished that I could be a child again, but didn't know how. I thought of Gerd, good old Gerd! He was always doing something for me, and never wanting to be rewarded. He seemed to have adopted me and to enjoy my company as much as I enjoyed his. I didn't have to look at him to know what he looked like. He sat very straight with his collar turned up around his neck. His fur cap was pulled down around his ears and tied on by a muffler, half obscuring his face. It was, however, easy to see his great red nose above the greying moustache that spread across his face.

The coming dawn turned my thoughts from Gerd and left them free to revel in the morning's splendor. The crimson glow in the east slowly turned to rose, brightened into gold, and faded away as the sunlight gilded the mountain tops across the valley. Driving the fleeing shadows before it, the golden light crept down the mountainsides and upon us. The towering pines along the road gleamed in the sun like crystalline spires and columns, shamming the peerless architects of old.

The sunlight seemed to warm up Gerd, and as we slowly wound our way higher into the hills, he told me tales of his youth and the mountains. It seems strange (as I look back now) that he, with his broken English, and I, with my meager German, could converse so well. We found little barrier in language, and complete understanding enabled him to fascinate me with his tales and legends of the area.

Reaching the summit of the next hill, we espied our destination. Some distance before us, nestled about the crest of a lesser hill, lay the little town of Königstadt, "Kingstown." Even from the distance it looked like a history book town, for all the buildings surrounded the ruins of the medieval castle that perched upon the crest of the hill. The village with its steepled church snuggled beneath its burden of snow and contentedly sent its many wisps of smoke drifting skyward.

We paused awhile, spellbound by the enchanting beauty of the scene. As if sensing the welcome that awaited her at our destination, Trudi shook her bells impatiently, and at a word from Gerd, we dipped down and into the forested valley before us. A deer bounded across the road and disappeared. When I looked again, Königstadt was lost to view.

About noon we emerged from the forest and approached the village. Men had been about with their dirty tracks, spoiling the immaculate beauty of the clean, white snow, but turning down the streets of the village, we were met by an entirely new and enchanting picture. The roads were narrow and crooked, and under the stained, rutted snow lay cobble-stones as old as the hill upon which they rested. The houses stood crowded up to the street, leaving only a narrow walk, or no walk at all. The second stories protruded out over the street as though the houses standing in the rear were sticking their heads over the first row so that they too might see. The houses were made of stone or of stucco plastered in between great dark timbers. The roofs were very steep, and now and then the snow fell down, exposing great patches of bright red tile. Behind the dwellings were barns and yards where the stock and crops were kept. A huge dog ran barking after Trudi's heels, but soon tired of the sport. A faint but pungent odor of wet straw and cattle stirred in the air.

Farther into town the street widened out a bit and shops began to appear. They were small and lacking in signs and advertisements. Here and there people were walking, and children played in the streets. Every once in a while someone would wave or call to Gerd. The people seemed friendly and genuine in their actions. It was very much like stepping back into the sixteenth century. I should not have been surprised if the group of men conversing before the cobbler's shop were discussing the recent heretical writings of that fellow Luther, "the mad monk of Würtemberg."

We did not continue on toward the center of town and its ruin-crowned summit, but turned into a side-street that skirted up and around to the steep,

unwooded side of the hill. We stopped in front of a great, old inn that perched before a steep drop into the valley. On one side toward the sharp cliff, its top covered with the remains of a once impregnable castle; on the other side of the inn lay the beautiful valley. It was indeed a fine position for a lodging house, being both on the edge and yet almost in the center of town.

A short, stout fellow came bursting through the door with much shouting and pumped our hands in greeting. As he took Trudi away with the promise of a large meal, we turned and entered the house. Inside there was much noise, introducing, and shaking of hands. There was Gerd's brother and his wife, Ernst and Helga, and their two sons, fine strapping youths named Gerd and Gunter. There was also a pretty, dark-haired maid flitting around the interior. The introductions being over, we men retreated to the Herrenzimmer, "gentleman's room"; there we smoked, talked, and drank a little delicious Rhine wine.

I inquired about the history of the town, and immediately I had four willing narrators. The castle was originally the manor of the feudal lord, and about it clustered the humble dwellings of the serfs, for protection. As the conditions in Europe changed, the lord turned into a robber-prince. Finally the castle and town were destroyed in 1443 by an army that the trade towns sent out to destroy the bandits. Although the town was rebuilt, the castle was left in ruins. Very many of the buildings remain today, unaltered except for the addition of electricity and running water.

The story was interrupted by the call to dinner. We all assembled in the dining-room and took our places about the steaming food-laden table; I found myself at the head, a position of honor among these people. It was a very delicious meal; there was soup, roast goose, dressing, potatoes, vegetables, pudding, and a fine wine. The meal was very informal; I ate ravenously, as I was famished. The conversation was light and entertaining, but I kept being distracted by the merry eyes and bewitching smiles of the dark-haired maid. She was busily engaged in serving, but I found it easy to catch her eye, and her blushes were simply delightful.

After stuffing ourselves to the limit with good food, we adjourned to the parlor and talked about many things. Finally the members of the family began drifting away to see to the accomplishment of various tasks. Before long only Gerd, Emil, his brother, and I were left. When Emil began telling of a new horse he'd bought, Gerd insisted on seeing this creature that supposedly could compare with his Trudi. I declined the invitation to accompany them to the stables, as I wished to relax and gaze out the window.

After I had finally convinced my hosts that I didn't mind being alone for a while, I stood thinking by the window. Looking out and over the valley, I thought over the merits of the town. There were deer in the nearby forest, and I liked to hunt. Gerd had often told me of the fish in the valley streams, and I liked to fish. There were no railroads or highways near by to disturb

the peace and quiet of the place. It was a pleasant town. I watched the skiers tracing delicate patterns across the hillsides, and I should like to learn to ski. I tried to picture spring in this valley, and in my mind's eye I saw the purple fox-gloves spilling down the hillsides and dancing daisies crowding the valley floor. It really was a splendid town. The people seemed friendly enough. The cooks were very good, and the wine here was excellent. With a small amount of money I could come here, take up lodgings at this inn, and at my leisure forget the rest of the world. Hundreds of years ago it had been named Königstadt, but was it a king's town? Was it fit for a king? Could I be contented here?

Drifting up from the kitchen came the mischievous laughter of that blushing dark-haired maid. Yes! this was indeed a Königstadt!

Rhet as Writ

Russia and the United States are just trying to make a *scrapecoat* out of China.

* * * *

In the dead of night a shot rang out, and in the distance a dog whelped.

* * * *

The teacher is not to be either the autocratic or the *lassie-faire* type.

* * * *

Captain Hornblower stands out quite clearly as a tall, taciturn figure, with a cold, precise face and black hair beginning to thin a little toward the latter part of the book.

* * * *

How could so many people get killed and still go on fighting?

* * * *

The sailor still being passed out, received a cold bucket of water in the face which was handed to him by the officer.

* * * *

Every year there are over 50,000 young girls having babies who are unmarried and between the ages of twelve and twenty.

* * * *

The values of good manners are manifold. Think how stupid we would look walking down the street on the inside of a lady!

* * * *

The girls all appear in frilly formals, the boys just in tucks.

The Contributors

Joe Brewer—Fair Lawn High School, Fair Lawn, New Jersey

James Clayton—Johnston City Township

Charles W. Eckert—Granite City Community High School

Stanley Elkin—South Shore, Chicago

Myron Greenman—Champaign

Stanley Koven—Hyde Park

William Kray—Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate, Ontario,
Canada

Charles W. Lekberg—Harvard

Richard Minor—Vandalia Community High School

Charles Pontius—Villa Grove

Jim Sampson—Champaign

Theodore Swain—Urbana

R. R. Tappero—Pana

Patricia Wirth—New Athens Community High School

Warren Ziebell—Bloom Township High School

Honorable Mention

Harry Baxter—Huck Finn -- Dead or Alive?

Lorris Bowers—Louie

Michael Bruno—The Walls Came Tumbling Down

Max C. Burcky—Wake Up, America!

Melvin Churovich—Something Good for a Change

Louella G. Dryden—Stephanie and Her Wagon

Abraham Goo—A Report on *The Sea Wolf*

Robert H. Riemerswaider—Reprieve

Gwen Jean Satterlee—Orient of the West

Hollis Wunder—Hot!

Sandra Zuckerman—True Illini

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A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Farrelly and the School Board

P. J. FARRELLY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

PETE FARRELLY WAS LIKE ANY OTHER BOY LIVING IN a town of 5,000, except that he lacked two things, brains and muscles.

One of Farrelly's big ambitions was to hold down a job all his own, one which paid big money. During the school year of 1944, Pete had heard that jobs were being offered to high school boys by the Webster Parish School Board. The jobs consisted of digging ditches, tarring roofs, moving houses, and building garages. The starting pay was forty cents an hour, and the work would carry him all over the Parish. Farrelly leaped at the chance; just think —earn money and travel too! Opportunity surely knocked for the small boy from Minden.

The notices came out in the papers that all who had applied for the job were to show up in the Parish office for the official seal of approval. This seal came in the form of Mr. J. J. Knight, a burly little man with a big cigar. Knight's approval came as a grunted, "Ugh." Farrelly got his "Ugh" and started to work.

On that very memorable June morning in the year 1944 the job, or maybe I had better say punishment, began. Pete was first assigned to join in with the rest of the crew and remove a monstrous sea of green, in the form of bullnettle, goldenrod, and grass, growing up the side of a hill.

Each man was handed his weapon, a hand scythe, and all advanced on the green wall. There had been no rain for weeks, and the grass was like corn stalks in October. After several blisters were raised on Farrelly's hand his mind began to work, "Why swing this scythe when one little match would do the trick, one piece of wood tipped with phosphorous? Such ingenuity might be the means of a raise." Producing said match, Farrelly dropped it in the nearest bleached thicket; the flames leaped and so did Mr. Knight. "You blundering imbecile, you moronic throwback from a caveman!" He screamed; he jumped; he chewed his cigar.

Farrelly looked all around; who could this madman be speaking to? Surely not Einstein Farrelly. But behold here he stood spitting like a panther and staring right into Pete's face. The man must be mad. After counting ten several times, saying his prayers, and biting his lower lip, Mr. J. J. Knight gained control of his voice. He creaked out a barely audible phrase which sounded something like, "Call the fire department, please." Farrelly then and only then noticed that his little brainstorm was raging all over the countryside, climbing the hill toward the school. Blankets were issued and the crew beat back the flames.

After the fire was under control, J. J. walked over to have a fatherly chat with our hero. The chat went something as follows:

"Where did you ever get that maniacal idea?"

"Maniacal? Why I thought you would hire me as an efficiency expert after such a brilliant show of brains."

"Farrelly, you're fired."

"What?"

"Never mind; you're too dumb to know what it means. Go help Emmett tar the roof of the shop."

"Yes, sir."

The tarring of the roof was something that remained on Farrelly's mind for weeks. Yes, it took a crew cut and a large cleaning bill to rid him of the tar.

Three days after the beginning of the job Knight got the word to start construction on a bus garage. The garage was a steel structure with a framework of pipe. The foundation was to be of cement and was to be sunk about four feet in red clay.

After digging with the rest of the crew on the foundation for several days, Pete was assigned to the making of cement forms. Of all the jobs on the school board the manufacturing of forms was the easiest; all it consisted of was nailing enough boards together to hold wet cement. Each man was told to make a certain number of forms, the only instructions being that the forms don't leak. Now our little genius, Pete, felt he at last had a chance to show his skill. With a hammer, some nails and a couple of feet of lumber he settled down to work; by quitting time he had made more forms than any other man on the job.

The next day one of Farrelly's forms was the first put into action; the first batch of cement was mixed and poured. The cement had hardly reached the bottom of the form before there was a loud squashing sound and cement began to pour out the side of the form; it seems Farrelly had forgotten to nail the middle of the form together, and as a result the cement squirted in a fine spray over everything in sight. What happened next is a question that will be disputed down through the years. Somehow Farrelly landed in the batch of wet cement he had been standing over. Now the author does not wish to make any accusations, but it does seem funny that the big chief, J. J., was standing behind Farrelly a few minutes before Farrelly landed face down in the soggy mass.

The garage was completed without any more mishaps because as Mr. Knight put it, "We had two men watching Farrelly at all times, ready to sound an alarm if he started anything deceptive." Rumors were that Farrelly was working for the Fifth Column, planning to drive Knight and the Superintendent of the School Board out of their minds. Mr. Knight instead took Farrelly as a challenge and determined to stick it out with him to the bitter end.

After the completing of the garage the crew went to the Springhill School to help Magooza, Matarats, Badush and Company move a house. The house was a large wooden structure that had to be sawed in half in order to be moved. Any normal wrecking and moving company would have power saws to do such a job, but not Mogooza, Matarats, Badush and Company; instead the crew formed a single line and each man was handed a hand saw.

Before the sawing began, Knight called all the boys together, told them he wanted the job done in two days, and walked through their ranks giving each a pat on the back and uttering those immortal words, "Don't forget to oil your saws."

The crew tackled the job with its usual vehemence, and Pete was given an inside job so his work wouldn't show. The first day of sawing went all right; everybody followed the prescribed line. Then Farrelly lost the two men assigned to watch him, and engaged in conversation with a friend. The boys were sawing on opposite sides of the room and in order to talk they naturally had to turn their heads. Don't let it be said that these boys were loafers, because all the time they were talking, they were sawing. By the time Farrelly's watchers found him again the two boys had the room sawed into a huge jig-saw puzzle. When Knight asked Farrelly the purpose of such a thing Farrelly retorted, "Why Mr. Knight, anybody can see that when the house is fitted together again this jig-saw puzzle arrangement will add to its strength." Knight got a wild look in his eyes, looked at Farrelly's throat, pulled his hat over his eyes, plunged his hands in his pockets, and staggered away.

The job was completed in two days, and except for the jig-saw room everything was in perfect order; the house was ready to move.

In order to move the house it had be jacked off its foundation, lowered onto dollies, and pulled by a winch to the desired spot. Knight was patting himself on the back the day the house was jacked up; nothing had gone wrong all day and Gremlin Farrelly seemed to be very satisfied with his job of handling the corner jack. It wasn't until after the boys had left for home that Knight, going around checking the jacks with a level, found that Farrelly's corner was about six inches higher than the others and that the house was slowly slipping off the jacks. Knight quickly lowered the jack and made a note to smash Farrelly with an eight by eight timber. The next day the crew rolled the dollies into position, removed the foundation, and lowered the house onto the dollies.

The dollies were to roll on an improvised boardwalk, since they would bog down on the soft ground. The moving company did not have enough timbers to reach the final position of the house; therefore the crew had to take the timbers the dollies had already rolled over and place them in front of the oncoming dollies, a hazardous job. Farrelly was assigned this job for one of the dollies; some say Mr. Knight had very sinister reasons for assigning him

such a job. The house was to be moved by means of two winches, one in front to pull it along, and one in the rear to keep the house from getting out of control.

The first section was moved into position without mishap; Knight noticed Farrelly was doing his work with the greatest of efficiency, a fact which brought a smug smile to the face of Mr. Knight.

The second section caused a bit more trouble; the house was rolling in perfect order until it reached a small downgrade; at this position the rear winch broke. The house started forward; and the man in the forward winch truck, upon seeing the house crashing down on him, gave his truck the gas, forgetting the cable between the truck and the house.

What a sight to behold: Mr. Knight racing and screaming like a man insane; the house traveling all over the countryside; the man in the truck changing every color in the spectrum, unable to figure out why the house was following him.

After the second winch snapped and the house bogged down, a still shaky J. J. Knight walked over to a small figure lying in the dust, tapped it on the shoulder, and asked in weak voice, "Farrelly, did you do this?"

Farrelly raised his head sheepishly from the dirt and replied, "No, sir."

"Well, why in heaven's name are you lying on the ground?" retorted Knight.

"I am trying to stop the flow of water from this pipe I forgot to disconnect from the house before we started moving," quavered Pete. Knight simply pivoted and left Farrelly clutching the pipe.

The house was assembled and nailed together; the only trouble encountered was in the nailing of the jig-saw room. In this room the boards that were placed over the rent seemed to go up the wall and across the ceiling in a sort of snakish pattern.

The day following the assembling and painting of the house, the crew started work on a ditch for the water line. Everything went smoothly, and after work the Chief called the boys together and told them to bring their birth certificates the next day. The School Board wanted the certificates for assurance of the age of the boys; insurance forms had to be filled out.

The next day Farrelly showed up bright and early with his birth certificate and was the first one to go in and see Knight. By this time Knight had developed a fear of the very presence of Farrelly, and when he entered Knight looked up and cringed. He filled in the insurance form and asked Farrelly for his birth certificate. Farrelly produced it and handed it to Knight. The expression which came upon J. J.'s face was the look of a man released from the pains of hell. "Farrelly," he sighed "you're too young to work here."

Farrelly's jaw dropped to his chest. "What will the school board do without me?" he croaked.

The summer Farrelly worked for the School Board is gone but not forgotten. To this day the jig-saw room and the pile of useless cement under the bus garage still remain as a memorial to the gremlin from Minden.

Malice in Wonderland

STANLEY ELKIN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

THREE IS A GAME THEY PLAY IN HOLLYWOOD. IN TWO dozen leather bound offices, two dozen leather bound movie people sit around long tables poised and ready. They are waiting a signal from their secretaries. At the appointed hour, each of these cinemaniacs will begin to work himself into a Hollywood frenzy (which is not to be confused with an Omaha frenzy or a Cedar Rapids frenzy) to see which of them can come up with a movie that is the exact prototype of the movie they made last week, or last month, or last year. There are rules in the game; the movie potentates must be very careful not to let the public suspect that this is where they came in. Triteness, ridiculous situations, juvenile appeal, and virgin stupidity are par for the course. To achieve a note of ultra-realism, they often send out for the studio-guides to write the script.

Upon occasion, a producer or director will forget where he is and he will make a picture like *The Lost Weekend* or *The Snake Pit*. If he ever repeats his carelessness and creates something worthwhile, he is given an "Oscar," and then nobody will ever speak to him again.

The above might seem to be a travesty on the motion picture industry, but I seriously believe that something close to the things I have described actually happens in Celluloid City. Elsewise, why should the motion pictures remain on such a consistently low level? Is the American public so stultified that it cannot recognize first-rate entertainment? Or is it resigned to the fact that there "ain't no such animal" as a good motion picture? If it is the latter, why should it be? The American public demands, and gets, the best automobiles, the best radios, the best fountain pens, and the best pop-up toasters. In fact, there is a superlative before the name of almost every American product. Why should we lag behind the rest of the world in our films?

I think that there are several factors that determine the paucity of quality in our movies. One of the most important of these factors, I believe, is based upon the reports the studios receive from some of their exhibitors. These reports remain constant in that they are always from the same people and that they always claim movies which are designed to appeal to a more intelli-

gent audience do not have much of a tendency to make money. The "noble experiments" of the movies are box-office mis-fits, and Hollywood is just a little bit cautious of duplicating pictures that will not "pull." If it is ever to attain excellence in its productions, Hollywood will have to pay less attention to statistics and give more attention to intelligent criticisms of their films. They will probably find that they can make just as much money with a good picture as they can with a bad picture.

Wonderland must do something about its own unadulterated poor taste if it is ever to make pictures for people of an adult mental age. It concentrates on magnificent backgrounds for its pictures and completely ignores what the protagonists are saying. Many movies impress me as though the actors and actresses were making the whole thing up as they went along. Hollywood will spend one million dollars to construct an exact duplicate of the Taj Mahal so that Tyrone Power can say, "I'm warm for you, baby," to some sexy Indian princess. When they concentrate on dialogue with the same diligence they expend in reproducing the minor details of an eighteenth-century drawing room, we will have good pictures.

If we are to list filmdom's major faults, we must mention this iniquity. Some things you must never say to a movie producer are: Insanity, Sex, Mercy-killings, Jews, Irish Catholics, Adultery, Alcoholism, Negroes, and Bastards. Those are only a few; the list of controversial themes which are verboten in the land of Technicolor and the double feature is as long as the list of Hopalong Cassidy pictures. For every *Lost Weekend* and *Gentlemen's Agreement*, there are hundreds of *Blondie Goes Home to Mother*. For every character delineation that is to any degree worthwhile, there are hundreds of *Portraits of Lassie*. Hollywood has to learn to stand up and fight and not hide in the corner every time the Legion of Decency puts on a long face.

Hesitancy to make good pictures for fear that they will not pull at the box-offices, extravagance of production, negligence in script, and the phobia against anything controversial are the three cardinal sins that hold Hollywood back and keep good movies from our screens.

Until they learn to straighten out these difficulties, the picture boys of California are going to go on producing "B" (for bad) pictures. But no matter what they do, I'll keep on going to the movies. I'm just like everyone else. I like popcorn!

Behind This Door

My room is not just an enclosed space at the corner of the house, holding a bed, a desk, and other commonplace furniture, but a haven where dreams are begun—or carried through—a sanctuary where prayers are not scoffed at and bubbles are not pricked, where undignified sprawls are not frowned upon, where I can be alone. It is the only place in which I am the real *me*.—WILMA JOHNSTON.

The Volcano Krakatoa

EARLE W. DENEAU

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

AS A RESULT OF KRAKATOA'S ERUPTION IN 1883, THIS Javanese volcano became world famous. During the closing days of August, the telegraph cable from Batavia to Singapore, and thence to every part of the civilized world, carried news of a terrible subterranean disturbance—one which in its destructive results to life and property and in the world-wide effects to which it gave rise is perhaps without equal in recorded history.¹

The scene of this terrible catastrophe lies in the very heart of the region long recognized as the center of the world's greatest volcanic activity. The Island of Java contains 49 great volcanos, the highest approaching a height of 12,000 feet above sea level. More than half of these volcanos have been seen in eruption, and others are in a state of constant, lesser activity. Some of these volcanos form an east-west chain that extends into Sumatra in the west and Bali in the east. This chain is traversed at right angles in the Sunda Strait by another chain of volcanos in a north-south direction extending from the south of Java north into Sumatra. This linear arrangement of these two chains of volcano ranges indicates the existence of great fissures in the earth's rocky crust through which subterranean forces have been able to erupt and spend their energy. At the point of intersection of these fissures in the shallow Sunda Strait between Sumatra and Java lies the Krakatoa group of small volcanic islands.²

These little islands are but fragments of a crater-ring of an earlier volcano of considerable dimensions. At some unknown period this volcano erupted, blowing away its whole central mass and leaving a huge crater, the basal wreck rising but a few hundred feet above sea level. Smaller, quieter eruptions gradually filled up the crater, and portions of these active lateral cones built up the islands that now exist.³ Several large eruptions in early centuries on Krakatoa have been attested to by native folklore, the latest occurring in 1680. Only the most meager account of this eruption has been found, so very little is known of recent activity until the nineteenth century.⁴

One would suppose that men situated at this critical point would show great interest in Krakatoa. However, this was not the case. None of the

¹ G. J. Symons, ed., *The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena* (London, 1888), p. 1.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 3-5.

³ "Krakatoa," *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1947 edition), XIII, 498-499.

⁴ Symons, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

islands were ever permanently inhabited; the natives only frequented them to collect produce or provide anchorages for their fishing boats. Thousands of ships passed within a few miles of them, for they were located astride one of the main shipping lanes between the China Seas and the Indian Ocean, and yet very little of their interior character was known.

Neither Dutch nor English navigation charts gave exact details of the forms or contours of the islands even though the two channels north and south of the group were carefully sounded. Not even a topographical or geological survey had been made, and because of this lack of information the exact nature and changes wrought by the 1881 eruption will never be known. In fact the only description of the Krakatoa Islands before the eruption said only they were of volcanic nature and were covered with a beautiful, luxuriant tropical vegetation.⁵

Six or seven years before this volcano brought forth nature's might and destruction, it became evident that dormant forces beneath the Sunda Strait were becoming active. Earthquakes that were felt as far away as Australia were of frequent occurrence.⁶ In May of 1883 volcanic noises were heard at Batavia, a hundred miles from Krakatoa. Two days after the noises were heard, a steam column issuing from Krakatoa revealed the point of the disturbance. One ship estimated the height of this column to be seven miles. Krakatoa had entered a phase of moderate activity. Five days later a small party proceeded from Batavia to make an investigation. From a distance the whole island was seen to be covered with pumice, and only tree trunks protruded from its mantle to mark where dense forests once stood. On the island they found a 3,000-foot wide crater with a center cavity 150 feet in diameter emitting a huge cloud of steam.⁷

After this brief visit, there was no intermission in the eruption, although the activity seemed to decline. Again in July, sea captains described another violent spasm and two steam columns were reported as being seen.⁸

On August the 26th Krakatoa passed into the Vesuvian stage, and the detonations caused by the explosive action reached such a volume that at 1:00 p.m. they were heard in Batavia. By 5:00 p.m. they were heard all over the island of Java. A vast column of steam, smoke, and ashes was computed to be seventeen miles high by a nearby ship. At 7:00 p.m. the mighty column attained the form of a pine tree and became illuminated by electric flashes. The generation of atmospheric electricity became so great that lightning struck several ships, while others became covered with phosphorescent St. Elmo's fire of static electricity. All that night no one within two hundred miles was able to sleep because of the roaring, thunder-like noises.⁹

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

⁶ "Krakatoa," p. 499.

⁷ Sir Robert S. Ball, *In Starry Realms* (London, 1892), p. 322.

⁸ *The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena*, pp. 12-14.

⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

On August 27th four great explosions occurred at 5:30, 6:44, 10:20, and 10:52 in the morning, the greatest being at 10:20. Dust and pumice had been falling for several days but at 11:20 a.m. the entire sky for a hundred and fifty miles from the volcano had become so black with the thick volcanic cloud that complete darkness fell. It was like the darkest of nights. From this cloud of dust, pumice, and steam, dust balls rained for several hours. At 3:00 p.m. the cloud had dissipated.¹⁰

During this imposed darkness great sea waves were propagated by the explosions, which produced extraordinary inundations. These seismic waves attained a height of seventy-two feet over a hundred miles from their source. One warship, the *Berow*, was swept inland a mile and three-quarters and deposited thirty feet above sea level. The inrush of these enormous masses of water caused a loss of 36,380 lives, devastated every town and village along the Sunda coastline, stranded all vessels near shore, and swept away two light houses. These waves were composed of two types: long waves at periods of over an hour, and shorter but higher waves at irregular and briefer intervals. The greatest waves were combinations of both of these and had an average height of fifty feet. The westerly-traveling long waves reached as far as the English Channel, while the shorter waves reached the shores of Ceylon. Those moving in other directions were quickly absorbed by the shore lines of the many islands in their way and did not travel far.¹¹

These great explosions also produced three kinds of air waves. Those waves of sufficiently fast vibration caused sound waves and noises bordering on the incredible. The sound from Krakatoa was audible for a distance of 3,000 miles. Imagine, if you will, that these sounds were heard with great distinctness in the Philippine Islands, West and South Australia, Rodriguez, Ceylon, and French Indo-Chino. They ranged in pitch and intensity from sounds like the distant roar of heavy guns at these extreme distances to deafening primary concussions in Batavia.

Other waves of larger dimensions producing shock traveled to Batavia, throwing down lamps, extinguishing gas jets, breaking windows, and even cracking walls. All accounts attribute these results to air waves and not earthquakes.¹²

The larger air waves from the 10:20 explosion gave an atmospheric disturbance that affected every particle of atmosphere on our globe. These inaudible undulations at once initiated circular waves that sped away from the center of disturbance like waves caused by dropping a pebble into a pond. These waves increased in diameter until they had reached the end of their hemisphere, whereupon they contracted in the opposite hemisphere, converging

¹⁰ Ball, *op. cit.*, p. 324.

¹¹ "Krakatoa," p. 499.

¹² Ball, *op. cit.*, pp. 331-334.

on the anti-pole. From the anti-pole in South America they re-radiated back to their original pole. This phenomenon of vibration back and forth continued for six times until friction restored stability to the upper air masses. Barometers all over the world were able to detect them. Never before had man made measurements of any scientific value on such a large scale as the barometric computations of these Krakatoa air-waves.¹³

This tremendous eruption blew millions of tons of fine volcanic dust and ash into the upper atmospheric regions. Here the high velocity winds and currents swept these tiny particles in an easterly direction for a series of voyages around the world. At first the dust formed a girdle around the tropical regions in thirteen days, then gradually dispersed into a wider belt until it embraced Europe, the lower portions of North America and Asia, and all of Africa, Australia, and South America except its extreme southern tip. The optical phenomena created as a result of this dust gave most of the people of the earth the chance to witness some exceptionally beautiful, exquisite twilights and after-glow for one whole winter.¹⁴ Even the sun and moon were observed at some places as blue, green, or silvery.

Two things strangely did not occur as a result of the eruption. Usually after volcanic activity there is noticed world wide magnetic disturbance. None occurred in this case. Also no violent earthquakes followed in its wake. Only one very slight tremor was felt on a nearby island. These facts when combined with the others lead to the conclusion that the eruption of Krakatoa was geologically unusual.¹⁵

After these mighty convulsions had diminished and then ceased, Mr. Verbeck, an imminent Dutch geologist, investigated the remaining cone of Krakatoa. In his report he states that on the 26th Krakatoa had erupted and produced a huge crater which was immediately filled by inrushing sea water. This formed a massive lid of cooled lava on top of the subterranean forces, thus checking their action. But the volatile substances built up a pressure so great that on the 27th Krakatoa, to relieve this tension, expended itself on a grander scale than before and blew away this lid and two-thirds of its entire surface (about one cubic mile in volume), which fell to the north into the sea, producing the great sea waves and other phenomena. The northern channel was completely blocked by banks of volcanic material, which was soon washed away by wave action and scattered on the sea floor. All around Krakatoa for twelve miles the crater was raised by sixty feet.¹⁶

Numerous botanists and biologists of the period undertook to study how nature would restore flora and fauna to this now sterile land. None of them

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 326-331.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 335-342.

¹⁵ *The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena*, pp. 465-471.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 42-46.

made what may be termed by modern standards a complete investigation covering the entire island for any long period of time. All they accomplished were very infrequent and short visits, and thus at the most crucial time of the experiment huge time-gaps exist in which nothing is known about the reclamation. Later scientists believe that these facts invalidate earlier findings, while other scientists have gone to great extremes to prove the findings correct. Regardless of what their opinions may be, nature has reclaimed the island, and it now appears to have wholly recovered.¹⁷

Several times recently a small cone has pushed its way to the surface of the sea in the middle of the great crater. Many scientists are closely watching it from a nearby island and are finding on it many answers to questions about reclamation by nature that they did not find on Krakatoa. Verbeck predicted this cone, and that perhaps, in our generation, Krakatoa will again erupt.¹⁸

¹⁷ C. A. Backer, *The Problems of Krakatoa as Seen by a Botanist*, Sourabaya, 1929, pp. 1-4.

¹⁸ W. M. Docters van Leeuwen, *Krakatoa* (Leiden, 1936), pp. 267-271.

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Something Good for a Change

MELVIN CHUROVICH

Rhetoric 102, Theme 8

THE ILLINOIS DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION HAS failed to accomplish any one of its three major purposes. It has failed to conserve the wildlife and the natural resources that are related to wildlife. It has failed to improve the soil erosion situation. It has failed to reduce the pollution of Illinois lakes and streams. Such complete failure by an agency that spends over three million dollars of public funds each year demands investigation. What caused this failure? What can be done to insure future success in conservation efforts?

The cause lies in the organization of the department. As it is now organized, the conservation department is unsuited for handling the complex

problems of conservation. The state legislature and the state senate, the policy-making bodies for the department, hold only one six-month meeting in two years and have to devote most of that time to thousands of other items of state government. Even a group of trained, experienced conservationists could not hope to meet the rapid changes in conservation conditions if they were confined to a similar schedule. The director of the department and the employees of the department are chosen on a basis of political affiliations rather than one of training and experience. As a result, they are subject to political pressure and are likely to lose their positions any time the political complexion of the state changes. This change can occur overnight every two years. The recent state election demonstrated this possibility. The change in personnel invariably results in the dropping or the complete reversing of the programs and policies that had been started by the out-going group. So far, no program has been carried out long enough to prove its effectiveness.

A cure for this undesirable situation has been proposed in the form of a commission type of conservation department. Under this system, the policy-making body would be a six or eight man administrative board. The members of this board would be chosen for their ability and interest in conservation and would meet at least once each month to consider the problems of conservation. Not more than half of these members would be allied with any one political party. This board would select the director and the employees of the department from applicants on a basis of competitive civil service examinations. With these conditions in effect, a continuing program of research and development could be carried on. This program would change only with the discovery of better methods of procedure; changes in political control of the state would have no effect on it. The progress of conservation under the commission plan can be seen readily in the case of Wisconsin, the twenty-sixth state to adopt this system. Although its wildlife potential is lower than that of Illinois, Wisconsin surpasses Illinois in the actual abundance of most forms of wildlife. Although its hilly surface is cut by many fast streams, Wisconsin has much less soil erosion than Illinois and has practically no pollution of its lakes and streams.

The Illinois Department of Conservation has failed, and promises to do nothing but fail as it is now organized. Therefore, it is time for a change—a change to a proved system of conservation government. The commission plan offers such a change.

Frustation

I pulled myself up to my full six feet and some odd inches and, in my most authoritative manner, ordered Cheryl to eat her food. The forcefulness of my command startled her, and she looked to me for permission to resume her playing. Again, with my face hard and firm, I said, "No" She watched me out of the corner of her eye as she proceeded to turn her plate over.—What can you do with them?—DEANE BAKER.

The Russian Veto

JOHN SHUGART

Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

WITH GROWING VEXATION, THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED States have watched the United Nations linger between a balk and a breakdown. The obvious villain in the U. N. drama is the Russian veto. Consequently many proposals have been made to eliminate the veto in questions dealing with aggression. Should the Russians refuse to accept such a diminution of power, the other nations of the world probably would set up a revised U. N. without them. However I believe that such a revision would result only in the complete disintegration of the U. N.; therefore I contend that the major powers' veto should not be eliminated.

The problem at hand is not one of form but of substance. The significance of the veto is probably the real point of contention, for it does not represent the personal reaction of a hot-headed Gromyko and his aides but rather is an expression of a larger obstacle to world peace—Russian intransigence. If the veto is banished from the U. N., this intransigence would still exist in the world as Russian armed force or active aggression. I will agree with those who contend that Russia is not equipped to wage war on the United States. However, with the elimination of the veto I can see no security for smaller nations, some of which have already been overrun by Communist led coups d'état! Thus far Russia, perhaps restrained by the existence of the U. N., has waged war only cautiously—war under an assumed name.

The elimination of the veto could only mean the disintegration of the U. N. The Soviet bloc, the Arab states, perhaps the Far Eastern bloc would walk out, leaving the world divided into three or four armed camps. Many friendly nations with whom the United States has a strong working alliance in the U. N. would jump for a neutral corner. Consider a similar disintegration of the neighborhood gang. The younger boys perceive that the separation of the gang into two groups under different leaders is certainly not a movement toward peaceful relations. In all probability the younger boys will stay within easy reach of Mother's doorstep if the leader of their choosing offers them no security against the rival gang. Should the U. N. collapse, so would the only possible bridge between the East and West; yet the problem of bringing the gap between the East and West is precisely the crucial problem of our time.

Thus far Russia's uncompromising attitude has been based on the hope that Capitalism needed just one more shove before it collapsed. The United States intends to prove that Capitalism will not collapse. If the Russians are forced

to realize that Communism has to live with Capitalism, I believe they will ultimately cooperate. Until this Russian cooperation is obtained, forced changes in the mere forms of international coöperation, such as the elimination of the veto, will not only be wasted but also dangerous effort.

A Fair Look at Life

KENNETH ANDERSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

WE HAD SEEN JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING THERE WAS to see at the little country fair. We had reviewed the prize livestock and judged them carefully in the manner of old dairy men, using barely intelligible monosyllables muffled by our intense chewing of long blades of grass and punctuated by short, careful jabs in bovine midsections. We had ridden on the fair's only ride, ineptly named the "Red Comet," which, we complained bitterly to all who would listen, afforded about as many thrills as a game of bean-bag. We had visited the midway, where we had jeeringly discredited the magician's most laudable tricks by shouting that he was using mirrors. We had thrown discarded cigarette butts in the wild Man of Borneo's cage, and we had been rewarded by a string of wild, but nevertheless good American, invectives. Our conduct was not winning us many friends in that area, so we migrated to the shady side of the fair. (I use that word "shady" in a colloquial sense, for it was already late evening.)

The aspect that was shady about this part of the fair was the existence of two troupes of dancing girls who had somewhat dubious reputations. My friend and I had never witnessed anything like these girl shows, and so, being young and of an inquisitive nature we moved up to where we could listen to the barkers extol the virtues (or vices?) of their respective shows.

We stood enthralled by two girls in spangled blue costumes who were swaying sinuously to a backwood's version of the Hawaiian War Chant. This was played on a cracked, tired-looking banjo that had obviously seen better days. Unnoticed by the two of us, the crowd's steady pressure had pushed us up to the entrance of the tent, but we were stunned into reality by the barker's hoarse baying, seemingly right in our ears. "Step right up and git yer tickets, folks," he bellowed, "And if yer not satisfied yuh can git yer money back." As an afterthought he added, "This here show is fer adults only." Then he turned confidently, shot a piercing glance at me and growled, "How many tickets, son?" I stood stupefied, but my friend, being unusually bright

for his thirteen years, promptly thrust two quarters in the man's hand, and we found ourselves pushed inside this heretofore unattainable, maddeningly mysterious tent.

We looked furtively around us, hoping perhaps to see some others we knew who could share in our wickedness. The barker, who by this time had stopped selling tickets, came in and introduced the first girl. "Step closer, folks," he said, "She won't bite you," and then he gave the crowd a long, horrifying, licentious wink. "Why," he said, "This little lady here has danced in all the best places and before the best people in these United States!" This I strongly doubted, but before I could relay my convictions to my friend, the girl began to dance. I just had time to close one eye before she smoothly discarded an important piece of her costume. The crowd gave a lusty roar; I closed the other eye and gripped my buddy's arm. He shook me off and pushed closer to the rope that separated the audience from the performers.

"Well," I thought sadly, "he certainly is going to the dogs." I moved closer and peered warily at the girl in blue. I recoiled in horror. "Why," I whispered hoarsely, "she doesn't have any—."

"Shut up, will you, kid!" muttered a large, sunburned farmer who was apparently enjoying himself.

The girl retired to her dressing room amid the plaudits of the crowd.

The barker stepped out in front of us. "You folks," he remarked with a leer, "haven't seen anything yet!" I was not in a debating mood, or else I might have contested the point with him. The show's one other artist stepped out in front of us. "This be-u-tiful, tan-talizing little girl," the barker went on volubly, "this little girl will not only dance for you; she is gonna dance *with* you!" He leered again. "Are there any volunteers?" he said, and seemed to look right at the place where I was standing.

Thoroughly terrified, I shrank behind a brawny shoulder and quickly aged ten more years. Someone sprang on the stage and began acquiring pieces of the girl's costume, ostensibly for souvenirs. The crowd whooped enthusiastically, and the girl carefully smashed the offending gentleman on the nose with her fist. A more conservative patron took his place, and the couple began a horrendous dance. I pulled at my friend's sleeve, possibly a little less eagerly and secretly secure in the knowledge that nothing short of disaster would move him. I whispered in an awed tone, "Isn't this terrible!" He mumbled something, but his gaze never wavered.

The act concluded amid thunderous clapping and many shouted remarks which were beyond our intelligence. The still-leering barker ushered us out of the tent and urged our speedy return.

As we walked back up the midway, my friend remarked with an astonishing lack of imagination, "Gee, that girl could sure dance!"

"Couldn't she though?" I answered, and we each picked up a blade of grass and chewed it with a worldly arrogance.

"University Life Is Essentially an Exercise in Thinking"

IVO HERZER

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

I BELIEVE WE ALL AGREE THAT THINKING MEANS MORE than memorizing. Thinking is an active process in which facts stored by the memory should only play the part of the ignition spark.

It seems that mass education tends to produce men and women who know where to find facts and how to use them provided they still remember the standard procedures contained in those twenty-odd textbooks that every college student is required to know "cold." At its best, such a system will produce engineers who will know the details of their highly specialized profession; it will never produce an Einstein or a Madame Curie. If we turn to subjects like economics, psychology, and political science, we realize that they cannot yet present absolute truths. No one textbook may claim that what it presents is sufficient—for an academic education at least. What a pitiful sight it is to see those hundreds of students who religiously burden their memory with definitions which they are supposed to regard as absolute truth! How little originality in their studies do they have when all their knowledge serves only to enable them to fill in blanks and check the "true or false" statements! And even the engineering or physics student, instead of being taught how to derive formulas, which are but mathematical expressions of physical principles and thinking, must know a certain number of formulas by heart and has not even the time to derive them on an examination. Mass education puts so much stress on *time* and on memorizing that it kills thinking. What is the use of having wonderful libraries when the student is required to spend almost all of his free time in doing textbook homework? Besides, a student may have read and understood all the books on, say, economics, but if he does not fill the test blanks as he is expected to, he will probably fail to pass the course. So why read books other than textbooks?

It seems to me that the basic philosophy of American mass education originated in the minds of a soap manufacturer, a time-keeper, and a statistician. American colleges are run like factories and are producing, like factories, thousands of graduates resembling each other in knowledge as much as is humanly possible.

Those who believe in America's mass education principles invariably boast of what American science and technology have achieved. True, but who are

the leaders, the *top* scientists, economists, psychologists? Did they receive their education at the University of Iowa (or Illinois) at at the University of Berlin or Oxford or Vienna?

I know that in my criticism of the American educational system I am not a lonely voice. Thousands of American students feel the same as I do, but they lack the initiative to challenge the present state of education. Some day, perhaps, those who wish to think while getting an education will win. That day, however, remains at a great distance from the present.

Education, The United States vs. Europe

ROBERT HUNDT

Rhetoric 100, Theme 8

I DISAGREE ENTIRELY WITH MISS SHATTUCK'S ESSAY, "What's Wrong with the American High School?" which appears in the

Student Prose Models. Miss Shattuck not only attacked the American high school system, but she threw gross insults at many phases of the entire educational system in the United States. Regardless of her study of European high school systems, how she could arrive at such ridiculous conclusions, and how she could bring herself to the point of supporting such a position, is utterly beyond comprehension. Evidently she fell easy prey to European glitter, and in fact, she probably fell in love with the European system of education. While expounding the theoretical fine points of the European educational system, she became so engrossed in them that she lost sight of the supreme purpose of education, which is manifested by the product of education itself and not by the process by which this product is secured.

I am sorry that Miss Shattuck failed to get much out of her high school years. I did not fail to secure something from mine. I am also sorry to hear that our great scientists cannot spell, and that the rest of our population can neither speak nor write well. Perhaps we should have thrown some of our great scientists out of college because they couldn't spell Napoleon on their history quizzes. Or perhaps France has lost some great scientists because they used a dangling modifier in explaining the complex and technical method of producing explosives. Then there is the fact that the American student's mind has accumulated a little about a lot of things, and that he forgets most of what he has learned. There is, of course, doubt, confusion, and an inability

to meet situations effectively. This is compared with the shrewd, calculating, and knowing mind of the European student—so says Miss Shattuck.

Again, I say that Miss Shattuck has lost sight of the fact that the product, not the process, of education is the most important thing to be considered in evaluating the educational progress and development of any one country.

The American mind, through its education, has been allowed to remain a free mind, and it has developed a vibrant, versatile character. It is alive with innovation, with wit, with artistic passion; a mind alert, glowing with hope and true pride—a free mind which has developed a great free nation. The continental mind, as it has always been, is a mind of directed thinking, of racial prejudices and pride, of a superior air, of stuffy dignity, and of pseudo-philosophy. It is a traditional, rigid, conservative, static type of mind, peculiar to almost all Europeans, whether learned or otherwise. The very fact that the basis of American education is freedom of thought should make Miss Shattuck know better. The free thought that the American system of education offers is many times better than the politically tainted, carefully guided educational systems of Europe.

Miss Shattuck, the success of a country's educational system can only be measured by the progress it makes in molding that country into a great democratic state. You can go to France to see what her superior education has netted her. You may have French and German chaos. You may have their inefficiency and their inability to cope with situations that face them. You can see seventy-five years of decline, before your eyes, in France—under her superior education, of course. You can trace the German mind, a truly liberal mind, Miss Shattuck, through war, to greed, to hate, and finally to destruction. Germany had a planned curriculum, Miss Shattuck, a liberal tone, and a superior status. The European educational system is superior, is it not, Miss Shattuck?

In conclusion, let me apologize for our pitiful educational system. I am sorry American education cannot breed confusion and hate. I am sorry it cannot give us a society comparable to that of France and Germany. I am glad, however, that our high school and college systems have made us the freest, the most liberal, the most tolerant, the kindest, and the most prosperous society the world has ever known.

If, however, we are to measure our standards by the criterion you have set, Miss Shattuck, then I must apologize for what our educational system has done.

Observation

The hamburger joint proprietor is the average man's bartender, the auditor and confessor for the people who come in to drown their sorrows in mustard or to find surcease in the intoxicating aroma of hot buns, sizzling meat, aging grease, catsup and coffee.—JOHN ERICKSON.

Vacation

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

DRESSED IN ONE OF MY NICE COTTON DRESSES, I WAS IN the backyard awaiting the time of my departure. My "bosom" pal, Norma, was with me, and we engaged in a last minute game of "Buck Rogers," a game that had to be played in the backyard so that we could use the grape arbor for our rocket ship. We were both somewhat aware of the significance of the event which was about to take place; we had subdued our roars according to our childish sense of propriety.

This was the day in early summer when I was to leave for my vacation at my father's home. My journey had always been referred to as a "vacation" when mentioned to me, but I sensed that this trip was to mean much more than that to everyone in my family. I had caught snatches of talk wafted up the stairs from the living room late at night, when I was supposed to be asleep. From the conversation between my grandparents and my mother, I realized dimly that they were not viewing my vacation with the enthusiasm that they professed to me. It is true that I had some regrets upon leaving—some of them for the coming absence from my mother and the rest of the immediate family, and some of them for the loss of my friends' companionship. But with the cold-heartedness that accompanies youth and is often the result of ignorance of impending unhappiness, I was willing to leave my grandparents' stucco home on Maplewood Avenue with a minimum of regret. This was to be an adventure!

I was aware from what was said by people around me that life had recently taken an unusual turn for me. My mother and father did not live together as did the parents of all my friends, and I still had a vivid memory of a scene in what had been referred to as a "courtroom." I had been placed on a high bench. Mother and Daddy had been there too, both looking very serious and anxious, and I realized vaguely that the incident had something to do with my approaching vacation. However, beyond that memory I had no recollection of a time when things had been different.

My father was a not too familiar figure in my life, as it seemed that most of my acquaintance with him had been on Sundays when he picked me up in his car. He would take me to visit many places; some of them were exciting enough so that I forgot myself in delight, like the time we visited the zoo. Other times, however, I felt strange and out-of-place and would await the return home eagerly. Most of my strangeness I attributed to a longing for the fun which could be had in my normal surroundings, but part of the emptiness was due to an innate desire to return to my home and family.

As the minutes flew by, a growing realization of the importance of my coming journey dawned upon me, and the game of "Buck Rogers" began to lose its glamour for both Norma and me. Bits of conversation which had been overheard began to recall themselves to my mind.

"Two months is an awfully long time. . . . Can't help but worry about her. . . . I am afraid she will be very lonely. . . . There is no place for her to play. . . . What if she becomes ill? . . . Can't we prevent John from keeping her so long? . . . Two months is a terribly long time." Darts of uneasiness began to enter my mind.

"Why must I go away for all this time? Are there other children to play with at Daddy's? Can Norma come and visit me?" My thoughts were interrupted by my grandmother's call.

"Patsy, you had better come in now. It's time for you to leave."

Norma and I entered the house to find a young woman waiting for me. She was my father's maid and had come to conduct my journey, for my father was unable to call for me. The excitement of the event erased from my mind the doubts of a few moments before. I was arrayed in my best clothes, the only sour note being, in my opinion, those hateful black patent leather and white buckskin high-top shoes. The maid grasped my small suitcase, and after kissing each member of the family a blithe farewell, I set off down familiar Maplewood Avenue.

I was disappointed to find that our trip was to be made by anything as ordinary as a streetcar, but the fresh scenes presented to my eyes as the streetcar ground and clanked its way through streets that were new to me occupied my attention for a while. Occasionally I cast sidelong glances at the girl whom I was accompanying. She caught my look several times and returned it with a faint but warm smile. Soon I began to inquire, "When do we get off?" I was answered by the usual but none too encouraging word "soon." My stomach was beginning to feel funny, and I knew that I was going to be sick before long. In a few minutes, however, she arose and told me that it was time to get off.

As we approached my father's home, I recognized it as the apartment building that I had visited several times before. I was truthfully disappointed, for the word "vacation" had brought to my mind visions of an excitingly new and different place. We mounted the elevator to the apartment and were greeted at the door by my father's wife, Frances. She was a lively, kind woman who treated me very nicely whenever I saw her. My things were quickly unpacked and put in order, and then I began to explore my surroundings with a careful inquisitiveness.

My first few days were spent quietly but interestingly. I liked to look down at the street from the window of the apartment. The people I could see fascinated me; the excitement and life were new to me who was used to quiet and shady Maplewood Avenue. This diversion began to lose its flavor, how-

ever, for the actions of the specks that were people became a continuous pattern not to be broken by any event of interest to one of my age. It was then that I first felt the complete change to my present situation from that of a few days before. I began to look about for something to do, or for someone to play with me.

My father and Frances must have sensed my uneasiness, for one evening my father came home with a gift for me. It was a small doll with a little suitcase full of tiny, stylish clothes. My delight was complete, and with abandon I became engrossed in the make-believe life of my toy companion. The presence of this doll entity soon brought about a new longing, however. Playing with the doll when the bright sunshine penetrated into the apartment, I began to wish for my Grandmother's large backyard where Norma and I would spread out blankets and spend long hours engrossed in the exciting world of dolls. The doll too lost its fascination for me, and I asked whether there were any other girl or boy to play with. There was not. Then I began to inquire whether Norma could come to visit me.

By this time I had almost completely decided that I did not like my "vacation." It wasn't much fun. Each day was becoming endless. I felt closed in by the apartment and hated not being able to slip out the kitchen door and into a spacious yard filled with trees and just the right amount of shade and sunlight for all purposes. I was realizing just how long two months might be, and with this realization each day became dimmer and longer. The summer was becoming warm and sticky—I wanted to be able to run under the hose in the late afternoon as I had done at my Grandmother's. Even going out to the busy street below the apartment building was not much fun. I preferred hot sun and quiet Western Avenue, where the routine was broken only by an occasional passing streetcar and slow-moving autos. There I could enter the bakery and be greeted by Mrs. Spiegel, who would give me a cookie before I left. At the stores where I now visited, the people had tired, implacable faces and seemed scarcely to see such a small child as I.

An insignificant incident of an afternoon finally resulted in my complete sense of disappointment and loneliness. It was a stifling hot summer day when Frances suggested that the maid take me across the street for an ice cream cone. With my usual anticipation of such a delicacy, I was eager to go. We crossed the thoroughfare teeming with automobiles and pedestrians and made our purchase. I was content with my double-dip chocolate icecream cone. But I had not had a chance to taste even one delicious lick of it when a catastrophe occurred. The maid (whose name forever escapes me) and I saw that the light was in our favor and dashed across the street without a minute to spare. We barely reached the other curb when the cars started up with a roar. I looked down at the cone which I had held clutched tightly in my hand during our hurried crossing and discovered to my utter despair that the icecream was gone and only the cone remained. Sudden hot tears

rose to my eyes. This was a horrible event which reached into my childish sensitivity although many of the bigger and more important happenings of the recent weeks had failed to impress me.

The maid, of course, set about to rectify the loss as quickly as possible by purchasing more icecream to fill the empty cone. My tears vanished, but the hot, dry feeling in my throat remained—my heart began to skip a beat and come in hard, static thumps from time to time. I knew that I was going to be sick.

For as long as I could remember I had been plagued with a stomach which was easily upset. Oh, I never got ill by eating the wrong foods; my stomach seemed to be able to take any amount of gorging and always has. But if for some reason I became extremely excited, either by happiness or unhappiness, I became what appeared to be deathly sick. The cure was simple enough if the cause was slight; all I had to do was lie down for a time. However, while I was ill, I became extremely pale and dizzy, and my heart pounded furiously.

My sense of loss resulting from the mishap on the street had brought the unpleasantness of my entire situation to me with a rush. I had felt strange and unfamiliar while standing on the corner in the midst of the traffic. Now I realized that I felt strange and unfamiliar in all of my new surroundings. All the disappointments of my "vacation" were thrust in front of my eyes, and any happiness was washed away by the rising tide of homesickness.

Shortly after returning to the apartment, my heart began to pound violently, and I was ill. Frances became alarmed, especially since my father was not expected home until later that evening. I lay down while Frances tried to give me something to cure me. I recognized my illness as being the usual stomach sickness, but, stubbornly, I did not offer any suggestions about what to do for it. The more ill I became the more I longed for home. As a result of this mental longing I became even more ill. Before a great deal of time elapsed I began to voice my desire to return to my grandmother's for by then I felt that that was the only cure. As my frequent cries of, "I want to go home," began to produce a worried look on Frances' countenance, I perceived that by means of my illness I might gain my return home in spite of the fact that my mother's arguments had previously failed in that respect.

When my father arrived home that night, he found me lying on the bed in what appeared to be complete agony. He and Frances discussed the matter.

"John, she has been ill since five o'clock this afternoon; now it is eleven and she just keeps getting worse," Frances said worriedly.

"But she was perfectly healthy this morning!" my father replied.

Frances cast another glance at me, at which look I emitted a low moan and murmured, "I want to go home." Then she turned and said firmly to my father, "I think you had better call her mother and ask her what to do."

"I guess so," my father said resignedly.

From the bedroom I could dimly hear my father talking on the phone. I heard him approach the door of the bedroom and begin to discuss the situation with Frances.

"Evelyn said that Patsy becomes sick at her stomach easily, but that it never lasted for this long a time before. She sounded worried."

"She's so pale and just keeps crying to go home," Frances added.

They talked the matter over a little while longer, and I heard them decide to wait and see how I felt in the morning. This sounded to me as if there were a chance that I might not remain where I was if I continued to be sick. Would I get over my sudden illness, or would I be able to go home? I wished fervently for the latter. Would my stomach co-operate?

That night my sleep was punctuated by tears and a frequent expression of my wish to return home. The next morning I felt slightly better. Did this mean that I was going to be well and forced to extend my vacation? It was not long, however, before the maid arrived. The sight of her brought a new pang of homesickness. I didn't want to spend any more days with her. I wanted to play with someone my own age. I remembered the day that she came to take me to my father's home, and the fun I had been having in the hours preceding her arrival. Fresh tears rose to my eyes and my heart jumped into its erratic pounding that sounded terrifying. When my father and Frances saw that I had become worse again, they looked anxiously at each other.

My father cleared his throat. "Frances, I'm not sure what to do. Patsy is so ill that all she wants to do is return home. It will be a case of losing a point if I allow her to go, but I don't like to take the responsibility for her becoming worse. I am afraid that her illness is partly due to homesickness."

Frances gravely assented and said, "She hasn't been very happy here. I think that her home life has been upset enough for any child without forcing an added disturbance to it. . . . Don't you think she should go home?"

My father was silent for a moment and then said, "Well, perhaps she should go home for a while, and then we can see how she feels about returning."

Home? To Maplewood Avenue, which in my imagination had become almost an enchanted place by now? The beating of my heart lessened. I knew that I wouldn't remain ill very long, but just long enough to return to my grandmother's house. I was to leave that very afternoon! Why, almost the entire summer lay before me, filled with Norma, dolls, the grape arbor and "Buck Rogers." Hot afternoons to be spent on the screened-in porch and icecream bars purchased from the vendor who came in his white truck with the bells—these things popped rapidly into my mind. No thought of returning to my father's home entered my mind.

My "vacation" had been a test to my father; in his mind it had failed. It had also seemed a test to my mother; for her it would be a success. For me the test was still going on; it would end when I was safely inside my grand-

mother's house and my father's car pulled away from the curb. Then it would be all right for my heart to resume its normal beating, and my stomach to resume its good health. I somehow sensed that nature would co-operate with me that far—and it did.

Enter Mister Eliot

CHARLES W. ECKERT

Rhetoric 101, Theme 13

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING *COLLECTED POEMS* BY T. S. Eliot. As I closed the book, simultaneously putting away my Merriam-Webster dictionary and eighteen volumes of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* which were used for deciphering purposes, I noticed my harried reflection in the mirror. Looking at it compassionately, I quoted these lines from Eliot to myself:

And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?

I knew that I had to write a book report, but what was I reporting on? It was certainly poetry, although I felt that most of its verses had been inspired by a lexicon and not a muse. It was also an analysis of the modern mind and a fine study of indefinite frustration, but why, precisely, was it written in such a manner? Eliot appreciates the power of simplicity, as is proved by a few of his passages, but the Gordian knot of scholarly references and subtle intellectualisms that weaves the parts into a whole is not intended for average consumption. Mr. Eliot intends this only for the entertainment of other Mr. Eliots. Reading his most praised poem, "The Waste Land," must afford his adherents a sense of achievement similar to that derived from solving a big, Sunday crossword puzzle. For example, what significance would you attach to this quotation from one of his minor poems?

So we took young Cyril to church. And they rang a bell

And he said right out loud, crumpets.

Don't throw away that sausage.

It's come in handy. He's artful. Please will you

Give us a light?

Light

Light

Et les soldats faisaient la haie? ILS LA FAISAIENT.

Mr. F. O. Matthiessen, in "The Achievement of T. S. Eliot," says of this passage, "What flashes from the reiterated word 'light' is not merely the flicker of a match, but searching speculation as to the source from which the light for our age is to come." Sausages and searching speculation? Must this be the only idiom by which the drabness and disillusionment of contemporary life can be conveyed? Is it necessary to adorn verse with explanatory notes and speak in eight languages to convey the desired impression? It is quite true that this combining of fragments of trite conversation and quotations from the classical authors into one main theme is effective and mood-evoking, but really, Mr. Eliot, must it be in eight languages?

As to the merits of the poetry, its dramatic elements and visual images are as superb as they are unusual. Even the uninitiated can spontaneously appreciate Eliot's effective reproduction of a desired mood by the careful use of imagery and rhythm. Notice the feeling of despair and nocturnal loneliness in these lines:

Every street lamp that I pass
 Beats like a fatalistic drum,
 And through the spaces of the dark
 Midnight shakes the memory
 As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

With the exception of a few passages, almost all of Eliot's work contains the same vivid type of word-imagery. His experiments in verse and his brilliant essays on the nature of poetry as a product of "intellect and emotion" have been the deciding factors in awarding him the Nobel Prize. His influence in modern poetry is both extensive and strong, but even his most ardent imitators fall far short of his exacting standard. There are very few poets, perhaps, who could rival these lines:

POLYPHILOPROGENITIVE

The sapient sutlers of the Lord
 Drift across the window-panes
 In the beginning was the Word.

In the beginning was the Word.
 Superfetation of *τόεν*,
 And at the menstrual turn of time
 Produced enervate Origen.

Perhaps I should say that there are very few poets who could even pronounce those lines.

Reading Eliot's works with a desire to understand them is like standing outside a rare and promising garden with no key to its forbidding gate. Inside,

a cluster of clichés may be seen growing on a vine of underlying meaning, but it is quite inaccessible to the keyless traveler. Is there a solution? Speaking for myself, I honestly don't know. I will either have to be content with appreciating Eliot's minor poems or start working and searching for the key to that forbidden garden. Of course, there is always a third alternative. I could forget the entire matter and go back to Bliss Carman. He had an interesting philosophy. Whereas Mr. Eliot denounces the foibles of his age but tactfully avoids any attempt to solve them, Bliss Carman ignored those problems completely. His motto was, "Off with the fetters! Back to Romanticism!" Hmm, sounds wonderful. I think I'll put Mr. Eliot on the shelf for a while and take down that book of Carman's poetry. There is a lot to be said for the simple pleasures, too.

Canada, Canoes, and Mosquitoes

JIM SAMPSON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

HUMAN BEINGS ACT IN PECULIAR FASHIONS. SOME laugh and joke after narrowly escaping death; some endanger their lives by taking senseless chances; and some take canoe trips to the North Woods, are "eaten alive" by insects, travel for days without sleep, and come out of the wilderness laughing and bragging and swearing that they wouldn't have missed the trips for anything. Six explorer scouts who went to Canada two summers ago are typical examples of the last group. We were cocky and inexperienced. Neither Roy nor Dick knew anything about canoeing, and Roy could not even swim very well. Although the rest of us, Joe, Bob, Dip, and I, had had some experience as canoeists and campers, the country was new to us, and we had no clear idea of the conditions we might encounter. Despite our misgivings, however, we bubbled over with spirit and confidence and felt that no canoe trip could hold any uncertainty or terror for us, whether we paddled in Canada or at the North Pole. And so, on a sunny day in August, the six of us set out for Canada's vast canoe country. "What can we expect in regard to wildlife and insects?" we asked a grizzled old ranger at the Canadian customs' office before crossing the boundary line.

"Oh," he drawled, leaning back in his chair and thoughtfully rubbing his hand over the stubble on his chin, "Oh, you'll see a few deer, some skunks and beavers and other small game, and maybe some bear. Should catch some fish. Bugs won't bother you much. Few mosquitoes may come out at night. Few canoe flies may bother you some during the day. I wouldn't worry though,

boys. Just watch your fires and have a good time." We thanked him and left—left to experience six days of canoeing, camping, good fellowship, and the nightly visits of swarms of blood-thirsty mosquitoes. The first day on the trail showed us Canada at its best. Everything was just as it appeared in travel folders—a sunny, blue sky; deep, cool, blue lakes; and vast forests of giant pines, spruces, and balsam extending for miles all around us. That night, after a refreshing meal, we slept under the bright stars, totally unaware of the misery the next two nights would bring.

No one in that small group will ever forget those two days and nights that followed. Needless to say, the few mosquitoes that "might come out at night," as the ranger had put it, actually swarmed over us in great buzzing hordes. Whether the ranger was simply ignorant of the true situation, or whether his conception of a few bothersome mosquitoes was quite different from ours, I don't know. I do know that never have I spent two more miserable nights. The little devils caught us almost wholly unprepared. Our only defenses were a few individual shreds of mosquito netting, one mysterious, cumbersome bundle of netting given to us by our canoe outfitter, and several small bottles of mosquito repellent.

The sun was just setting at the end of the second day when we first met our tormentors. After a hard day's paddling, we had chosen what we thought was an ideal camp site and were looking forward to a restful evening, a good meal, and a cheerful gathering around the campfire followed by a sound night's sleep. I was the first to notice the mosquitoes, and after two or three slaps, I said, "Cripes, I hope these bugs don't get any worse."

"What few there are will leave when it's dark," was the reply. I accepted this word of authority and went about my work of helping to cook supper, but I was becoming more concerned about our unwelcome guests and more uncomfortable all the time. Then at dusk they hit us. Dense swarms suddenly buzzed around our heads and sent us scrambling for the mosquito repellent and heavy clothes through which the long stingers could not penetrate. We soon discovered that the repellent was useless, for the mosquitoes, apparently not having tasted human blood all summer, paid no heed to our "sure fire" potions and proceeded to feast on us in a fierce manner. When darkness settled, their numbers increased, and the "word of authority" was soundly cursed. As a matter of fact, cursing became the prevalent form of speech from that time on throughout the night. Try as we might, we could not escape our tormentors in the open. We went so far as to choke down our food while standing in the smoke of the fire, but the acrid fumes affected us more than they affected the mosquitoes. Immediately after supper we threw our unwashed mess kits into the bushes and stumbled into our tents to prepare for bed, cursing the mosquitoes, the old ranger, Canada, and the world in general. It did not take long to decide on a defense against the mosquitoes, since there seemed to be only two choices. One was to crawl into a sleeping bag and drape

a small piece of netting over one's face; the other was to cover the opening of the tent with all the netting available. Joe, Roy, and I chose the former method, and Dick, Bob, and Dip chose the latter. Things might have gone well but for two conditions. The night was too warm to permit sleeping in a heavy bag, and there was not quite enough netting to cover the opening of a tent. Therefore, Joy, Roy, and I "roasted" in our sleeping bags most of the night, while our companions sat up until three o'clock playing bridge and battling the mosquitoes that continuously entered their tent.

That was some night! We all must have drifted off to sleep near morning from nervous exhaustion, because the sun was high in the sky when six scratching, yawning, grumbling campers crawled from their tents. We were indeed sorry sights to behold. After a hot breakfast, however, our outlook on life brightened somewhat, and we began making preparations for breaking camp. Naturally, the conversation centered on the night's experience. "I don't care where we go," said Dick, "just so long as I don't see any more of those damned mosquitoes."

"That's for sure," said Bob, surveying an arm bearing numerous red welts. "One more night like that, and I'll go nuts."

Another "word of authority" summed up the situation by saying, "Well, we probably wouldn't have been bothered if the weather hadn't been so warm. Might as well move on, though, and find a better camp site." We all agreed.

As the day unfolded, our thoughts and fears of mosquitoes were momentarily forgotten under the influence of warm sunshine and the excitement of fishing. Shortly after leaving camp, several of us set up our rods and reels and began casting into a narrow channel between two islands. Luck did not favor us, and we were just starting to move on when—wham! My rod bent nearly double, and I felt the shocking power of my first Canadian fish on the hook. For a moment I only sat there watching the rod being whipped back and forth by the movements of the fish. Then, with a wild whoop, I proceeded to crank the reel and to jerk the rod about in a most un-fisherman-like manner. It was a great battle for me. The fish, however, didn't seem to have too much trouble at his end of the line, and my unskilled efforts to literally drag him to the canoe were suddenly ended when he dived swiftly and snapped the line. We didn't even see the fish, but the sight of my rod whipping about like a stalk of wheat in a windstorm had a stimulating effect on all of us. Plans were quickly changed in favor of fishing, and in no time at all we found ourselves comparing recipes for cooking our finny friends—who were still in the lake. We fished the rest of the morning and all afternoon. We tried every trick we knew and used every lure we had, but our efforts were rewarded with only one fish, a wall-eyed pike of fair size. I was proud to be the captor. We didn't know it at the time, but that was the only fish we were to catch on the entire trip. Considering the price of our fishing licenses (and the loss of one good lure) that fish cost us \$17.10.

The fishing during the day was a disappointment, but this was mild compared with our trials that night. We chose a camp site on top of a high, rocky cliff. Dropping steeply into a lake, the cliff was obviously dangerous and a poor place on which to find a soft bed, but with its lofty, wind-swept position, we reasoned, it offered a splendid refuge from mosquitoes. We were wrong. Once again at dusk the little devils came swarming from everywhere, and again our supper, the evening plans, and our night's sleep were ruined. I am still surprised that we passed the night on the cliff without any casualties. The mosquitoes were nearly driving us crazy while we feverishly prepared our beds on the hard rocks. Axes were swung with wild abandon in the darkness, cutting boughs from trees to soften the beds. Curses and yells echoed back and forth over the dark water below as we dashed about on the edge of the cliff, illuminated only by flashlights. After fifteen minutes of mad activity among the voracious mosquitoes, we lay panting in our sleeping bags with the small pieces of netting covering our faces. The most comfortable spot Roy and I could find was located two feet from the edge of a drop-off, the lake being fifty feet directly below. The others were scattered about the cliff in similarly hazardous positions. A repetition of the preceding night ensued. By three o'clock in the morning Roy and I had reached a point where we couldn't stand the torture any longer, and we decided to do one of two things—either jump off the cliff and end it all or go fishing out on the lake. Our instinct of self-preservation, weakened though it was, caused us to choose the latter, and we hurriedly dressed, grabbed our tackle, and raced for a canoe. You can imagine our dejection when, after three hours of paddling and fruitless casting, it began to rain. There was nothing to do but paddle back to camp in the downpour. "At least we'll get back in time for a hot breakfast," said Roy encouragingly from the bow of the canoe.

"I can taste that hot cocoa now," I replied. But, alas, we were deceived, for when we reached the cliff, we found our companions buried under tents, ground cloths, and pine boughs, sound asleep. Also, there was not a stick of dry firewood to be found, and to add to our plight, an uncovered can of powdered milk had filled with water and spilled over in a pasty mess onto our food supplies. Roy and I surveyed the dismal scene, looked at each other, and burst into riotous laughter. Soaking wet, tired, and hungry, we were beyond despair. Canada had shown us its worst.

Despite a bad beginning, the new day marked a pleasant change in our fortunes, and good luck followed us the rest of the trip. Sleeping conditions became excellent as the result of an ironic discovery. Out of curiosity, three of the fellows untangled the outfitter's shapeless bundle of mosquito netting, which we had thus far forgotten even to examine. They were astonished to see it take the form of a mosquito-proof tent large enough to accommodate six campers easily. Although we laughed heartily at our failure to discover the tent sooner, I believe everyone must have kicked himself mentally for not

being more observant. The discovery of the tent was the turning point of the trip. Sleep that had been vainly sought for two nights was now possible under the perfect protection of the netting, and our spirits and enthusiasm soared. The water suddenly became more wonderful for swimming; canoeing became greater fun than ever before; and even everyday tasks such as chopping wood and washing dishes were accomplished with zest. The quality of the meals reached a new high, and when the last evening meal on the trail was highlighted by two delicious fresh blueberry pies, our joy was complete.

When we came off the trail on the sixth day, we were tougher, more confident, and much wiser campers. We had entered the Canadian wilderness eager to learn what the North Woods had to offer, and we had been taught many lessons.

"Well, boys, how did it go?" asked the grizzled old ranger at the custom's office as we prepared to enter the United States. All thoughts of poor fishing, sleepless nights, and mosquitoes were strangely forgotten.

"The trip was swell," we answered. "See you next year." And true to human nature, whenever the six of us talk of those two hellish nights with the mosquitoes up in the Canadian wilds, there isn't a one of us who doesn't laugh and brag and swear that he wouldn't have missed the trip for anything.

How to Wash a Dog

CLIFFORD WEIDNER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

ONE IS CONSTANTLY SEEING PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL show dogs which are basking in their bubble baths with their blue blood supposedly coursing contentedly through their bodies. Possibly some dogs do appreciate baths. Usually, however, most dogs of the mongrel variety are strictly anhydrous. Yet even mongrels need washing now and then.

There is always the possibility that you can convince the family that the dog's name could be changed to Blackie. If that doesn't work, however, reality should be faced and the necessary preparations made.

The best location in which to wash a dog is away from any fragile or non-waterproof surroundings. The most likely place is in the back yard. Here, a stout stake can be driven into the ground and the dog chained to it. This latter idea is the result of careful thought done while chasing a soapy dog for more than three blocks.

The choice of a fine castile soap is very important. This should be used on yourself after having washed the dog with either Grandpa's Tar Soap or any

of the commercial flea soaps. It will not remove the lathered dog smell completely, but it will help.

After having found a suitable tub and a strong brush, you begin to "cherchez la dog." After a half-hour search, you brutally drag the cowering mutt from under the porch and introduce him to the water. Now is the time for speed. Holding his collar with one hand, you vigorously apply soap with the other. If you're fortunate, the dog will jump out of the tub only a few times, and you will have paused only about thirty times to put his front legs back where they belong. The trouble will increase in proportion to the size of the dog. The fact that many police dogs are grey may or may not be related to this.

The technique used in removing the pet from the water determines the real caliber of a dogwasher. This is a very precise maneuver and requires expert timing. One must either lift or shove the dog from the tub and at the same time prepare to move rapidly in the opposite direction. The dog's dislike of water coupled with a cleverly hinged backbone produces a reflex action that makes the dog a veritable lawn sprinkler. It is this charming feature that has so popularized bathing dogs out-of-doors. The average range of this shower is about fifteen feet. However, underestimation of a canine's ability in this circumstance can be disastrous.

After several false starts, accompanied by speedy retreats when the dog decided to shake himself just once more, you get close enough to grab him and finish the job with a towel. The dog is clean! He's even white! How could anything have become so dirty? you ask yourself. Then you take a look at yourself. You're wet. There is something very sticky in your shirt pocket—flea soap.

Next comes the cologne, and maybe you'll tie a white ribbon around his neck to symbolize purity. The job is finished. You sigh happily, release the dog, and go into the house to soak under the shower.

Dinner is generally the time when you hope to hear praise for your efforts. The first slur on your work comes when someone asks why the dog wasn't washed this afternoon. You control yourself and show them your ravaged hands. Then you look for the dog. You'll find him on the back porch, nicely blending with the grey floor paint. You make a grab for him, but he's too fast.

"Here Blackie, nice Blackie," you call. The S. P. C. A. has just lost another supporter.

Nature's Revolt

The thick concrete wall, which men had constructed to keep the normally pacific Biscayne Bay within its boundaries, groaned as the mighty whitecapped waves, churned by an angry wind, slapped, slid back, and slapped again and again. The tremendous force of the onrushing surf met the levee and sent tons of white spray over the wall and down upon the shivering houses and frantic trees beyond.—STANLEY HARWELL.

Rhet as Writ

I wondered at the time what makes people think that night falls. To me it looked like it had oozed out of the hollows.

* * * *

Night falls quickly in March; dropping like a burlap sack.

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The hundreds of windows glittered in the warm August sunlight, and to stand between the sixteenth century lions, which flanked the main entrance, and looked at this magnificent structure was indeed a sight to behold.

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It has often been estimated that the pyramids took two hundred years to build by noted archeologists.

* * * *

"Look at that old man with a beard about a block behind," Joe said.

* * * *

The dancing was superb and also very well done.

* * * *

The summer was in a dogma by August.



The Contributors

Kenneth F. Anderson—Amundsen

Melvin Churovich—Granite City Community High School

Earle W. Deneau—Joliet Township

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Stanley Elkin—South Shore, Chicago

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Ivo Herzer—A. Scaachi, Bari, Italy

Robert Hundt—Kelvyn Park, Chicago

Jim Sampson—Champaign

John Shugart—West Rockford

Clifford Weidner—Edwardsville

Honorable Mention

Jo Dolley—Lonely Heart

Jack Galus—Kitty Takes Over

Martha Garling—Typical Club Member

Charles R. Goldman—Luck and Wheels

John E. Hoffman—How It Feels to Be a Criminal

Marilyn Homer—Flesh and Tissue

Ardeth Huntington—“Number, Please”

Donald Irvin—Cornhusking—the King of Sports

Chiijoko Katano—Land Below the Wind

Lois Laughlin—Just Another Fight

Kenneth Mihill—Harbor of Peril

Louise Muenzer—Pumpkin Seed

Franklin J. Nienstadt—Appearances and Realities in History

Eleanor Sifford—Miniature Victory

R. R. Tappero—Railroading





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